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METHODIST REVIEW

JULY, 1915

STUDY OUR EPISCOPACY

Long ago I learned that a friend who always agrees with me is of little value and possibly harmful. My warm friend, the Chancellor of Syracuse University, sometimes disagrees with me, and I with him; and in a recent Methodist Review he raises the startling cry to the Methodist Episcopal Church, "Restore our Episcopacy!"

This implies that the Episcopacy which we had is essentially gone. On the first reading, I doubted it; on the second reading, I disbelieved it; and on the third I deny it; believing that a comprehensive study of our General Superintendency will show that the Episcopacy which our fathers gave unto us has been substantially preserved. It is not easy to deal with overheated rhetoric when it is applied both to the living and the dead, yet both state and church are full of it. And when such a master mind as that of the author of Restore our Episcopacy has become unusually impassioned his sentences as well as the entire article should be closely examined.

He discusses chiefly the retiring of Bishops and expresses his abhorrence of it.

As the chairman of the Committee on Episcopacy in 1896 and 1904, I deem it proper to represent those committees; and am sorry to have to say that Dr. Day's article contains important errors and some serious exaggerations. In discussing these, I shall quote his words, and, should *I err, will* retract with much satisfaction.

As the things that *are* now are the product in large part of

the things that *were,* it is necessary to understand the principles and proceedings that have come down to us from the fathers.

1812—1912

The General Conference of 1912 marked one hundred years since the Methodist Episcopal Church established its systematic and comprehensive Constitution.

A short time previous to the Conference of 1800, *Asbury* said to his friends that when that body met he would resign his office as a Superintendent in the Methodist Connexion and would take his seat *"on a level with the elders."* He wrote his resignation with the intention of delivering it in the Conference as soon as it met, and also wrote to many brethren that he was weak and feeble in body and mind and that he was unable to go through the fatigues of his office.

The Conference would not allow the greatest of the founders of the Methodist Episcopal Church to resign his place in the Episcopacy, when there was only General Superintendent Coke, who was flitting to and fro between America and Europe.

Late in life Bishop Asbury wrote to the Rev. Joseph Benson, of England, "I have been broken, breach upon breach, by affliction, so that I am at present completely superannuated, having passed, August 21, the first period of the life of man. It has been for some years past a permanent sentiment with me, that in such a case, *no man high in office, however great in qualifications,* should stand in high responsibility in the Church of God, but rather *retire and give place to younger and stronger men in body and mind,* such as our junior Superintendent, to whom I have ceded the presidential chair of every Annual Conference for these seven years past."

In 1812, at the first Conference working under the Constitution, and the last Conference before the death of Asbury, he addressed the members in respect to "regulations providing for *locating a Bishop, or for the supernumerary or superannuated relation of a Bishop.*"

Bishop Asbury, writing in his wonderful valedictory to Bishop McKendree, compared the new Constitution of the United States with the new Constitution of the Methodist Episcopal

Church, as follows: "The government of the nation is civil; the other spiritual, and entirely disunited. Our government being spiritual, one election is sufficient during life, *unless in cases of debility, a voluntary resignation of the office, corruption in principle, or immorality in practice.*"

Bishop Robert Richford Roberts became a preacher in full connection in the Conference in 1804. There he met at one time Bishops Coke, Asbury, Whatcoat, and McKendree. Twelve years afterward he was made a Bishop. In the General Conference of 1836 he tendered his resignation of his office. The first reason that he gave to the Conference was that his "declining years and strength would not admit of his carrying out to the full extent of this great principle of Methodism." The second reason was that he was "conscious that his powers were on a decline, and he wished to resign *while he was sensible of this fact* lest he might arrive at some future point where he would not be so sensible of this and *thus injure the church.*" The Conference would not allow him to resign, because he was among the fathers of American Methodism and able to do some work.

Bishop Leonidas Lent Hamline, after six years in the Episcopacy, found that his health was completely broken; and as the General Conference of 1852 approached he carefully considered his duty and decided to *resign* the Episcopal office. After discussion, the General Conference acquiesced, and he took the position of a local preacher. Later he yielded to the persuasions of friends, and returned to the Conference (as a superannuated *preacher*), from which he had entered the Episcopacy.

Bishop Thomas A. Morris was made a Bishop in 1836, but from 1860 to 1872 was not required to travel at large, but he did some work for a little time, and later did nothing. In 1872 the General Conference directed that Bishop Morris be placed on the list of *noneffective* Bishops. This was the view of his colleagues in view of the circumstances.

Bishop Levi Scott, the senior Bishop, was in 1880 placed on the list of *noneffective* Bishops. No man, during his career, was more loved than Bishop Scott, but circumstances convinced the Conference that his retirement was both wise and kind.

Exemption from Work

Sixteen years later, the General Conference of 1896 retired Bishops Thomas Bowman, Randolph S. Foster, and Missionary Bishop William Taylor. The Episcopal Committee of that year consisted of one hundred and thirty members. Twelve members of that Committee were afterward elected Bishops: Burt, Cooke, Hamilton, Moore, Neely, C. W. Smith, Bristol, Cranston (who was made a Bishop during that Conference), Hartzell, Scott, and Warne as Missionary Bishops, and J. R. Day, who, in 1904, was elected by the General Conference, but on personal grounds communicated to the Conference declined to be ordained.

Besides these members of the Committee, there was a large proportion in middle age and well along in life: J. F. Goucher, E. D. Whitlock, Evans of Central Pennsylvania, A. B. Leonard, H. C. Jennings, S. O. Benton, Professor Terry, A. G. Kynett, Robert Forbes, Emory Miller, and many others of note.

After considering the condition of all the Bishops (which, from 1812, has been the duty of that Committee,) they considered it necessary to invite Bishops Foster, Bowman, and Taylor to meet with the Committee. Bishop Foster at that time delivered an address worthy to be remembered to the end of their lives by all who heard it. Bishops Bowman and Taylor agreed with his views. After they had departed, all of the Committee except ten, many with tears, were compelled to express by vote that it would be better for these brethren *themselves* and for the *Church* that they should be retired.

Certain persons condemned the Committee because it held secret sessions of the one hundred and thirty, during the consideration of these brethren. Those sessions were held for the purpose of inviting these honored brethren before it, preventing them from being exposed to the necessity of stating their condition and answering inquiries in the presence of every thirsty reporter, and of persons incompetent to judge of the principles of Methodism in their practical application.

The Committee reported to the General Conference, and stated the reasons for their judgment as follows: "That, after the most careful and sympathetic consideration, in its judgment,

the senior Bishop, Thomas Bowman, Bishop Randolph S. Foster, and Missionary Bishop William Taylor are unable longer to endure the protracted strain, continuous responsibility, and almost constant travel imposed by the office of Bishop, and therefore regretfully recommends that at the close of the present General Conference they be returned on the list as *noneffective.*"

In the General Conference Bishop Foster said: "It is right, and what is right is right. It is best that I should retire, and that you should have perfect freedom. The Bishop is no better than any other man. He is your brother. I want you to feel perfectly free and have nothing in view but your own responsibility." Bishop Bowman said, "I ask the same request."

The Conference of 1904

In 1904, several Bishops having died, others being ill, and some near extreme age, the Committee on Episcopacy took a careful view of those who should be declared effective. Every one was carefully considered.

A short time after the opening of the General Conference, Bishop Merrill asked to be superannuated.

The Subcommittee—having recommended the placing of Bishops Mallalieu, Walden, Vincent, Andrews, and Foss on the retired list—before taking action, or engaging in discussion, the Standing Committee invited those Bishops to communicate their views in person to the Committee. This they did at such length and in such manner as they thought best. The Committee (after four hours of consideration, in which more than fifty of the members took part, giving information from many parts of the world at home and abroad) proceeded to vote by ballot upon the effectiveness of the five Bishops named. The result was that the Committee recommended that they be placed on the superannuated list, and the Conference confirmed the recommendations of the Committee by a count vote, the two highest being 585, one 576, one 518, and the lowest 500.

That General Conference passed a law relating to the status, powers, and privileges of superannuated Bishops as follows:

"A superannuated General Superintendent is relieved from

the obligation to travel through the connection at large, and may choose the place of his residence. He shall not be assigned to the presidency of Annual Conferences nor make appointments; but, if requested by a Bishop presiding, he may take the chair temporarily in a General or Annual Conference; and at the request of the Bishop presiding in the Annual Conference, he may ordain candidates previously elected to orders.

"A superannuated Bishop shall be an advisory member of the Board of Bishops; and his name shall be printed with the signatures of Bishops in the introduction to the Discipline, the Hymnal, and the Journal of the General Conference; he shall also be a member of the different Boards and General Committees of which Bishops are *ex officio* members."

If a retired Bishop be present, he may sit with the Board of Bishops when in business; may participate in their discussions, and vote with them, except when they are laying out the map of the Conferences for the work of the traveling Bishops.

This is the System that Dr. Day Condemns

Let us see whether he has built his house upon a rock or on the sand, or on a mixture of both.

I

The first charge against the "Methodist Episcopal Church" is that it has "reduced the high office [of the Episcopacy] to the level of a traveling agency."

It is, indeed, a "traveling agency." So it was in the beginning, now is, and should ever be, "the plan of our itinerant, General Superintendency, the divine Father owning, and the church directing the whole."

This "traveling agency" has never been surpassed in human history.

II

Dr. Day attacks "Methodism" for

"permitting the Episcopacy to be assailed at General Conferences by men who came to the quadrennial gatherings with their personal grievances."

"On such occasions the chiefest men of the church were penned up on the platform and denied the right of speech while the aggrieved men assailed them, often unjustly. Anathemas were hurled at the Bishops which these giants of debate, these masters of philippics and invective, could have ground to powder."

If charges were made by men coming to the General Conference with personal grievances concerning the work of the Bishops, they could be heard in a suitable committee. Dr. Day does not give any specimen of the grievances, but publishes exaggerated sentences which—taken up by enemies of the Methodist Episcopal Church—might make one justly think that the Methodist Church is hurrying toward revolution.

III

He charges

that by far the larger part of the General Conference are "menders of divine Providence." He asks: "Did our brethren ever know Providence to blunder very seriously about such matters?" "By meddling with Providence we have on our hands more serious difficulties, and *have torn our Episcopal office to pieces.*" "We are the people that have been peculiar in mending Providence." "By meddling with Providence we have wasted force enough in this period of our history to bring the millennium if it had been the mustard seed of faith used with sound sense."

Is this another of the prophets of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries?

If the doctor has credentials from on high, or written in the sky, we might follow him; but as it is, our "sound sense" affirms that he cannot know how much "force" it would require to "bring the millennium."

IV

Dr. Day writes:

"A prominent Roman Catholic priest said to me after the last General Conference, 'Your Bishops are so only in name; they are not real Bishops. *Our Bishops come to something that can never be taken from them.*'"

But that is not the case at all. Either the priest misunderstood Dr. Day, or he did not understand the priest, for, under certain circumstances, in the Roman Catholic Church, the Bishopric *may* be taken from its possessor. For ages Catholic

authorities have been writing: "The Pope alone can make a Bishop; and therefore the Pope alone can unmake him." "The consent of the Pope is required when a Bishop *wishes to resign.*" Furthermore, and finally, "Grave causes against Bishops can only be examined and terminated by the sentence of the Pope."

In speaking of the retirement of Bishop Foster Dr. Day says: "They left him naked and old and comfortless," and speaks of "The savage wrenching off of these Episcopal robes that had grown to be an essential part of the personality."

Bishop Merrill did not agree with Dr. Day, for he said:

"*The superannuated relation is not appalling.* I like the word superannuated better than the word noneffective. It is a good Methodist word, sanctioned and sanctified by long usage. *The relation is an honorable one and I cannot see why one entitled to enter into it should hesitate at the threshold or dread the relation or the name of it. . . . It is understood that a superannuated Bishop is a Bishop still.*"

His Bishopric is *not* taken from him as Dr. Day declares.

V

Dr. Day exclaims: "*What about Bishop Carman, of Canada?*" And says not another word.

His church consists of several denominations amalgamated—the name being The Methodist Church of Canada. It is very prosperous, and Bishop Carman has been of much honor not only in the church but in the state, but is aged now and does not do much work. He has always been in a different position from that required of the effective Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Methodist Church of Canada has but one General Superintendent. *He has no power in the making of the appointments of ministers to the circuits,* and is *elected for seven years and subject to reelection.* The Stationing Committee is composed of the chairmen of the districts, and one ministerial delegate elected by each district. The president of the Conference presides, but, other than that, he has no more authority on the Stationing Committee than any other member of that board.

VI

Dr. Day says:

"Our General Conference has a large number of men who take themselves seriously as candidates for the Episcopacy, even if the church at large does not take them so. They have been flattered at home, and will consider an election at the head of the delegation as practically a nomination. . . . These are not sporadic cases. . . . A great shout of protest comes out of the throats of these men. It was a body made up of 'many such men and more of their advocates and champions *that tore our Episcopacy to pieces.*'"

I leave this astounding declaration without comment, except to say that the Episcopacy is alive and working as vigorously as did the fathers, if not by the same methods of traveling. To prove this I bring forward an important witness: "The General Conference of 1912 will stand the test of time. *It will rank with the great General Conferences. . . . The selection of Bishops was most happy.* It will compare favorably with any election in the history of the church if you compare the men at the point of election. . . . I have worked in six General Conferences. *I have never known a stronger Conference than that of 1912.*"

These words are found in an article in the New York Christian Advocate of August 1, 1912, signed by James R. Day. And yet the doctor who eulogizes so justly the last General Conference, declares that "many such men, and more of their advocates and champions, *have torn the Episcopacy to pieces!*"

VII

Again he says:

"Do we take away the functions of an elder by vote or by any authority that he may not administer the functions of his office? . . . The elder is never deprived of his rights as an elder without *moral* cause." . . . "The pastor is not turned out of his pastoral office and work; he has it left to him in some measure until he asks to be relieved. The superannuated preacher is not superannuated until he requests it. Why treat the Bishop more rudely than the preacher and elder?"

This also is a serious mistake. Eighty years and more ago, laws were made locating unacceptable preachers without trial and without their consent. In 1840 the General Conference refused to alter the law "for locating preachers without their consent." And at this present time (I quote from the Methodist Dis-

cipline of 1912), "When it is alleged of a member of an Annual Conference that he is so *unacceptable* or *inefficient* as to be no longer useful in his work . . . his case shall be referred to a committee of five or more members of his Conference for inquiry; and if said committee shall find the allegation sustained, and shall so recommend, the Conference *may request him to locate.* If he shall refuse, and the conditions complained of shall continue, the Conference, at its next session, after formal trial and conviction, may locate him without his consent. But he shall have the right to appeal to a Judicial Conference, which may restore him."

I take a passage from Bishop Merrill's address to the General Conference when he was about to be superannuated:

"The most delicate and painful duties I have had to perform have had to do with appointing old men to pastoral charges. Our people love old men, and hold them in esteem for their record of usefulness in the past, but *they do not prefer them for pastors.* When they expect a change, and look to the Conference for a new preacher, and then find that he is an old one, they are disappointed and often sorely grieved. Knowing this, in my early years as a Bishop, I advised the elderly brethren to arrange their affairs to retire before they were crowded out by the pressure that was sure to come, and before the infirmities of age rendered it impossible for them to gather to themselves some of the comforts of home."

And not a few in middle life, in a crowded Conference, are given a place below the line of their natural ability and position on account of the rise of young men within the Conference or of transfers from other Conferences; and they are as sensitive as any Bishop elected by the General Conference.

VIII

Dr. Day says:

"As a rule men know their own powers, and in conference with their own brethren of the work indicate the limit of their capacity." And in another place he says: "Our Episcopacy is splendidly adapted to vigor of mind and body in *old age.*"

"As a rule" men growing old do *not* know their own powers, and many of them will not readily accept suggestions from others.

Ministers, teachers, orators, frequently lawyers, and legislators, as they grow old, do not "know their own powers," nor their infirmities. Many after sixty-five (sometimes earlier or later) cannot imagine why the people do not follow them as before. Many lose a large part of their memory, and insist that it is as good as ever it was.

When Bishop Goodsell was presiding over a series of Conferences in the West at the age of sixty-five, and was wearied with work and travel, he said to a friend: "I cannot imagine that I will want to go on knocking about the world and spending nights in sleepers after I am seventy. And if, before that time, you notice that my faculties are failing so that I am not fit to have charge of Conferences, I want you to come to me like a brother and tell me so; for I might not be conscious of it."

Dr. Day says:

"It is true that men become sometimes arbitrary by long continuance in office; but in a group of twenty or more of coordinate authority, that tendency is corrected." And he says that "there is a body of twenty Bishops to guard the efficiency of the office."

But "as a rule," men aging in a *body of equals and with similar work* do not like to be told that they should take less work or less important work, and will not even readily accept the suggestion from equals. Such feelings showed themselves eighty years ago in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and from time to time they have appeared in our church and in the various Methodist denominations.

IX

Dr. Day makes a proposition that cannot probably be paralleled. It is this:

"Leave the Bishops without limitations, *like their brethren of the editorships, the secretaryships,* and *the college presidents.* It is no answer to this to say that these are periodically elective. There is no bar to their continuance. They are not changed because of an age limit."

At the present time, the "brethren of the editorships, the secretaryships," in the church have to be elected, or reelected, every four years, and often "there *is* a bar to their continuance."

Several in each of these have been taken out of their position

by competitors. And in General Conferences I have seen hearts broken almost in each of these relations.

As for "College Presidents," some have been privately told that they must retire, hinting if they did not they would be retired.

When a man reaches the age of sixty-eight at Yale he is automatically retired as a member of any faculty of the University, unless the corporation asks him to remain for a year or two longer. College and university presidents have sometimes held on to the very serious detriment of their institutions. Also in some great institutions when presidents themselves, having reached seventy years and wishing to retire, the public and the trustees have requested them to continue, but they have stayed too long, and the institutions have repented it.

X

Dr. Day says that

"the retirement of Bishops as a law and policy should not be referred to an Episcopal Committee composed of heads of delegations. It should be referred to the Judiciary Committee, or, preferably, to a Committee composed of one hundred chosen with great care and fairness. It should consist of the older men, both ministerial and lay."

The Judiciary is always overfull, and who will select the hundred?

The "heads of delegations" consist of a large proportion of members who have been in the General Conference at least once before; and another large proportion of those who have gained the confidence of their Conference. A considerable number of such are promising young men. And also growing Conferences have the same distribution. Any Committee on the Episcopacy should consist of one third aged, another of middle aged, and the remaining one third of young men. This distribution makes up the best Civil Congresses in any free country.

Bacon said: "There is a youth in thought as well as in age. Youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second. And yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of old; and imaginations stream into their minds better, and as it were

more divinely. . . . Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon. *The virtues of either age may correct the defects of both.*"

XI

It is unfortunate that Dr. Day should have used these words:

"*With one possible exception*, every man that we stripped of his robes and turned out *into nowhere* had years of service in him, and that service was a medicine to the man and invaluable to the church."

The words "one possible exception" throw a shadow over the whole number that have been retired; also the passage connected with it, "*turned out into nowhere,*" when they have all been received with perhaps more affection than ever.

Another part of that passage runs thus:

"There is the positive loss of the glory, the ascending glory, of old men at work—the wealth of counsel, the power of example, the ballast of dignity, the divinely softening temper, the words inspired, if growing feebler and fewer, of our old-time Bishops."

Many reading this eulogy of the "Old-Time Bishop" may think that the "New-Time Bishops" are inferior in work and religious warmth; but many thousands, now hearing these Bishops will, when thirty or forty years have passed, speak to the second generation of the wondrous Bishops they have heard. This is human nature.

When Bishop Foster stood upon the platform before thousands in the General Conference at the time that he was to be retired, he said: "Will you indulge me with another remark? It is fifty-eight years now since I attended my first Annual Conference, and my eyes looked upon the first Bishop I ever saw. I thought him a sort of demigod. I felt the impression when he walked into the room as if some great being had come from another sphere; and there are a great many people that think of Bishops that way now. *If they knew them as well as I know them, they would change their minds.*"

Bishops should be examples to the clergy and laity; but should not be expected to be more than human.

XII

Dr. Day says:

"Bishops Andrews, Foster, and Warren; would they have lived longer? We think they would; and if so, the church could well have afforded to keep them at full pay."

The last sentence of his article is this: "*Retirement is often the prelude of death.*" Certainly, since the infirmity of advancing years is the cause of retirement; but notice: Bishop Morris retired in 1872, having been sick for more than twelve years, and he lived two years more. Bishop Scott lived two years after retirement, and died in 1879. Bishop Bowman lived eighteen years after retirement and died at 97. Bishop Foster lived seven years after retirement, and died at 83. Bishop Andrews lived three years after retirement, and died at 82. Bishop Foss lived six years after retirement, and died at 76. Bishop Walden lived ten years after retirement, and died at 83 years. Bishop Mallalieu lived seven years after retirement, and died at 82. Bishop William Taylor retired in 1896, and lived eight years after retirement, and died at 81.

THE BISHOPS

From my youth till now the Bishops have been my friends. No one honors them more highly, and no one wishes the dignity of the office maintained more than myself.

No Bishops, as a class, need strength, penetration, and kindness more than those of the Methodist Episcopal Church. During the sessions of the Annual Conferences the Bishop is constantly at work, for *he* must decide whether every minister, not superannuated, shall remain, and if not, where he shall be sent. When the Bishop arrives he finds many brethren, clerical and lay, whom he never saw; and many whom he knows, and frequently some of his closest friends; these sometimes may give him the more trouble. Helped by the District Superintendents, he must decide between them as well as the appointees. If he is in middle life, is it a wonder that a Bishop sometimes loses his balance? And if this be so, it is not strange that the aged forget and break down, whether they feel it or not. After working intensely *day and night* for some days and often a week, where shall he rest? At his home?

No, for perhaps he may have to go immediately to other Conferences for two or three months in the spring and another tour in the autumn.

But what of Bishops who cannot hear or see well? They must depend upon others. And if a Bishop is losing his memory, is he not disqualified in that degree for judging? And who is fitted for the work of a Bishop who has lost the power of controlling his temper in public or private conversation or in the Conference?

The physical psychology of old age has been the study of all enlightened countries, and at the present time with increased interest. A few weeks ago there died Sir Thomas S. Clouston, of Edinburgh, known all over the world in these studies by his works. He says: "Nature has a certain normal method of lessening the energy of the brain as years go by, and at last bringing it to a physical end. One often hears of a man of seventy being 'as strong and vigorous bodily and mentally as ever he was.'" "That is certainly impossible. Science has demonstrated that he has then fewer brain cells, that his muscular coordination, his delicacy of sense perception, his energy, his originating power, his staying power, are all then diminished in some degree. To say that a man's natural 'force is unabated at seventy' is, therefore, certainly a figure of speech and not a fact." "There is a diminished power of attention and of memory, diminished power to energize mentally and bodily, lowered imagination and enthusiasm, lessened adaptability to change, greater slowness of mental action, slower and less vigorous speech and ideation and tone of voice, fewer blood corpuscles red and white, lessened power of nutrition in all the tissues, a general tendency to disease of the arteries, notably of the brain, which alters structurally and chemically in its essential elements."

But he says that the power of judgment "does not imply *such an intense or continuous output of nervous force as do intense or long-continued feeling, willing, inhibition, or origination. Calm* wisdom, in short, is not an exhaustive mental effort." The Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church are the greatest exhibition of "intense or long-continued feeling"; and when great efforts of brain and mind are required, with speech, sight, or hear-

ing lessening; and especially when those efforts are both in public and secret; and being compelled to travel at set times, whatever the weather or the distance, sooner or later there must be the break down in one or more of the organs so long mercilessly worked.

The New Retirement Act

Dr. Day regrets the retirement act made in the General Conference of 1912. To support this opinion he offers three statements and six prophecies.

The statement that "no fixed age can be made to mark the bounds of human efficiency" is true, but those who are "old at fifty" or "young at eighty" are extremely exceptional cases. The laws of many of the States provide for the retirement of judges at seventy years. This has been found better, for securing the highest efficiency, than to allow them to remain till age or disease incapacitates them.

"Increasing years, with their knowledge and with their helpful and beautiful experiences" are not "thrown away," as the second statement suggests. The useful and inspiring years, after retirement, of Bishops, Andrews, Walden, Foss, Mallalieu, and others are sufficient proof of this. Their influence was felt throughout the Church. They were received with no less reverence and love after their retirement than before; and long will their names be remembered.

That "a powerful element in our episcopacy has been the reverence of our Church for men wearing the seal of the Church and invested with a life tenure" is certain. It is not intended to take away the "life tenure" from the General Superintendent. He still lives a Bishop "released from the obligation to travel through the connection at large, and from residential supervision."

Dr. Day's prophecies are intended to show that the new act will lower the standard of brethren elected to the episcopacy.

I do not believe this will be the case. The "self-seeker" will always be found in every denomination having higher positions; but few permanently succeed; and it is *not* the only real peril to our episcopacy.

All the Bishops now living have known that they would be

retired by the General Conference if age or infirmity precluded them from active work. It would appear then, that the knowledge of retirement has not resulted in "turning aside from this great work our greatest men" or "in turning over to mediocre men the greatest ecclesiastical office since the apostles." If they consented "to their fellow men limiting the possibilities of their stewardship" at *some* time, would they not be content with a certainty without the embarrassment of the former method?

In August, 1912, Dr. Day characterized the new method as follows:

> "The Judiciary Committee submitted some sound measures, no one of which was more gratifying than a sane and Christian method of retiring Bishops. . . . It can never be said again that Bishops were retired because of unfriendly personal influences, nor will it be charged, as it has been, that the question was influenced by the ambition of candidates for the vacancies. Whether this charge was false or true does not matter. It was current talk and it hurt the Church."

This is from an article by James R. Day, D.D., LL.D., in The Christian Advocate of August 1, 1912!!

J. M. Buckley

THE FATHER OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

The present generation of readers knows little about Washington Irving or his works. There has been, for example, no article concerning them in the Methodist Review since 1856. Yet few characters are better worth study than his who first of all on this side the sea compelled those on the other side to admit that there was someone here who knew how to write. The names of a few thinkers, such as Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin, it is true, had become known abroad. Their owners had made their mark and were indeed acknowledged to be masters in their particular spheres. But no one had arisen previous to Irving who gave himself to the pursuit of literature as a profession and showed that he could hold his own with the best in Europe. He was the first American man of letters known as such the world over; the first who had a genuine creative faculty and whose writings contained the vital spark of genius. No one before him commanded the attention of foreigners, gaining the ear and respect of other nations. Thackeray called him "The first ambassador sent by the new world of letters to the old," and this was emphatically true. It constitutes a claim on our attention even at the present day, a claim not yet exhausted or ever paid.

It has been rightly called a happy coincidence that the year in which Great Britain acknowledged American political independence marks the birth of him who was the first to cause the mother country to acknowledge also our literary independence. New York city—then containing only twenty-three thousand people—was the place, and April 3, 1783, the time of the appearance of this morning star of our literature. His parents were Scotch, who had landed on these shores in 1763 and been tolerably prospered in mercantile affairs. When the babe was about to be baptized (which rite, somewhat singularly, owing to the disturbed condition of the times, was performed by a Presbyterian in an Episcopal Church), and a meeting of the family was held to discuss the important subject of naming the child, Mrs. Irving said, with

the true patriotic fervor of '76, "General Washington's record is complete. My son shall be called after him." It was a happy choice, bringing no dishonor on the great name of the soldier. Indeed, the day came when the father of his country and the founder of American letters were about equally well known in Europe. And the name procured the lad an early introduction to the illustrious general, while the latter was living in New York as President of the United States. "Please, your Honor, here's a bairn was named after you," boldly ventured the Scotch maid, Lizzie, who had him in charge one morning when she met the President on the street; and Washington, placing his hand on the head of the boy, gave him his blessing. Blessings of many sorts attended him through nearly all his days, although he had a few trials. The chief of these latter was the sudden death of Miss Matilda Hoffman, April 26, 1809, in the eighteenth year of her age. She was the daughter of Judge Hoffman, in whose office he read law for a while, a young lady of most sterling qualities to whom he was deeply attached. Her memory was ever sacred to him, keeping him a bachelor to the end of his life. Her Bible and prayer book were his inseparable companions to the last, in all changes of clime and country, nor could he bear any allusions to his sad bereavement. In a private note book of 1826 he made this brief record: "She died in the beauty of her youth, and in my memory she will ever be young and beautiful."

As a boy Irving was full of vivacity, drollery, and innocent mischief. His formal education was limited, desultory, and not of large importance. He could have gone on to college, as two of his brothers did, but partly because of delicate health, partly from lack of desire in that direction, he dropped out of school at sixteen, which he afterward regretted. The seminary for boys that he attended as a youth, in 1797, was next door to the Methodist Church on John Street. He was more of a general reader than an exact student, and learned perhaps more outside of books than in them. The incidents of Irving's career, aside from his writings, are not to us of primary importance, nor were they to him, and need not detain us long. Yet one naturally wishes to know something of the influences that molded him and the events that saluted

him. His family, alarmed at the state of his health, in April, 1804, sent him to Europe, where he enjoyed himself hugely for two years. He was everywhere a great social success, being very handsome, carrying an air of distinction and refinement, with a boundless capacity for good fellowship, easy to get on with, never complaining, readily satisfied. He was very much at home in convivial parties, a devotee of the theater and the opera. But, rather singularly, while not a teetotaler, he detested tobacco in every form with all the abhorrence of Benjamin Franklin and Daniel Webster. He spent his time chiefly in France, Italy, Sicily, and England, making good use of his eyes. Returning to New York he completed his law studies and was admitted to the bar November 21, 1806. During the war of 1812 he was for a time on the staff of the Governor of New York, with the rank of colonel, but saw scarcely any active service.

In May, 1815, he went abroad again, and it proved to be seventeen years before he saw the shores of his native land. What did he do in that long interval? Where did he spend the time? Largely in Great Britain and Spain, having in the former country some business interests connected with the family hardware firm, of which he was nominally a member. While in London he declined the offer of appointment to the office of chief clerk in the Navy Department at Washington, carrying a salary of $2,400 a year. He explained it to his disappointed brothers on the ground that he felt called to a literary life. He writes, "I require much leisure and a mind entirely abstracted from other cares and occupations if I would write much or write well. If I ever get any solid credit with the public it must be in the quiet assiduous operations of my pen under the mere guidance of fancy or feeling. I am resolved to devote a few years exclusively to the attempt to establish a literary reputation. Should I succeed, it would repay me for a world of care and privation to be placed among the established authors of my country and to win the affection of my country men."

He became attached, however, in 1826, to the American legation at Madrid, under Mr. Alexander H. Everett, for the purpose of promoting his historical investigations, and in 1829, to please his friends, he reluctantly accepted the office of Secretary of Lega-

tion at London. In 1830 he received a gold medal from the Royal Society of Literature in London, and the same year Oxford University conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. In 1838 he declined the Secretaryship of the Navy which President Van Buren offered him, saying, "I shrink from the harsh cares and turmoils of public and political life at Washington, and feel that I am too sensitive to endure the bitter personal hostility and the slanders and misrepresentations of the press which beset high station in this country." He also declined a unanimous nomination as mayor of New York, offered him by Tammany Hall. But he did not feel at liberty to put aside the appointment, entirely unsolicited and unexpected, of Minister to Spain tendered him by Daniel Webster in 1842. He was fully alive to the pain of the exile and the interruption to his writing, but deemed it in some respects "the crowning honor of his life" and for four years discharged its duties with exemplary faithfulness and high distinction. After his return to America he cooperated heartily with John Jacob Astor in the founding of the Astor Library, becoming president of its Board of Trustees, and was one of the executors of the Astor estate, receiving for this service the sum of $10,592. This is practically all of a general or public nature that attaches to the name and fame of Washington Irving. It is about his writings, of course, that the main interest centers; and to these we now address ourselves.

His books fall into four groups: 1. Salmagundi, Knickerbocker's History of New York, Sketch Book, Bracebridge Hall, Tales of a Traveler, Crayon Miscellany, and Wolfert's Roost. 2. Life of Columbus, Voyages of the Companions of Columbus, Conquest of Granada, Chronicles of Granada, The Alhambra, Legends of the Conquest of Spain. 3. A Tour on the Prairies, Astoria, Adventures of Captain Bonneville. 4. Mahomet and His Successors, Life of Goldsmith, Life of Washington.

The first group is partly the fruit of his interest in the customs and legends of the early settlers in the valley of the Hudson, partly a setting forth of those romantic and picturesque aspects of foreign travel which stirred his fancy during his second sojourn abroad. The boldest in conception, the most audacious and virile, is that the full title of which may fitly be here subscribed: "A History

of New York from the beginning of the world to the end of the Dutch dynasty, containing, after many surprising and curious matters, the unutterable ponderings of Walter the Doubter, the disastrous projects of William the Testy, and the chivalric achievements of Peter the Headstrong, the three Dutch governors of New Amsterdam: being the only authentic history of the times that hath been or ever will be written. By Diedrich Knickerbocker." This remarkable work first made its appearance, after some very ingenious preliminary advertising, December 6, 1809, when its author was twenty-six years old. Only a young man could have written it. In the "author's apology," which prefaced the revised edition, it is announced as a "good-humored satire," designed "to burlesque the pedantic tone displayed in certain American works," "a comic history of the city." This describes it fairly well. There is no little genuine information given concerning the discovery and settlement of the city, the manners, customs, and wars under the Dutch government, concerning Antony the Trumpeter, Wouter Van Twiller, Peter Stuyvesant, the Patroon Killian Van Rensselaer, the heroes of Communipaw, and other doughty worthies and warriors who figured in that early time. But the historical part is so subordinated to the humorous that the reader hardly knows how much of it is to be taken seriously. The chief actors are made ridiculous, and this, not unnaturally, gave a great deal of offense to some of their descendants who did not enjoy such irreverent handling of the ancestors on whom they so greatly prided themselves. Indeed, Edward Everett, speaking many years later at a historical society meeting, said of the history that in his opinion it was better adapted for a *jeu d'esprit* in a magazine than for a work of considerable compass. "To travesty an entire history seems to me a mistaken effort of ingenuity, and not well applied to the countrymen of William of Orange, the De Wetts, and Van Tromp." Many will agree with him. The wit also does not appeal very strongly to the ideas of to-day, so shifting are such standards and so much dependent on local associations. It is true that it has been called "one of the few masterpieces of humor," and that Sir Walter Scott, speaking for himself and family after reading it, said, "Our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing."

But the reader of to-day will be disappointed if he expects to find anything in it which will produce that effect upon him. He will be apt to vote it tedious, to count the jokes far-fetched, hardly discernible, not always in the best of taste. But in those days, as we can well believe, it made an immense sensation. There was a novelty, a spontaneity about it, a freshness and breadth of conception, a joyous spring-time vigor and unexpectedness that took the town. Although published at three dollars, in two volumes, the first edition was soon sold at a profit to the author of $3,000. A second edition of fifteen hundred copies brought him $1,200 more. And the extent to which the name "Knickerbocker" (the appellation of a worthy, quiet old Dutch family) has entered into the American language bears loud testimony to the signal success secured by this venture of the youthful Irving. More permanent and unquestionable was the success of the Sketch Book, which began to appear in May, 1819, immediately captured the public, and has remained to the present day Irving's chief glory. It marked the beginning of his professional life as a literary man. It was published in numbers, under the pseudonym of "Geoffrey Crayon, Gent," published simultaneously in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, although written in England. The first number had five articles, the second four, the third four, the fourth, appearing in November, three. There were seven numbers in all, constituting two volumes, republished in England during 1820. The instant popularity which they gained was a great astonishment to the author. His writing of them was without any feeling of confidence or anything that seemed to partake of inspiration, but they formed then, and form still, a secure and lasting basis for his fame. His best traits appear in them, and he who would reach a correct conception of the author's style cannot do better than to study these thirty essays. "His stories of Rip Van Winkle and Sleepy Hollow," says Chambers' Cyclopedia of English Literature more than twenty years after the appearance of the Sketch Book, "are perhaps the finest pieces of original fictitious writing that this century has produced, next to the works of Scott." Other sketches which became prime favorites were The Voyage, The Wife, The Broken Heart, The Country Church, The Spectre Bride-

groom, The Art of Bookmaking. Bracebridge Hall, in two volumes, containing fifty essays much after the style of the Sketch Book, followed in 1822. Introducing it he says, "I have always had the opinion that much good might be done by keeping mankind in good humor with one another. I may be wrong in my philosophy but I shall continue to practice it until convinced of its fallacy." He continued the practice as long as he lived. It was a vein which he found on all accounts well worth working. He started it as early as 1807 in Salmagundi, a series of occasional papers running through the year, full of good-natured raillery not unmixed with puerilities, designed to amuse, edify, and castigate the town. It made a hit, and probably showed him where his main strength lay, prefacing much else of similar sort. The final collection of such papers, bearing the title of Wolfert's Roost (roost being Dutch for rest), which was the original name of the house on the banks of the Hudson that he made over into Sunnyside, appeared in 1855, and fairly maintained, on the whole, the reputation so well earned thirty-five years before.

The second group of books mentioned above consists of the six works which were the outgrowth of his residence in Spain. It was in February, 1826, that his travels first brought him to Madrid. Here he found so abundant materials for the narrative of the voyages of Columbus that he became intensely interested and threw himself into the work with such enthusiasm that he often wrote all day and half the night. He finished it in July, 1827, and at once concluded an arrangement with Murray of London to publish it for three thousand guineas. It received extraordinary praise, and an American edition of two thousand copies was soon issued at New York in three octavo volumes. Irving prepared an abridgment of it the next year in one volume, ten thousand copies of which were at once sold in England and a large number in America, bringing him $6,000 more. It was subsequently recommended by the Legislature of New York as a class book for the common schools. The other books of the Spanish epoch came almost as a matter of course from their affinity with the author's mood and suggested by his surroundings. He was so fortunate as to be domiciled for some three months in the summer of 1829 in the

palace of the Alhambra, passing the time, he says, "in a kind of Oriental dream." "Never shall I meet on earth with an abode so much to my taste or so suited to my habits and pursuits."

Mr. Irving's "tour on the prairies" took place in 1832 in connection with the commissioners appointed by the government to treat with deputations of different tribes of Indians west of the Mississippi. In 1834 Mr. Astor asked him to put into readable shape an account of the fur-trading settlement which he had attempted at the mouth of the Columbia River. This was brought out very successfully, both in America and England, in 1836, and was soon followed by the Bonneville book, which is almost in the nature of a supplement to the other, in the same style and dealing with similar incidents connected with the far West.

Irving's historical and biographical works are not now accounted of equal value with his Sketches, yet they have many merits and in their day ranked high. He was careful in his investigations, truthful in his statements, impartial in his decisions, always aiming to be right. He won the confidence of his readers by his honesty and their admiration by his style. His judgment was critical, his descriptions were picturesque, and the delicate play of his humor gave a special charm to the narrative. He was an artist with an apt sense of proportion, knowing what to leave out as well as what to put in, how to make a harmonious picture with a good perspective. George Bancroft, a high authority, says that his Life of Washington is a marvel. "No one has so pictured the father of his country to the life. He shows grace and facility of movement, candor that never fails, clear, impartial judgment, and an unrivaled keenness of insight into character." William Cullen Bryant also praises this same work "for its simplicity, for the admirable proportion maintained, nothing distorted, nothing placed in too bright a light or thrown too far into the shade, no undue eulogy." "The actions of the hero are left to speak their own praise. The narrator keeps in the background. The author shows a power of reducing an immense crowd of loose materials to clear and orderly arrangement and forming them into a grand whole." Many other congratulations came to him in similar vein from eminent men. This work, in five volumes, was not finished until a few

months before his death in 1859, although projected in 1829, where he says in a letter to his brother, "I shall take my own time to execute it and will spare no pains. It must be my great and crowning labor." His health was very poor during the final years and the struggle to complete the Life of Washington was very severe. He was keenly conscious that his failing powers would not permit him to do with it as he would like and as he could have done in earlier times. Says a latter critic, "His Life of Washington sadly lacked the verve and enthusiasm and the sympathetic appreciation of its subject which would have made it a work of lasting national importance if its author could have written it during the vigor of his manhood. He was too old and too weary to put into it the kind of genius that had so greatly fascinated men in the earlier books." It may be doubted also if there was enough glamour about George Washington to enlist Irving's deepest interest and highest abilities. Indeed in all his historic and biographic works the best judges of to-day find something lacking. He had not the scholar's training and methods, nor had he the large vision of men and events in their perspective. Generalization was beyond him. The Life of Goldsmith, his favorite author, is considered his most admirable biography. He wrote it with a rush in two months, more rapidly than anything else he ever attempted, bringing it out in 1849. He had plenty of materials to work over, and the subject strongly appealed to him. Irving has often been compared with Goldsmith and with Addison. Indeed, at the close of his preface to the Life Irving addresses Goldsmith in the language of Dante's apostrophe to Vergil,

> Thou art my master, and my teacher thou:
> It was from thee, and thee alone, I took
> That noble style for which men honor me,

but he did not mean by this any close or conscious imitation. The two men had much in common. They looked at human nature from the same generous point of view, with the same kindly sympathies, the same tolerant philosophy, the same quick perception of the ludicrous, the same cheerful spirit of hopefulness, and so, inevitably, unintentionally, there came a strong resemblance. The resemblance to Addison also has often been remarked upon and

must occur to every one. They both write in a simple, unaffected style, remote from the tiresome stateliness of Johnson and Gibbon; both have a refreshing vein of subtle, refined humor, nicety of characterization and sound moral judgment, but there are some important differences. Edward Everett said that "Irving's human sympathies were more comprehensive than Addison's—tenderer, chaster; his poetical faculty, though never developed in verse, vastly above Addison's; one chord in the human heart, the pathetic, for whose sweet music Addison had no ear, Irving touched with the hand of a master. As a miscellaneous essayist Irving exceeds Addison in versatility and range." It has been thought, however, and rightly, we judge, that the religious tone of some of the papers in the Spectator rises above anything found in the writings of Irving.

Irving's style—simple, natural, picturesque, harmonious, transparent, full of easy elegance—does not seem to have been the formal result of any definite training or special study. In his desultory and imperfect education there was no discipline to account for it. He appears to have been born with so fine a sense of literary form and proportion that he could easily detect a faulty expression. Some of the charm of his style comes from much early practice and the reading of good authors, but more from the native nobility of his mind, the benignity of his temper, the fertility of his fancy. His words are always chosen with rare discrimination. He had a peculiar felicity in the selection of epithets. His sentences have a mellifluous, rhythmical flow, and an accurate, well-nigh faultless finish. His prose is often perfectly metrical and would pass for blank verse if written in the manner of poetry. The first lines of a dozen of the essays in the Sketch Book will illustrate this. They read as follows:

To an American visiting Europe the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative.

One of the first places to which the stranger is taken in Liverpool is the Atheneum.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune.

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains.

It is with feelings of deep regret that I observe the literary animosity growing up between England and America.

The stranger who would form a correct opinion of the English character must not confine his observations to the metropolis.

On a soft sunny morning in the genial month of May I made an excursion to Windsor Castle.

There are few places more favorable to the study of character than an English country church.

During my residence in the country I used frequently to attend at the old village church.

It is a pious custom in some Catholic countries to honor the memory of saints by votive lights burnt before their pictures.

There is nothing in England that exercises a more delightful spell over my imagination than the lingerings of the holiday customs and rural games of former times.

There is no species of humor in which the English more excel than that which consists in caricaturing, giving ludicrous appellations or nicknames.

Irving is everywhere an artist, nowhere a philosopher or a fighter. He is a good story-teller on a small scale. He could not write a novel or a drama. His lack of analytic or critical power partly explains the lack of conscious moral purpose in his works. His writings are spiritually healthful and helpful, but not by intention apparently. They happen to be so because of his intrinsic goodness. He was not resolute or aggressive, but retiring and timid. He left the race to solve its own problems without his advice, although he was by no means indifferent to the ills of humanity. It has been well remarked that "his symbol in nature is neither the volcano flaming with unexpected outbursts, nor a meteor flashing across the solemn gloom of the midnight sky; it is the iridescent arch of the rainbow, unsurpassed in beauty of form, rather than a force." He does not impress one with intellectual vigor or virility. He has no depth of thought. Urbanity and benignity are the main features both of the man and his works. Kind sympathy and tolerance are very manifest, but there is no note of the reformatory or religious ferment or doubt of the day, still less of the greater ferment of the more modern day. So that if, in the midst of any turmoil, we want to transport ourselves into a calm, restful mind, we can easily do it by taking up Irving. This is one reason why he endures; he was not for a time but for all time. It was the instinct of his mind to turn away from the sight of all

that was evil and hurtful, to attach itself to the contemplation of the good and the beautiful. He was not made to be a scourge for faults, a curer of diseases, an assailant of wrongs. He was formed for brotherliness and peace. His affections were warm, his temper was sweet. His mission on earth was emphatically one of good will. Never beat a more kindly heart or one more unselfish. His writings radiate love and cheerfulness. The higher problems of existence, intellectual or ethical, never troubled him. He was not subjective. He deals in pictures, not arguments; in descriptions, not disquisitions. He was not devoted to any great cause. He could not be a partisan nor a doctrinaire on any topic. He held the attitude of a dispassionate observer, never exhibiting any special heat over the wrongs and sufferings of life. He had no disposition to cut his way transversely across public opinion or prejudice. He was not a prophet. He shunned controversy. The flute was his instrument, not the trumpet. He himself said, "I seek only to play the flute accompaniment in the national concert, and leave to others to play the fiddle and the French horn." But while his chief qualities were those of sentiment and humor it should not be forgotten that he had also a genuine creative faculty which lends a distinction and a permanence to his work not otherwise possible, and puts it into a higher class than it could otherwise occupy. While it cannot be justly claimed that his creative imagination was equal to Hawthorne's, while he could not enter into the more tragic depths of human nature, while his penetration was less subtle, microscopical, and introspective than that great romancer's, his sympathies were more comprehensive, more wholesome, more genial. He first among Americans created human individuals, such as Rip Van Winkle and Ichabod Crane, so perfectly featured and so vital that they must always seem to men of sense as actual as the personages of history. He had the power to surround his characters and his scenes with some of the mellow glow of his own sweet and genial spirit. Most emphatically here the style is the man, his works mirror the author. If his books were wholesome and beneficent, filled with a humor that had no sting, an amusement that had no stain, if his writings indicated purity, sincerity, charity, it was because he himself exhibited these quali-

ties continually. He was one whom all men loved. It has scarcely ever fallen to the lot of a public man to pass through a long life surrounded by so many sincere friends and with so few personal enemies, admired by all, envied by none. He had no pedantry or pretension, no vanity or jealousy. He had graceful manners, charming powers of conversation, a sparkling wit, a tolerant consideration for the feelings of others, and a deep love for true womanhood. His life was very beautiful, not uncheckered with adversity; but his early trials, under the soothing influence of time, without subduing the natural cheerfulness of his disposition, threw over it a mellow tenderness which breathes in his habitual trains of thought and is indicated in the amenity of his reflections. He thanks God at one time for having been born among beautiful scenery. "I am convinced I owe a vast deal of what is good in me to this circumstance."

He had a very sensitive spirit. He said to a friend, "To me it is always ten times more gratifying to be liked than to be admired." He abhorred reviewing. He wished to be just, but could not bear to be severe. He shrank from the idea of inflicting pain very much as did Longfellow. "I am not ambitious," he said, "of being wise or facetious at the expense of others." He was amiable to the last degree, leaning to the side of mercy always, averse from strife, so modest that the world never ceased to wonder how it could have happened that one so much praised should have gained so little assurance. He envied no man's success, sought to detract from no man's merit. He thought so little of himself that he could never comprehend why it was that he should be an object of curiosity or reverence. He waited with great anxiety for the reviews of his books, and was inexpressibly cheered by words of appreciation from his friends or from those people competent to give an opinion. He was correspondingly depressed and discouraged by censure or the ill will to which on very rare occasions he was subjected. "I am easily put out of humor with what I do," he said. He was always afraid to open the first copy of a new book of his own. He sat and trembled and remembered all the weak points where he had been embarrassed or perplexed, and where he felt he might have done better, hating to think of the book

until reviewers had approved it. He had a deep-seated repugnance to appearing before the public. He did not shine on such occasions and could scarcely utter a half dozen sentences on his feet. Tom Moore, a special friend, writes June 17, 1824, "Took Irving to dinner to show him to the Sharkey's; but he was sleepy and did not open his mouth; the same at Elwyn's dinner. Not strong as a lion, but delightful as a domestic animal." He was not apt to "come out" at banquets. It was only in the easy familiarity of a small company of friends that he could be seen to the best advantage.

As to his habits of composition; in the earlier part of his life especially—he got over it a good deal—he wrote with extreme irregularity, and was very subject to moods, working only by fits and starts. The least thing put him out of the vein and prevented his going on. Even applause flurried him, made him anxious to do something better, and left him at a loss what to do. He sometimes waited months for the literary impulse, but when he once set to work he wrote with great fluency and produced in a short time an incredible amount of matter. "When I have been engaged on a continuous work," he said, "I have often been obliged to rise in the middle of the night, light my lamp, and write an hour or two to relieve my mind." Any attempt to force his mind to work resulted badly. The product was worthless and had to be thrown away. "An author's right time to work," he said, "is when his mind is aglow, when his imagination is kindled. These are his precious moments. Let him wait until they come; but when they have come let him make the most of them." "I have never found in anything outside the four walls of my study any enjoyment equal to sitting at my writing desk with a clean page, a new theme, and a mind wide awake."

His religious life was slow of development, and did not come into prominence or find expression until his latest years. He was very fond of the common worldly pleasures of fashionable society and by no means Puritanical in his habits or saintly in his cast of mind, although always strictly moral and utterly refined in his tastes. He cared little for creeds and did not profess to be a theologian, but he never seemed to have any doubt as to the cardinal

doctrines of the Christian faith in which he was brought up. His parents, Scotch Covenanters, did not regard the Episcopal Church with any favor, but he had so much of a liking for it that he stealthily left his home one Sunday morning when quite young and was confirmed by the bishop in old Trinity Church, New York. He did not become a regular communicant, however, until he settled down for the closing years at Sunnyside, when he joined Christ Church, Tarrytown. Here he was elected warden after his return from the mission to Spain in 1846, and held the post until his death, passing the contribution box through the aisles and attending faithfully to all his duties. He served repeatedly as one of the church delegates to the convention of the diocese. He was extremely regular in his attendance at church, a devout, attentive listener to the sermons, receiving the communion with most contrite spirit on every stated occasion. At his request the "Gloria in Excelsis," which he greatly admired as the best compend or summary of essential doctrine, was sung at the service every morning. "My son, give me thine heart" was a favorite text. He was generous in his charities, silent as to personal experience. Ary Scheffer's "Christus Consolator" called forth his genuine devotion, and even tears. It hung on the walls of his study, together with the companion piece "Christus Remunerator," for constant observation until the day of his death.

He had the most beautiful of evening times, for thirteen very happy years, 1846-59. He had always during his main working days had in view the accumulation of sufficient copyrights to secure him a moderate competence for the rest of the time, and in this he succeeded. His works brought him large sums. Up to 1850 John Murray of London had paid him fully $50,000 in royalties, and Bentley of London $12,000 more; a strong testimony to his European popularity. In America, during the last ten years of his life, eight hundred thousand volumes of his works were disposed of, and his publisher, George P. Putnam, paid him $88,000. In 1835 he bought, on the banks of the Hudson, about three miles from Tarrytown, an old stone Dutch cottage erected in 1650, rebuilt it, and greatly enlarged it from time to time. He had ten acres of land at first, afterward increased to twenty-five, with

a lovely outlook on the river. Here he had an ideal existence. No period of his life, he declared, had been so full of satisfaction to him. He worked at his desk through the mornings and then entered with zest into the pleasures of his family and the neighbors. His brother, Ebenezer, and five nieces were with him. He was always busy. He was spared what he had most keenly dreaded, clouded faculties and prolonged helplessness. "I do not fear death," he said, "but I would like to go down with all sail set." And he did. He was a most benignant old man. He preserved to the end his playful humor, his freshness of feeling, his interest in life, his sympathy with human suffering, his delight in beauty. To the last he basked in the sun and radiated cheerfulness on all around him. There was no arrogance or irritability. No consciousness of his own consequence marred the simplicity of his demeanor. To the day of his death he received visitors—who thought him a younger and stronger man than they had imagined—read, walked and drove. On Sunday, November 27, he attended church at Tarrytown. Monday night he went up to bed, followed by his nieces with some medicine, turned to arrange his pillows, gave a slight exclamation, and instantly expired. His funeral, December 1, was a wonderful occasion, attended by very many distinguished persons—among them George Bancroft, N. P. Willis, Donald G. Mitchell, William B. Astor, Hamilton Fish, John A. Dix, Commodore Paulding, Henry T. Tuckerman—by over one hundred and fifty carriages and some five hundred people on foot, besides the children of the public and private schools, who lined the road. The mural tablet, erected in Christ Church near the Irving pew, fitly designates him as "loved, honored, revered."

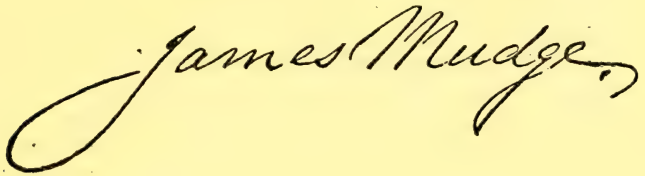
Longfellow's well known sonnet entitled In the Churchyard at Tarrytown, fitly embodies the thoughts and feelings which the place suggests:

> Here lies the gentle humorist who died
> In the bright Indian summer of his fame.
> A simple stone, with but a date and name,
> Marks his secluded restingplace beside
> The river that he loved and glorified.
> Here in the autumn of his days he came,
> But the dry leaves of life were all aflame
> With tints that brightened and were multiplied.

How sweet a life was his; how sweet a death.
Living to wing with mirth the weary hours,
Or with romantic tales the heart to cheer:
Dying to leave a memory like the breath
Of summers full of sunshine and of flowers,
A grief and gladness in the atmosphere.

He was fortunate from the cradle, not obliged to serve a long apprenticeship, as so many others have done, and wait weary years for recognition. The time when he came to the front was auspicious. He appeared in the arena of letters when a grand possibility of achievement was waiting for the advent of a master. The place also favored him and furnished him a field peculiarly his own. He made Hudson's River into Irving's River, as Holmes has indicated, "peopled by the creative touch of the story-teller's imagination. There is no brook which tumbles into the river which does not babble the name of Irving, not a wave which does not murmur his remembrance." "How prosaic the great city of New York would look but for the pen of Diedrich Knickerbocker. Under this imaginative charm the Bowery itself is still fragrant with the flowers of its Arcadian summer." For fifty years Irving charmed and instructed the American people and was the author who held the first place in their affections. It is now more than fifty years since his departure, and nearly a century since some of his best work was done. It may be in place to ask how he stands at present, and what of the future. He has lost, of course, some of the advantages which gave him his preeminence. A vast number of other writers have arisen to claim the ear of the public, writers more closely adapted to the special demands of the immediate present. There has been an extraordinary advance in the matter of historical and biographical writing, particularly, and much that was accounted fine forty years ago has been superseded. Fashions in sentiment and humor, narration and fiction, like those in clothes, change with the years. Nevertheless, there is a portion of Irving's works, not a large portion, that which was most distinctive of him, which gives no token of passing away, and is likely to be permanent. His achievements in pure creation will abide, though the mass of his production must of necessity fade.

The study of his literature is beneficent. Admiring students in the formative period of life will acquire from him not only a graceful style of writing, but a nobler quality of manhood and womanhood. They will learn sincerity, purity, integrity, charity, and faith; learn to be kinder and truer; learn to bear life's burdens manfully, and make for themselves sunshine where half their fellow men see nothing but shades and gloom. For Irving loved good men and little children. He had faith in his fellows, and sympathy for the lowest without any subservience to the highest. His books are wholesome, full of sweetness and light. Long may they live for the betterment of mankind.



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A NEW ERA FOR MOTHERHOOD

Motherhood is the great profession; the one involving the most vital interests of the nation; the one requiring the highest self-control, the greatest self-denial, the most taxing responsibilities. Home making is also the greatest occupation of the nation. It may seem inappropriate to consider the home in the category of industries; it is so holy, so vastly important, so significant. But it is well, if but for comparison, to look at the home over against a background of railroads, stores, farms, and factory buildings to which we devote such energy and for which we make such sacrifice. Here, for example, are the open spaces of a farming country. Along the roadsides are the farm buildings, but in the center of each group is the farm home. Here is a city with its business centers, harbor, and railroad terminals, with factories lining the harbor front and river and railroad lines, but surrounding all, in dense masses, are tens of thousands of homes, stretching far to the east, west, north, and south. In every factory, from office to night-watchman, are men dreaming of wives and children and the home nest. These industrial plants are never looked at from the right perspective until they are seen to exist in the first place for the maintenance, happiness, beauty, opportunity, and perpetuity of these households.

The first significance of motherhood lies in the perpetuation of the race. This is plain enough, but it cannot be taken for granted as something that is forever safe. Society is now in the midst of conditions which seriously threaten the welfare and numerical strength of the race. Seven millions of women are engaged in industrial pursuits. A heavy percentage of these are working under conditions of long hours and overstrain which are already resulting in a diminishing birth rate and in weakened children. A condition of irritation exists in family relations, expressed in the divorce courts, which causes an increasingly large number of women who are economically independent to hesitate

to become wives and mothers. But the race is not only dependent upon motherhood for its existence, it is equally dependent upon high-spirited and devoted mothers for the happiness, physical welfare, moral strength, and spiritual development of its children. In short, social progress is more dependent upon motherhood than upon any other social agency, or, possibly, than upon all others combined. If motherhood is to be ranked as a profession, and if ultimately it is to be ranked as the great profession, then training for motherhood must assume a corresponding importance and must become analogous to that which is given the learned professions. Formerly work in the home was the one occupation open to women, and, as such, preparation for marriage and its duties was thorough. Through years of intimate companionship and labor the daughter was trained until she knew every secret of skill, breathed every high aspiration, identified herself absolutely with her mother's calling. But to-day our girls are confused between two professions. They still look toward the home with a strong sense of duty and longing, but they dare not give themselves exclusively to preparation for that vocation. They must be prepared to earn their bread, and they must undertake to do it in a competitive industry which demands of its workers the highest training and efficiency. This is a fatal division of interest. It is giving to the nation a generation of women a large percentage of whom are poorly fitted to become mothers and mistresses of homes, and who at the same time are not so efficiently prepared for industry as their brothers are. They pay a penalty in low wages, as compared with men, and if they turn finally to the home there is a corresponding loss of power which finally becomes a loss to the nation.

I do not mean to suggest that a professional education alone should be given to young women. A broad general education is as essential to motherhood as to business and the professions, and specialized instruction is to be built upon such general education. Mothers are related to children in a more intimate and influential way than are teachers in the schools, and no education is too thorough for the women who are to assume such responsibilities. In the new era for motherhood upon which we are entering certain great things must be accomplished. In the first place, it will come

to be recognized by men as well as by women, and underneath it will be a new fairness and chivalry, that woman must not be the love slave of man and that she must be allowed to choose the conditions of her motherhood. The whole relation between husband and wife must be lifted to a higher plane; equality, independence for the woman, more specific rights freely recognized, and a common recognition of the sanctity and high function of the marriage relation. It is useless to expect to accomplish much in stemming the tide of divorce and marital infelicity until there is this change in the relation between husband and wife. But the mothers of the nation must also be given a new economic independence, especially during the period of confinement and during the whole time that their children are young. In most families the mother is nurse, cook, laundress, seamstress, and scrub woman until within a few days of the birth of her child, and she takes up the old tasks, with the added burden of her baby resting upon her, within two weeks after that event. In the country the farmer may have the latest farm implements, while his wife is using a washboard and an old-fashioned churn. In the city a man will have the best tools and office equipment while the mother of his children may still wait for an electric iron, a vacuum cleaner, and a washing machine. Every sacrifice of a mother at the period of her confinement, and for months and years following, is a sacrifice not only of herself but of her children and of the nation's progress. It is impossible to insure to working mothers with large families the full care that they need, but it is possible to relieve them by labor-saving machinery, by part-time help in the home, by extended rest and care during confinement, or by the relief which is consequent upon increased income. The English plan of cottage nursing, by practical nurses under the supervision of a trained nurse, which may be provided for on a weekly or monthly insurance payment basis, places competent service within the reach of working people. It was begun in Brattleboro, Vermont, and inaugurated in Boston, Massachusetts, and more recently in Detroit, Michigan, by Mr. Richard M. Bradly, under the Florence Thompson Foundation, and is to be put into operation in various cities.

Then, again, motherhood must be honored at all times and

under all circumstances as something divinely sacred and beautiful. If in a given instance the circumstances which bring it about are wrong the motherhood of that instance is sacred, and the right of the new-born child to life, respect, and opportunity is absolutely paramount. Motherhood has been degraded by the low ideals and vulgar talk of a certain class of men. Out of the humiliation and sacrifices involved, and under the burden of their toil, multitudes of women have resented motherhood until the coming of their babes has revived again the deeper maternal instincts. The need is to really exalt motherhood, to make evil-minded men see the sanctity of it, and to cause women themselves to realize that motherhood is the greatest of the professions.

Finally, unfortunate mothers, such as dependent widows, deserted women, and fallen girls, must be more amply provided for. As to the last class, every city is full of such, the men who betray them going free while their victims either surrender their children or assume the double burden of the care of the child and their own support. The disposition of the public authorities now is to compel fathers of such children to assist in their maintenance, but there is usually a compromise on a paltry sum—$100, $200, or $300—which is soon spent, whereas the support of the child continues until the age when it may lawfully become a wage earner. As chairman of the Children's Committee of the Humane Society, where we deal with many such cases, I am steadily urging that the fathers of such children be forced to assume their full responsibilities, and that we make every necessary effort to extradite and bring back men who flee from the law. They may be bonded, or sentenced and paroled. The same procedure should be followed with men who desert their families. They should be brought back to the city and, if necessary, incarcerated and put at work until they can be released on parole on condition that they furnish a maintenance for their wives and children. Bonding is much more effectual than imprisonment.

One group of women who especially deserve the sympathy and protection of society are dependent widows with families of little children. There are probably at present in every city of a half million inhabitants two or three thousand such women strug-

gling to care for their children and at the same time earn the support of the home. That is certainly double work, and it is likely either to break down the mother or ruin the children—perhaps both. Society must recognize that mothers are performing a social function which is possibly more vital than that which soldiers give to their country in time of war, and which involves greater danger and vastly greater suffering.

Just how are these needs of the mothers to be met? This is not an easy question to answer. In Zurich, Switzerland, the children of dependent widows carry home a pension of $2.50 weekly at the end of each week of successful attendance at school. Australia proposes $2.50 weekly for working mothers for a period of three months before and three months after the birth of a child. The English National Compulsory Insurance Act for working men, in addition to the weekly benefits for sickness, accident, unemployment, and death, provides a maternity allowance of thirty shillings for each child of the insured families. In New York city a scholarship plan has been devised by which a weekly payment of $2.50 is accorded a child which must otherwise leave school and go to work. Seventeen states and two cities (Saint Louis and Milwaukee) have so-called mothers' pension laws, and in eight other States such laws are pending. In Ohio the recent mothers' pension law provides, in addition to widows, for pensions to wives of prisoners, to deserted wives after a period of three years, and to wives and families of incapacitated husbands. The allowance is $15 per month for the first child and $7 per month for succeeding children, and may be paid until the children are of working age, but the allowance is only for six months at a time. The administration and safe-guarding of the law is assigned to the Juvenile Court and its probation officers, and the moneys are to be paid from the county funds. Every effort is made in the Ohio law to take advantage of neighborly kindness and private charitable agencies. It is evident that such a system of pensions has grave dangers. It may easily result in pauperizing families. It may strike at the roots of independence. It opens the way for efforts to unload upon the State by individuals and private organizations. It may result in deception, fraud, and desertion of families. Ulti-

mately the needs of widowed and deserted or dependent mothers will be largely met by social insurance against accident, disease, unemployment, maternity, and death. This is much better than direct pensions, since it equalizes burdens upon workers, employers, and the industries involved, and since it is really not charity but a return to the workers of the losses actually involved in industry. With the development of social insurance the need of mothers' pensions will largely decrease but never will be done away with. Such insurance will bring small relief to women until a change of sentiment puts it into the mother's hands to be used for the advantage of the home and for the relief in part of her own strain. Meanwhile dependent mothers should not be allowed to suffer. No fear of mismanagement or abuse should deter the State from coming to the assistance of at least the more serious cases. The danger of abuse will never be escaped under any system.

After all has been said, personal independence and neighborly assistance are vastly greater and much more to be desired than public or private relief agencies. For one widow who receives aid from public or private relief agencies there are a half dozen who support themselves and their children, or who are supported in part or in whole by relatives or personal friends. The grandmother takes in the grandchildren or the aunt her nieces while their mother works, or two work cooperatively, one keeping the home and taking in light work while the other seeks employment outside the home. They constitute an army of hard-working, determined women: teachers, clerks, office women, newspaper women, scrub women, seamstresses, and laundresses. We must also recognize that the changes which are necessary before motherhood comes to its own are changes in custom and personal morality more than in economic condition, although the two must go together. Probably in nine out of ten homes the husband is able to give the wife what she needs if he has the will to do so. Until the average man is better trained, until he escapes from the old-time subordination of the wife to the husband, until he is willing to grant to his wife a place of equality by his side, until boys are trained for the duties of the home and indoctrinated in the right relation of husband to wife the laws will go haltingly. Every

agency, like the Christian church, which makes men juster, fairer, more considerate husbands is doing fundamental work.

But in all this agitation let us remember that the vast majority of homes are sound and happy. Let us not mourn over the sorrows of the unfortunate until we forget to break our alabaster boxes of ointment over the heads of our happy wives and children. Let us not forget the sturdy sons and daughters coming from these broken homes who have appreciated the sacrifice of their mothers and who have brought honor to their names. We live in a favored land. My own city is filled with institutions for the protection of mothers and children—city welfare institutions, Associated Charities, orphanages, Humane Society, Juvenile Court, maternity hospital, Babies' Dispensary, visiting nurses, fresh air camps, schools, and churches. With these efficient and powerful philanthropies, with the new State employers' liability law and mothers' pension law, with the vast unseen charities of our citizens, Cleveland is already far on the way to the realization of the New Era for Motherhood. Doubtless the same might be said of every large city of the land, if its citizens took stock of their social resources.

Newton M. Tapply

SONGS OF LABOR

Labor Sunday is at hand. A glimpse at some of the recent labor poetry may inspire the preacher to do it justice.

Two of the younger English poets, John Masefield and Wilfred Wilson Gibson, have turned themselves to the life and labor of the people, have put their culture to the expression of the plain realities of common life. For his theme Masefield turns away from "princes and prelates" and prefers

> Rather the scorned—the rejected—the men hemmed in with the spears;
> . . . . . .
> The men of the tattered battalion which fights till it dies,
> Dazed with the dust of the battle, the din and the cries,
> The men with the broken heads and the blood running into their eyes.

He will leave to others "the music, the color, the glory, the gold"; he will take "a handful of ashes, a mouthful of mold." Gibson sits in his easy chair by his fireside and sees

> Amber woodland streaming,
> Topaz islands dreaming,
> Sunset cities gleaming,
> Spire on burning spire;

Then

> I shut my eyes to heat and light
> And saw, in sudden night,
> Crouched in the dripping dark,
> With steaming shoulders stark,
> The man who hews the coal to feed my fire.

The dull figures of official reports tell us how we kill twice as many miners as Europe does, how we increase that hazard three times in mines where there is no organization of the men to protect themselves—and they move us not at all. In Fires Gibson puts the hazard of coal mining into vivid pictures that challenge the conscience. There are two brothers who sit and wait for

> "The stealthy after-damp that creeping, creeping,
> Takes strong lads by the throat, and drops them sleeping
> To wake no more for any woman's weeping."

The end comes thus:

> "Dick, with his arms clasped tight about his brother,
> Whispered with failing breath
> Into the ear of death:
> 'Come, Robert, cuddle closer, lad; it's cold.'"

Against this grim price of coal, the working of men as long as they can be made to work and for as little as they can be made to take, this killing of men by preventable accidents, we put, to shield ourselves, foolish fictions about the dull nerves and stolid natures of the workers. But Gibson shatters our comfort with grim pictures of the heartache of the women—the girl who pleaded in vain with her lover to leave the mine because she had seen her father and brothers carried home, and his brothers, father, and grandfather had all ended their lives in the pit:

> "How could I ever rest at all,
> With that remembrance in my heart,
> While you were in the pit—
> With dread forever on me
> That you, too, would be brought
> And laid, a broken bundle, at my feet,
> Or never come to me at all again?
> How could I live
> With ears forever listening for the rumble
> Of fresh disaster?
> With eyes forever wide with dread to see
> The flames leap up the shaft?"

The deadly results of overwork are recorded in scientific studies of the effects of fatigue, but Gibson writes them with lines of blood that compel the understanding. There is the printer working overtime making picture books dealing

> With sunny fields and running brooks,
> Ships at sea and golden sands,
> Queer white towns in Eastern lands,
> Tossing palms on coral strands—
> Until at times the clank and whirr and click
> And shimmer of white paper turned him sick.

The factory inspectors may prove to us that the tenth hour is the most deadly and we still pass by on the other side of the road, but here calls the life of one man deadened by fatigue:

"Until the sleek machine, with roar and glare,
Began to take him in a dazzling snare;
When fascinated, with a senseless stare,
It drew him slowly toward it, till his hair
Was caught betwixt the rollers."

To spur us to quickly add short-hour to rest-day legislation Gibson paints the deadly revulsion of fatigue until Sunday was useless because the wheels would not stop whirring, the oil smell would not vanish,

"And still before his eyes, the blind, white glare,
And then the colors dancing in his head,
A maddening maze of yellow, blue, and red."

Sleep, like Sunday, was a boon denied:

"Too racked with sleeplessness to think of bed
Save as a hell, where you must toss and toss,
With colors, shooting in insane cris-cross
Before wide, prickling, gritty, sleepless eyes."

Into the monotony of toil leaps in vivid words the heroism that not even machine industry may kill. The youth whose very being had been molded by the toil of the blast furnace walks with youth that cannot forget the

"Clattering whirr of her machine . . .
Straining thread and stabbing needle."

A child stands in peril through a slide of slag:

"She saw him reel and fall . . .
And thought him done for . . . then
Her lover, brave and tall,
A very fire-bright god of men!
He stooped . . . and now she knew the lad
Was safe with Robert, after all."

The tragedy of the homeless man, whom we study in our lodging house and employment bureau reports, is written in the story of the tramp who came to the coke oven to warm his "naked, icy, burning bones" and there faces what we blink—the deeper tragedy of the homeless girl, saves her from suffocation and gives her his last crust. All this is life as they know it who have seen it among those whom the machine has thrown aside.

In Daily Bread Gibson chronicles the life of the plain people. With utter simplicity of art he reveals things great and mean, rare and common, walking side by side. The beauty and the mystery of life bear hard upon its sordid triviality, its bitter cruelty. The tale of The Shop is told by a foundry worker. It pictures the typical little store of the workers' neighborhood, its keeper dreaming of the sea and the flowers and the air of his native village and longing for them for the healing of his sick child.

"The flowers were blooming to the water's edge:
You'd come on blue-bells like a sea of blue.
. . . . . .
And the primroses!
Why, every bank, and every lane and hedge,
Was just one blaze of yellow; and the smell,
When the sun shone upon them, after wet!"

Next day, in the foundry, "the anvils had another tune to play," the bellows, and the hammer, too:

"Primroses and primroses and primroses;
And in the clouds of steam and white-hot glow
I seemed to see primroses everywhere."

Later, while the father serves a poor child who has "a hacking, racking cough," he tells of the letter from his child now away with the primroses and the sea:

"And pigs! Of all the wonders of the West,
His mother wrote, he loved the pigs the best.
. . . . . .
And all next day the anvils rang with pigs:
The bellows roared and rumbled with loud laughter
Until it seemed the workshop had gone wild,
And it would echo, echo, ever after
The tune the hammer tinkled on and off,
A silly tune of primroses and pigs."

This is the life of the poor; the hacking cough and the dream of the sea, the dirty street and the remembered bloom of flowers, the struggle with pain and—the heart of a child:

"I heard the boy shriek out in shrill delight,
'And, father, all the little pigs were black!'"

Gibson also sings the life of the sea, no longer a great adventure, but another hazardous employment for overworked and underpaid men. He knows the heartaches and the toils of the fisher folks. He has

> "caught the stormy summons of the sea
> And dared the restless deeps that, day and night,
> Surge with the life-song of humanity."

But this is Masefield's theme. In "Salt Water Ballads" he reveals the labor of those who do business in the great waters with the keen insight that has given us dramas of the soul of great spiritual power. From Homer down men have sung the majesty of the sea, have intoned its imperial splendor, but this man tells the plain tale of its toilers. The romance and mystery of the ocean glimmer in the background. He knows well the call of its beauty and its power.

> "I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
> Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
> And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
> And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying."

And again, in the prayer of the old Spanish mariner:

> "And let me pass in a night at sea, a night of storm and thunder,
> In the loud crying of the wind through sail and rope and spar."

Lines that better than these reveal the beauty of the sea have never been written:

> "Delicate, cool sea-weeds, green and amber-brown,
> In beds where shaken sunlight slowly filters down."

Or this:

> "The hushed sea seems to hold her breath,
> And o'er the giddy, swaying spars,
> Silent and excellent as Death,
> The dim blue skies are bright with stars."

But the real *motif* of these songs is the curse of the sea upon life, the burden it lays upon the sailor. Men conquer it, but ever they get conquered. It scatters their fishing fleets and flings their liners to the bottom. The danger of fog and collision and ship-

wreck, the perilous chance of the seaman's life, is here told on the lips of the sailors themselves:

"Them's the work o' the Lord you sees in steam 'n' sailing ships—
Rocks 'n' fogs 'n' shattering seas 'n' breakers right ahead,
'N' work o' nights 'n' work o' days enough to strike you dead."

Here is the bitter truth that the brutality of man is worse than the brutality of the sea. There are ships that treat a sick man thus:

"'Sir, can I have a sack?' I says, 'for Dick 'e's fit to die,'
'Oh, sack be shot!' the skipper says. 'Jest let the rotter lie!'"

And then there is the man aloft who drops overboard, lifting his hand and his cry "in the white of the wake":

"'N' the old man said, 'There's a cruel sea runnin',
A cold green Barney's Bull of a sea runnin';
It's hard, but I ain't agoin' to let a boat be lowered':
So we left him there to die."

On shore the community offers the sailor the same neglect, the same stony indifference. Masefield gives, as Masefield can, a glimpse of the lives of the sailors ashore. His friends are the crimps of the boarding house and the girls of the town. Callousness and brutality, his treatment from above, get ingrained in the seaman:

"'Bill, he's dead,' was all they said; he's dead, 'n' there he lies.'
. . . . . .
'It's rough about Bill,' the fo'c's'le said, 'we'll have to stand
his wheel.'"

He lays bare for us the naked soul of the sailor, the submissive fatalism that dominates him as the result of his contact with the overwhelming odds against him, both of nature and of man:

"Dunno about Life—it's jest a tramp alone
From wakin'—time to doss.
Dunno about Death—it's jest a quiet stone
All over gray wi' moss."

But Masefield sings of a day that is passing. The hour of revolt has struck, even for the workers of the sea. They are perceiving the power that is crushing their lives. Not even the might

of the sea putting its mark of submission on their lives will keep them bent to the might of organized capital that drives men for hire to exhaustion and to death. Sailors, too, are thinking and reading, and demanding changes. They are beginning to see that the wrath of the sea is a judgment wrath against human greed and human inefficiency; that the power of nature to take her toll of life is largely given her by man; that wrecks were fewer if we sent ships to sea properly manned and equipped. For twenty years our sailors have been trying to get safety legislation and for twenty years the shipping interests have been opposing, just as for years in England they prevented the painting of a line to mark the danger point in loading and sent overinsured and overloaded ships to their doom. At last a compromise measure has been passed that insures a degree of safety at sea for passengers and crew.

More significant still than the work of such men as Gibson and Masefield is the appearance of singers in the ranks of labor itself. A new creative force is entering the world of letters. Its first expression is in song. This is the primitive form of literature, expressing in rhythmic speech, in ballads and folk song, the elemental emotion of life, the fundamental tasks. It is a mighty force which now breaks into literary expression, the massed life of the toilers. It has been doing titanic things in the modern world; it will do equally great things in letters. Crude and rough are its first expressions, yet a powerful literature is to be born of the emotions, ideals, aspirations, and resolves of the machine workers. One of the unfulfilled promises of Kipling's precocious genius was his singing of the powerful rhythm of the machine. That theme awaits development, but a bigger one is also at hand. The tremendous energies that are being harnessed to the mighty tasks of modern industry—are they not kindling equally powerful capacities in mankind—vaster emotions, ordered powers of action more terrible or helpful than anything known in history? These new human forces are yet to be sung. The beginnings of that singing are dynamic with the spirit of revolt. In the radical labor press the thoughts and emotions of the group of toil are continually breaking into verse which, while it may halt and limp,

is nevertheless vibrant with power. From a park bench one of the homeless nomads who grip the grim and menacing problem of unemployment at first hand, one of those modern wanderers who read and think and rebel against the ordered civilization which is continually pushing them off the edge of life, flings out the war challenge of his class in some lines "To a Nine-Inch Gun:"

"You think of noise and flame and power,
We feed you a hundred barrels of flour
Each time your roar. Your flame is fed
With twenty thousand loaves of bread.
Silence! A million hungry men
Seek bread to fill their mouths again."

Over in England, from the ranks of the "navvies," the unskilled wandering workers, comes Patrick Magill in "Songs of the Dead End" to fling his anger against the "master class," to make the people of purple and fine linen ponder the gross bestiality, the somber, yeasty questionings, of the group who hew the wood and draw the water for our luxurious civilization. Thus do they live and labor:

"And there in the primitive fastness, more like brutes than like men,
They're huddled in rat-riddled cabins, stuck in the feculent fen,
Where the red searing heat of the summer purges them drier than bone,
Where Medusa-faced winter in turn stiffens their limbs into stone.
Hemmed-up like fleas in the fissures, sweated like swine in the silt,
So that your deserts be conquered, so that your mansions be built;
Hair-poised on the joist or the copestone, and swept by the bellowing gales,
Hauling their burdens of granite, bearing their mortar-piled pails,
Pacing the tremulous gang-planks as the trestles are bent by the wind,
With death and danger before them, and danger and death behind."

And thus do they die:

"The wild arms tossed to the heavens, as the outworks crumble beneath,
The curse of surprise and of horror that is hissed through the closen teeth,
The derricks that break at their pivots with the strain of the burden they bear,

Crushing the men at the windlass before they can utter a prayer;
The dams rushing wild in the darkness, and hurtling the floodgates free,
The riotous rain-swollen rivers, that roll like an inland sea,
Swamping the mud-rimed cabins, and breaking them up as they run,
Where men curse wild in the midnight, and die ere the rising sun—
Die in the rush of the freshets, screaming in fury and fear,
As the timbers crunch in the torrent and jam in the glutted weir."

In this country the downmost industrial group, more primitive and dynamic, strikes a stronger, sterner note in the voice of Arturo Giovannitti, passionate idealist, part genius, and all rebel. Educated immigrant, coal miner, theological student, journalist, in his "Arrows in the Gale" he is the voice of a militant proletariat crying from a jail. Here are voiced its inarticulate emotions, its prophetic ideals. Helen Keller in her introduction insists that the poetry of this man must be judged apart from his economics. But, as she intimates, it is the soul of a movement that has made this poetry. Here "is an effort to express a multitude of men who are lost in an immensity of silence, swallowed up in meaningless darkness." Unquestionably this voice from a jail reveals the spirit of the latest movement in the labor world, and it is a spirit to be reckoned with. Here is the answer of the Industrial Workers of the World to the iron heel of repression—the assertion of its soul. Neither its factions nor its incoherent dogmas are as significant as the soul of it. In the work of Giovannitti, as in the movement itself, one is in the presence of a great emotion. It is the soul of revolt, but it is also the soul of solidarity. It has no persistent faith, and no constructive program, but the feeling of solidarity is a great constructive emotion. If it ever can get focused it will build and weld. This is the significant contribution of the movement—the challenging of the power of Things and the insistence upon the value of emotions and ideals. Upon this very power of solidarity we have depended not a little in the development of our type of religion. The question now is whether we can make this same force work in wider circles for building up, and not for pulling down. This is the challenge that Giovannitti flings at religion and government. His passionate spirit of revolt flings

it with incisive words of true poetic worth. Witness the account of the night in jail:

"All this have I heard in the watchful night,
And the murmur of the wind beyond the walls,
And the tolls of a distant bell,
And the woeful dirge of the rain,
And the remotest echoes of the sorrowful city."

We may well ponder his description of our government as it appears to the working class when they meet with lawlessness in high places, when they are denied the rights of assembly and free speech, when anarchic associations of "good citizens" replace constitutional guarantees with arbitrary brutality. Out of such an experience comes this vision of "The Republic":

"And when upon the great surprise
Flew her disheveled victories
To all the lands, on all the seas,
Like angry eagles in the skies,

"To ring the call of brotherhood
And hail mankind from shore to shore
Wrapped in her splendid tricolor
The People's virgin bride she stood.

. . . . . .

"This was the dawn. But when the day
Wore out with all its festive songs,
And all the hearts and all the tongues
Were stilled in wonder and dismay—

"When night with velvet-sandaled feet
Stole in her chamber's solitude,
Behold; she lay there naked, lewd,
A drunken harlot of the street,

"With withered breasts and shaggy hair
Soiled by each wanton, frothy kiss,
Between a sergeant of police
And a decrepit millionaire."

After these lines it needs to be remembered that, in his address before the jury in Salem, Giovannitti said he had "learned upon the knees of his mother and father to reverence with tears in his eyes the name of a republic." Is this the bitter voice of a multitude who have been disillusioned?

We need also to remember that by way of a desire to serve

through the church this man came to where he could write these lines regarding "The Prisoner's Bench":

> . . . "Don't dust
> These boards on which our wretched brother fell,
> They are clean, there's no reason for disgust.
> For the fat millionaire's revolting stench
> Is not here, nor the preacher's saintly smell,
> And the judge never sat upon this bench."

This is his revolt against state and church: "I fling my shaft and my disgust against your gospel and your law." It is no time to indulge revulsion nor resentment against this contemptuous rejection of our cherished doctrines, but to face the reason for it. Nor is there a refuge for us in the temperament and history of this man and the group he speaks for. Here is a soul—full of passionate aspirations, with a vast pity for the woes of mankind—unsatisfied by state or church. He finds sections of the church in repressive alliance with those who are determined to refuse all hearing to the wrongs of the workers, reads of preachers willing to club them, to shoot them down. He finds larger sections of the church issuing proclamations of social justice but unable yet to translate them into action. Not for lack of teaching but for lack of an opportunity for action Giovannitti becomes a rebel against the gospel and the law by way of reverence for church and state, because the institutions of the church and state furnished no outlet for his fiery soul to realize its aspirations constructively. Witness his challenge in the interview of the Magdalene with the prosperous preacher of the wealthy church:

> "You said that I believed and was forgiven,
> That faith alone can save and purify,
> And from the stews I came, whence I was driven,
> To seal upon your lips a monstrous lie.
>
> "For though I have believed and not denied Him,
> Though with my bitter tears I washed his feet,
> The harpy clutch of greed that crucified Him
> Has dragged me back into the sunless street.
>
> "From pit to pit it dragged me down, a mourner
> Of His great shattered dream, with blows and sneers,
> And you have seen me stand around the corner,
> A traded strumpet for two thousand years.

"You saw them with their hands of fiendish malice,
From this, my withered, soulless flesh of pain,
Wring out the gold with which they bought the chalice
Where now you gulp his precious blood again."

Behind the brutal overstatement is enough of truth to make us wince. The fierce, bitter protest is a challenge to the church to immediate and effective social action. Giovannitti touched the church before the present social movement was manifest. If that movement goes boldly on to the imperative task of social reconstruction it can conserve such spirits as his for constructive ends. Jails are no answer to this rebel spirit. There are behind it deep wrongs which must be righted. There is a prophetic note in its challenge. It warns us to remove the causes of revolt, to guide the revolutionary spirit into constructive activities, or to take the consequences. To church and state the alternative of justice or conflict is offered. To the House of Greed—let the poet tell it:

"One day our bleeding, ever-plodding feet,
Lit by the torch of love, shall stop before
The House of Greed, and hard upon the door,
Clenched in our fist the scythe of Time shall beat.

"Two messengers that day shall pass the gate,
One, white-clad, who shall bear the salt and bread
Of peace, and One who, cloaked in gory red,
Shall bring the everlasting doom to hate."

One shall ask entrance for the outcast brother:

"'Open your door, receive him at your hearth,
Break bread with him and he shall break his sword,
And from this day the kingdom of the Lord
Be evermore established on the earth.'

"Thus shalt thou say. But if his heart of guilt
Be hardened, then the Somber One, whose brow
Is seared by all the fires and ne'er did bow,
Shall come forth, both his hands upon the hilt."

Harry F. Ward.

CEREBRAL RECORDS

In the cortical neurones there are certain modifying processes all the while going on. These processes, which are psycho-physical, make their record and determine very largely what we are to become. In the light of this fact it may be said that every human being is an autobiographer. In some instances the record made is not as highly particularized as in others, but every man writes of himself up to the full extent of his living. How interesting these automatic movements in the psycho-physical mechanism of man in and through which he writes an account of himself! This account may be thought of as his cerebral diary, one that he unconsciously keeps, yet with diligence and accuracy, and begins keeping in his very early life. Instinct as it has been with the prevailing ideals and ambitions of the past, what is more interesting than an old and well-kept diary? In after years, among the long-since neglected but at one time precious treasures, it accidentally comes to light. It may chance to be found in an archive holding some of the choicer records of the past. Finding it here retells of the interest and place it once had in our thought and life. And how delightfully readable that old diary is! How interesting its resurrections! But the diary embodying the autobiography contemplated in this paper is not altogether a superannuated record. It has not been consigned to the limbo of our yesterdays. It is down-to-date history, never having been laid aside from the time of its first writing. And this diary is a record made upon the cortex of the brain—the psychic account book that every man carries. This record, being cerebral, requires an expert reader to decipher its meaning, but when read and interpreted constitutes a most fascinating and highly suggestive message. To the critical student of psycho-physics our cerebral record is one of especial and absorbing interest and is becoming more and more so in the researches of modern psychology. Embodying, as it does, an account of what every man has made himself in psychical fiber and temper, it may not be altogether without interest to the less critical

observer to know something of the significance of the writing in this diary.

A maxim of ancient pagan philosophy was "Know thyself!" If it be asked, What does this maxim contemplate? I suspect the answer, in substance, might be, Take careful note of your subjective life—your varied moods of thought and feeling and will, your passional instincts and desires, your moral and religious proclivities, your dominating ideals and aspirations and purposes; in short, the full movement of your subjective life. But the subjective life is always tending to come to some form of objective expression. To be able to posit the probable mode of expression and direction that life will take is to know one's self in the sense of this ancient maxim. But the significant thing in self-knowledge, when you come to individualize it, is the fact of its variation in different persons. How account for this? While every self is patterned after the same general model yet each separate self, in certain particulars, is distinct from every other self and has its own characterizing qualities and peculiarities. Herein centers the vital significance of this consideration. Shall this difference be ascribed to some transmitted hereditary bias? But if we think of heredity as handing down the wide differentiation to be noted in the selfhood of individuals the question would doubtless arise, In what way could heredity feature these distinctions? Evidently in no other way than on the assumption that they were ancestrally inherent before the transmission, and therefore need to be accounted for the same as immediately existing differences that mark the selfhood of any individual. While in the working out of these self-characterizing differences they may become intensified through a series of hereditary transmissions, their solution is to be sought back of this, sought in the cerebral organism, in the registry that the soul makes of its life-moods and modes of thought and feeling and action. These are written upon and within the physical structure of the brain. The brain is the instrument through which the soul acts in the expression of its purposes and life. This cerebral record is found to be greatly varied in the mode and complexity of its entries. It is in this variation of cerebral registry that the difference observable in the

self or personality of the human race centers. By cerebral registry is meant simply and only the molding or conformation to which the cortical substance of the brain is subjected under the prompting of the various stimuli that act upon it and to which it is responsive. It is not the function of this paper to attempt any scientific discussion of the anatomical and neuric structure of the brain or of its mode of response under the impingent effect of sensorial and psychical stimuli. It contemplates only a very broad and general position, namely, that the structure of the brain is modified—molded—under the movements of our sensorial and psychical life.

Our first cerebral impressions are sensorial. They are modifications made upon the cortex of the brain under the stimulation of the sensorial and motor nerve movements. These modifications are definitely located on the brain area according as one or another of the senses has been in exercise. Following these sensori-motor activities within the brain are the movements of our psychical life, in which is included every tendency or instinct of the soul expressing itself as an intellectual or moral or passional or volitional impulse. Each of these impulses is formative, each leaving its characteristic impression upon the brain. It is more especially in view of cerebral conformation that results from an exercise of the spiritual and religious tendencies of the soul that this subject is presented. This conformation shows itself in definite markings on the cortex of the brain, following clearly as the resultant of such exercise, and that gives the spiritual instinct an assurance of a right of way in our life, a right of way resting upon a stronger foundation than is perhaps realized without special investigation. The modern scientific approach to religion through the channel of psycho-physics reveals in a new light something of the strength of the tie that binds the spiritual within to the soul of man. This is an exceedingly interesting field to enter and investigate. It brings to view and to our consideration facts that had no place in the theological survey of earlier days; facts which, while they do not disturb the position and thought of earlier theological teaching, give us an additional and supplemental foundation stone for the traditional faith and hope we cherish. The religious instinct, when it comes to assertive power in our lives, has a physiological

basis. It comes to have this basis by virtue of an inherent religious propensity acting as a stimulus through the neuric structure of the brain—acting so as to modify its cellular arrangement. With regard to that most interesting, and at present somewhat hypothetical, piece of investigation as to how the soul, through its natural propensities, acts in conjunction with the sensory and motor movements of the nervous system so as to be always modifying the cellular structure of the brain, suffice it here to say that in all probability our entire instinctive and psychical output, whatever it may be, exerts a conforming power in the cortex of the brain. And this leads to the very probable position that character has a physiological correlate. It is a composite of what we think and feel and act, all of which makes its cerebral record. The religious instinct, then, which is one of the channels through which character comes to expression, has a physiological basis. That is, it comes to expression through a certain definite arrangement of the cortical neurones. In its origin we probably think of the religious instinct as of divine inspiration, but being stimulated it has, in common with all other instincts of the soul, a cerebral basis. And in the measure that this instinct is exercised does it come to have a more prominent and permanent lodgment in the structural conformation of the central nervous system. All activities of the soul, intellectual, emotional, and volitional, exert a conforming power upon the cerebral area; are registered in its substance.

In his Elements of Psychology Thorndike tells us that the nervous system by its power of modification affords the physiological basis for changes of intellect and character. "The brain under the stimulation to which it is subject is continually becoming a new thing. From month to month it takes on new habits. Everything that is manifested, as knowledge, power, self-control, habits of thought and action, attitudes and capacities of mind, skill, and training, may be paralleled within by alterations which the neurones have undergone. If we had perfect knowledge of the entire history of a man's brain we should find in its actions and consequent changes the parallel of his life of thought and action." As an evidence of this fact, and in confirmation of it, examine the cerebral center at different steps of its development. Take, for

example, the brain of a child before it has been acted upon by any stimuli—before there has been any exercise of the sensorial or psychical proclivities—and it will present a very different appearance as to the formation of its substance from what it does after it has reached its highest possible development. In the case of an undeveloped child the brain surface will appear as an "oval mass of grayish white matter supplied with abundant blood vessels." In the matured state of this same brain its substance on the cortex will be thrown into many convolutions or wrinkles and these wrinkles will be of varying depth, the depth in each case depending upon the degree of development, sensorial, mental, moral, passional, that the soul has reached. In his Destiny of Man Fisk writes that "In the brain of a great scholar the furrows are very deep and crooked and hundreds of creases appear which are not found in the brains of ordinary men." If it be asked what causes this addition of creases or furrows in the maturer brain that are not present in its earlier stages of development, the answer is, They are due to the various forms of sensorial and psychical activity to which the soul has been given. They are the streets that the soul has made in the substance of the brain as it has run to and fro over its neuric roadways in the prosecution of its various forms of activity. And the longer the soul has kept up its sensory and psychical activities the more marked its roadbeds will become in the substance of the brain, and the more dominant its power and efficiency will be as the result of these cerebral convolutions. Oliver Wendell Holmes, discussing the subject of Mechanism in Thought and Morals, projects this query: "Is the brain, like the rocks in the Sinaitic Valley, written all over with inscriptions left by the long caravans of thought as they have passed year after year through its mysterious recesses?" He then continues, "When we see a railway train sliding by in the same line day after day we infer the existence of a track which guides it," and then follows his inference, "How can we doubt that there is a track laid down in some permanent disposition of the thinking marrow for the story that our life is telling?" He takes the ground that it is not improbable that our psychical life has a material record, "That the brain is scarred and seamed with infinitesimal hieroglyphics

as the features are engraved with the traces of thought and passion." Dr. M. Foster, F.R.S., says, "In all the higher processes of the brain we must recognize that . . . action determines structures; meaning by structure molecular arrangement and disposition. What marvelous possibilities loom up on the basis of molecular readjustment! It has been estimated that there are from one to two thousand millions of cells in the cortex of the brain." If this be so it is evident that the possibility of varied structural arrangement is practically incalculable. The soul has material in almost infinite abundance in and through which to prosecute its activities and make its records. If all our psychical activities are registered in the brain tissue, and have a definitely conforming power over it, then the moral and religious activities of the soul make their impression and peculiarly characterizing conformation in the organic substance of the brain, so that it may be said the spiritual in man has a physiological correlate, a cerebral basis.

It may be noted here that this position does not antagonize or disturb the orthodoxy of the most conservative. It robs no one of his belief in the specifically divine origin and awakening of the spiritual instinct, or that inspirations come from above to its support. The position only projects these facts of our common Christian belief and acceptance into the physical setting which they undoubtedly have in our cerebral organism. It considers them from an additional viewpoint, showing the deeper hold they have upon us in the psycho-physical mechanism of our nature. In the light of this fact the thought to be emphasized here is that our spiritual life, which, in the Christian doctrine, is awakened through regeneration, comes to have a physiological basis within the brain and through its activities exerts a molding and definitely conforming power upon the brain substance. Just as an exercise of the soul in the study of mathematics or medicine or law results in a specific type of cerebral conformation, so the constant exercise of the spiritual instinct, in thought and faith and love and hope and practical Christian activity, not only makes but deepens the furrows over which it has play in the cerebral instrument of the soul. Brierly in his Problems of Living expresses this fact in telling and comprehensive language. He says:

"The soul is ever shaping its instrument; and although we are sometimes forced to acknowledge the volatile character of religious feeling and desire we have to remember that, in the spiritual evolution of humanity, the brain channels along which man's highest perceptions reach him will become immeasurably developed and his capacity in these directions correspondingly strengthened. We are in this respect the creators of ourselves. Every act of the will by which we respond to the celestial voices, by which we reject the lower and choose the higher, adds to the perfection of the instrument by which the heavens register themselves in us, and every such act of will broadens and deepens the channels along which flows the current of spiritual power."

This is an admirable putting of the soul's conforming and reconstructive power and work in the cellular structure of the brain. How significant their relationship! How interesting to contemplate this intricate and intimate affiliation of the soul with the brain and to note its molding processes and movements in its substance. In his Hymn in Honor of Beauty Spenser evidently had in thought something of this fashioning and constructive power of the soul. He wrote,

> For of the soul the body form doth take,
> For soul is form and doth the body make.

This is a poet's conception and statement of the soul's functioning in our physical make-up. If we may conceive that our bodies are shaped through the subtle processes of psychic action it is comparatively an easy step to accept the position that the soul leaves its conforming impress upon the instrument through which it accomplishes this constructive work. In view of the very probable fact of psycho-physical conformation going on within the brain, how important that the spiritual instinct get an active footing as early in life as possible, and by so much as it does, in the light of this consideration, our religious nature and training become assured. It is a fact of common observation that the child is much more susceptible to religious impressions and to a religious development than the person of maturer years, the reason being that the brain tissue at this period is more plastic, more readily impressible than in later life. In the light of this fact the true theory of religious culture should be to awaken the spiritual activities of the soul at the earliest possible date. The brain grooves of moral and spiritual purpose and activity should begin to be made in

childhood. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it"—because his brain has become furrowed and conformed under the influence and power of religious thought and feeling and action. In this cerebro-physical conformation he has an anchor that holds him, that gives steadfastness and certainty to his religious ideals and purposes. And herein, perhaps, centers one of the very vital secrets in the doctrine of religious perseverance. We have probably regarded it as the natural result of religious training and purpose, and so it is in just the sense in which we have regarded it. This result is physically recorded in the cortex of the brain, which is an additional element of strength in our purpose of religious perseverance. This matter of perseverance has doubtless been attributed to the cooperation of divine grace and the human will, all of which is true, but —the special and significant fact here is that this truth has made its impress upon the brain, a fact which we may not have been accustomed to fully recognize and consider.

But many people come to maturity without religious training; people in whose lives the spiritual instinct has remained practically dormant, has never been summoned to activity, with the result that in the brain tissue there has been no corresponding transformation, no religious convolution or curvature. In such cases it may be said that there are no religious roadbeds for the soul on the cortex of the brain. Its substance remains religiously unimpressed and undeveloped. Such people have no dominant appetite for the higher, better things of life. The spiritual faculty has never had a right of way and therefore has made no achievements—has written no message of religious convolution upon the brain. Facing this fact, an interesting inquiry presents itself: Can such a condition be remedied, overcome?—and, if so, how? How shall a person who has been indifferent to the promptings of the spiritual instinct, who has therefore no roadbeds in the substance of the brain for its activities, be awakened to exercise himself in a religious way? Leaving out of consideration here, and with very definite mental reservations, any impulse or stimulus that may come from without, is it possible for such a one, under the handicap of the brain religiously unimpressed and unformed, to act in this spiritual

capacity? If it is possible it can be only under the pressure of some high-tensioned desire and purpose so to act. Otherwise how very improbable that there will be any awakening. If the spiritual nature has remained dormant up to the period of mature life nothing less than an intense and purposeful abiding desire for its supremacy will ever bring it to the front in the soul. And this desire must have the deliberate backing and energizing of the will if the spiritual ever gains a right of way. It may not be dogmatically asserted, yet it can be very reasonably accepted that the Great Teacher saw this when he conditioned the attainment of righteousness, as stated in the fourth beatitude, upon hungering and thirsting. These are words expressing a high-tensioned desire and purpose for the moral condition proposed. Indeed, how otherwise attainable? For if the period of maturity be reached in a spiritually destitute condition, the brain cells have lost, in a great degree, their plasticity—have become more or less stereotyped, so that nothing less than a high pressure of purposeful desire for the spiritual will make for it a reconstructive right of way in the tissue of the brain. Hence the necessity of hungering and thirsting in order that the plowshare of righteousness may be driven through the hardened brain area that has been left spiritually uncultivated. Carpenter in his Mental Physiology writes that "from the time the brain has attained its full maturity the acquirement of new modes of action and the discontinuance of those which have become habitual are alike difficult. The intellectual and moral character has become in a great degree fixed, so that although new impressions are being constantly received they have much less power in directing the course of psychical action than they had at an earlier period—that course being thereafter determined by established uniformities and by the volitional power of selective attention." This is the scientific statement that if you take on a new moral quality in later life there must be a hungering and thirsting so to do; an intense purpose and desire to attain the new quality. But in the Christian doctrine the attainment of a new moral quality does not come to pass exclusively through a strong purposeful intention on the part of the one desiring renewal. The awakening of such a desire has, in the first place, to be accounted for. This intro-

duces us into the realm of the supernatural. The man who starts out in the direction of a new ethical life has been awakened so to do by the influence of the Spirit of God—he has been morally renewed by his Spirit. How this renewal is accomplished we may never definitely know. But the question projects itself here, Can there be any such renewal except it be psycho-physical?—except there be some reconstructive modification in the cerebral cortex? If the regenerative power of the Spirit of God acts upon and within the soul to the awakening of new impulses and purposes does he not act as a stimulus through the nervous organism—act in such a way as to produce some reconstruction of its cortical center? This, of course, is speculative, and in the very nature of the question cannot be otherwise. But if we admit the fact of cerebral modification under the impact of ordinary psychic stimuli there is an inference of probability that the Spirit of God, acting as an awakening stimulus, will make use of the channels that nature has provided for the processes and evolution of our spiritual life, and so leave his impress upon the brain in the same way that any psychic action modifies its structure. This indeed seems to be quite as rationally believable as it would be to hold that the Spirit of God, in some unique way, fulfills his mission within us independently of our neural organism. In point of fact it may be held that the permanency of a religious awakening, whatever additional factors may enter into it, depends upon a certain definite physical modification at the cerebral center. If this be so, may we not reasonably think that the Spirit of God, as a stimulus, will act so as to produce this modification? If this be admitted, then we have the fact of the supernatural acting in the channels of the natural and as simply supplemental to the psychic endeavor that is normally put forth for the attainment of a higher spiritual life. On this hypothesis the supernatural follows in the same roadway as that through which our sensorial and psychical activities have been conducted.

But concerning this matter of the supernatural in the regeneration of the human soul the present day psychology would reduce it to the minimum, referring it to certain predisposing natural psychic conditions rather than to the Spirit of God acting in any

"peculiarly miraculous way." Its explanation of the sudden conversion that sometimes comes in a cataclysmic crisis of the emotions is "that it is due largely to the subconscious incubation and maturing of motives, deposited by the experiences of life," thrust up, in a cyclonic rush, into consciousness by some suggestion or mysterious automatic movement to which certain temperaments are especially predisposed. Professor James admits somewhat guardedly the possibility of the supernatural in the conversion of certain persons, but takes the ground that the supernatural impression comes through the misty region of the subconscious. This may be the psychologist's door of God's admittance into the human soul. There is no objection to this method of access. It would not seem to be vital whether he comes to us directly through the channel of our neural organism or reaches into contact with the soul through the region of the subliminal self. The essential thing is that he initiates an impulse that reaches the life of the soul to its spiritual renewal. If he does this by awakening our subliminal resources—the fears, ideals, motives, impulses, and memories that have had a place in the past of our lives, projecting them into consciousness as a stimulus to our regeneration—then the work would seem to be as really supernatural as if the Spirit wrought directly upon the heart by an immediate impulse. If the subliminal self is a storage battery of regenerative possibilities that have failed to accomplish their mission until a man has reached fixity of habits and character it will be reasonably permissible to say that only the Spirit of God connects this battery with his soul to its renewal. This is quite as easily believable as it would be to accept the hypothesis that regeneration is purely a subjective matter, the result of an automatic uprising of stimuli, of an emotional storm, from the subliminal self that awakens the consciousness of God's claims upon us and drives it home until the soul is morally renewed. This is a piece of subjectivism that practically eliminates the supernatural, and does it on the basis of a theory quite as difficult to accept as it would be to admit of the renewal doctrine through the special awakening and energizing influence of the Spirit of God. It is to be noted here that, in the event of a belated religious awakening, before the spiritual faculty

comes to its full and highest enthronement, there are many counter conflicts within the soul, struggles wherein the newly awakened desire and purpose make their claim and contention for supremacy, and, on the other hand, wherein the sensuous and questionable passional instincts of the soul contend for a right of way. In his Roman epistle Paul gives us a very graphic account of this contention. There is an awakened sense of good that struggles for mastery, but at the same time there is a counter movement that wars against the soul's higher purpose, making it, in the clash of good and evil, a perpetual arena for "combative chaos." And the notable thing in this warfare is that the lower tendencies are ever getting the best of the fight. This is because they have had the right of way for most of the life and have left their conforming impress upon the cortex of the brain, malformation curvatures wrought out from thinking, acting, and living under the inspiration and guidance of evil. Professor James in his Gifford Lectures of 1901-1902 on Varieties of Religious Experience has one lecture, on what he calls the "divided self," in which he discusses this matter of controversy between good and evil in the soul, giving several notable instances on a par with Paul's classic one in Romans. Among these citations he mentions Augustine in his struggle to attain the standard of a higher life. He had had a half pagan and half Christian bringing up at Carthage, but the pagan influence had become dominant, bringing him into the shackles of the grossest sensuality. His conflict for the supremacy of the higher spiritual life was most intense and earnest, tragic, indeed, at times. But the significant fact about it, in this connection, is the constancy of his defeat at first in attempting to maintain the higher religious ideals to which he had been awakened. A jarring discord of irreconcilable opposites went on within his soul with the invariable predominance of the sensual over the spiritual, making, for a long while, sad havoc of his peace of mind. These cases of unrest and struggle and defeat are cited as instances and as an evidence that the spiritual instinct has not yet made for itself a structural basis on the cortex of the brain. Its demands are recognized as authoritative, and as entitled to a place of regard; there is a measure of desire that they shall be uppermost in the

soul; but this instinct has not yet made the cerebro-physical modification that can assure its complete predominance and therefore must it endure these setbacks that are invariably incidental to the movements and progress of a beginning life.

How it is that the brain conforms to sight and sound and thought and desire and imagination and will—to all persisting sensory and psychic movements of the soul—so that they become finally a dominating power in the life, or why a certain cerebral conformation is essential to the strength and permanence of the soul's instincts and activities, may not be so readily understood. The secret must go to the mental physiologists for solution. In the meantime the fact of cerebral conformation may be accepted as the law that God has prescribed to reign in the movements and development of our psychic life.

Elbert G. Hoag

WAGES AND WICKEDNESS

I. When the young ruler had departed from Jerusalem with sorrowful spirit because the Master's answer to the question "What shall I do?" was, "Go sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and come and follow me," Peter, with characteristic impulsiveness, approaching Jesus, said, with an air of self-worthiness, "Behold, we have forsaken all and followed thee: what shall we have?" Our Lord promptly seized upon these two incidents as presenting a good opportunity to enunciate two deep basal principles of the kingdom of heaven and delivered the parable of the laborers in the vineyard. These two inquirers had mistaken the nature of the Kingdom. The young synagogue official supposed that there was something he might do that he might merit eternal life. As if everlasting life could be secured by some act of ostentatious devotion. Peter blundered in another direction. In reply to the Master's command about giving up all he ventured to inquire what he and the other disciples should have as reward for their self-abnegation. Christ thereupon emphasizes by gentle instruction the great fact that the kingdom of heaven on earth is entered not by doing or having, but by believing—by faith.

Jesus on another occasion, when he was asked, "What shall we do that we might work the works of God?" answered, "This is the work of God, that ye might believe on him whom he hath sent." Faith, then, is works. Paul caught the Master's meaning when he writes, "Therefore being justified by faith"; and the truth flashed upon Luther when, ascending the steps of the Lateran on his knees, he suddenly arose to his feet and cried out, "The just shall live by faith!" The entrance to the kingdom of heaven is not by works, for the one-hour toilers in the vineyard received a denarius of the same value as those who had wrought the entire twelve hours. The important lesson is that it is not what man does that merits him heaven, but what he believes. The Towers of Babel of either ancient or modern builders cannot even reach the clouds; the earth's Babylons and Romes are in a few genera-

tions merely ruins haunted by moles and bats and curio vandals, and man's little systems of philosophy are but the laughing-stock of succeeding generations. Man's best works are but houses of sand on the strand of the restless ocean of eternity, to be washed away by the resistless tide of events. Man is not the architect of his own fortunes: he is a builder; God is the architect. When man assumes the position of architect as well as builder, crumbling towers of Babel and the confusion of unbelief inevitably result. God can be known only by faith, and the redoubts of the Almighty cannot be scaled by man's little labor or logic.

It must not be concluded from this that our Lord is encouraging the anarchistic idea that there is no reward or honor to the man who industriously applies himself to a full day's labor. Labor is worship. Labor is life and growth. Labor is happiness and peace. The most pitiable object is the idle man. The honest laborer is the only real nobleman on earth; it makes him available for all the greatest blessings for which God has created men. Rest is a blessing only when it recuperates for further labor. Even luxurious idleness is not happiness, but leads to moral obliquity, extravagance, dissipation, and often to insanity.

Within the kingdom of heaven the most blessed man is not the one-hour toiler. He may gain his entrance by faith, but if he would maintain his honor and his blessing, and become a fruitful branch, it will be only by continued and loving devotion. Our Lord does not here disparage the industrious, painstaking worker in his vineyard. He is simply striving to correct the mistakes of his disciples in supposing that infinite life is purchasable by cheap coins of finite mintage. Faith is the portal to the Kingdom, but work the occupation of its citizens. The other great lesson of this much-misunderstood parable of the "Laborers in the vineyard" is that, in Christ's kingdom on earth, while there are wages there must also be gifts, and while there is justice there must be bounties. Christ's mission was to lift humanity by imparting divinity. The young ruler heard Christ say, "Give to the poor, and come and follow me." Christ ever and always linked himself to debased and depressed humanity. In God's government we are familiar with his use of wages and gifts. Sin pays wages, but God offers

gifts. Man's sins are promptly paid for with death, for sin is death; and if man for his little good received simply wages, it would be some temporal or finite reward; but God goes beyond man's earning power and not only gives him wages but adds the gift of eternal life. For being faithful in a "few things" God not only trusts man to rule "many things," but admits him into "the joy of the Lord." For finite fidelity there is infinite recompense. The farmer by labor in his fields touches the hem of the garment of the Creator, and the toiler in the vineyard of the Lord is introduced to the mystery of life. What God does with man man must do with his fellows. To his brothers man must dispense bounties and gifts as well as justice and wages. Herein lies the solution of the vexatious social problems of our day. Christianity is equal to the great task of inaugurating a happy and complete social condition. It is a mistaken principle of economics that society has no duty to the man who for some reason cannot, or does not, earn a full wage. The world is full of fractional men—men who are found idle at nine o'clock in the morning, others at twelve, others at three in the afternoon, and still others at five o'clock. The faithful, industrious man represents a unit; thank God there are many such. Then there are the nine twelfths of a man, the six twelfths of a man, the three twelfths of a man, and, lastly, the one-hour toiler, the one twelfth of a man; all fractions of a unit. The great sociological idea emphasized by Jesus in this parable is that, just as the lord of the vineyard went out at succeeding hours of the day and hired the tardy workmen, so it must be the business of the church—the church, I say, and we must not shift our responsibility—to do all in its power for the fractional man. The units will take care of themselves. Christianity has a special mission to the fractional man. If there had been no fractional men Christ would not have come. There are many superinducing causes which swell the army of fractional men. These men are most frequently victims of causes over which they had and have no control; and so long as the causes are not removed the effects are certain to appear. If the fractional man receives wages and justice only, he and his family will suffer. Gifts and bounties must be wisely dispensed, and with

increasing care. The fractional man is the product of heredity or environment, or both. If he would be made to approach steadily to the dignity of a unit he must be given better environment; for, however inexorable heredity may seem to be, it is a deep-seated principle of the gospel that environment is stronger than heredity. It is safe to say that if all men had the same good fortune in ancestry and birth and opportunity, the number of unfortunates would be much reduced. Men's successes or failures, as a rule, depend more upon blood and environment than upon any phenomenal genius. These paramount problems belong not to reformers who exploit vain theories outside of the church and constantly denounce the divine Christ and a supernatural Book, but it is the plain mission of Christians—the followers of Christ—to "give to the poor, and follow me."

In the effort to elevate the fractional man, therefore, there must be relief bounties and preventive bounties. Relief bounties should aid the idle man to find work and force him, if necessary, to stay by his work by most judiciously supplementing his small wage for a time for the benefit of his family. Then there must be preventive bounties, that the cruel forces which inevitably produce the fractional man shall be destroyed. What evils and vices go on unrebuked which, like the blight in the wheatfield, reduce the chances and efficiency of men around us! Many men are good workmen when they are sober, and many are industrious when they have work to do. Such men must have preventive bounties in removing the temptation to drink and in assistance to find employment. Opportunity, and not alms, is a wise preventive bounty. Christ enshrined himself in the human form that in every man there would be a reminder of the Christ. No man can become so much of a degenerate that he does not bear some likeness to Christ. Christ-ianity is the need of the world's social condition. To get more of Christ into the fractional man is the church's mission, and it is the only salvation of the fractional man. Many other things will help, but the shortest and surest method for the awakening and development of the fractional man is to have Christ, "Christ in him the hope."

Alas! alas! how long it takes a tardy Christianity to discover

its true mission. So much has Christ been the inspiration of poem, and picture, and statue, and song, and sermon, that a selfish, hurrying world has willingly accepted a sentimental Christ, until to-day our neglected Lord is calling to us. His voice comes up to us from the depths of despair and squalor and sorrow; from the haunts of fallen manhood and womanhood; from the purgatories of vice and disease; and he is saying, as of old, "Go sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and come and follow me!" The cries and wounds and agonies of humanity are the agonies and wounds and cries of Christ!

II. The familiar term "wages" is derived from the Latin and means a pledge. It is a "reward for labor," whether that labor be with the hands, or the head, or the heart, or all of these combined. A wage earner is one who for a stipulated amount engages in production for the profit of his employer, and for his own benefit. Wages are fixed either for the amount of time consumed or the quality of the article produced. The wage varies according to the fluctuations in the purchasing power of money. If there is a debasement of the currency there is a corresponding decrease in wages and degradation of labor. When gold, which is the basis of money, was discovered in California and Australia, there was a rise in wages in America and England. A man whose employment is healthful and agreeable, and whose life is lengthened and strengthened by his labors, will have indeed a higher wage than the other man who, receiving the same amount of money, yet suffers injury from his toil. Hence, there are often money differences without increasing benefit in the end. The true wage should, therefore, be based upon the mutual advantage which accrues to the employer and the employee. The wage-earner should not expect to gain all the money nor the wage-payer all of the benefit. The whole crux of what is called the labor problem lies in the inclination to cupidity of the selfish human heart. Among the ancient Greeks the helots, the laboring people, were slaves and were bought and sold with the soil. In modern times there were multitudes of serfs in the old world and slaves in the new and old. Happily these have all been emancipated in our own generations. But there may still remain an abject servitude if the man who

labors is held down by the iron heel of avarice and is compelled to labor at a wage which keeps his family in poverty and lays upon him impossible burdens. As people grow richer, and the purchasing power of money grows less, and the prices of life's necessities increase, wages should be steadily advanced. That is a false and fatal economic condition, and will not be always tolerated, which makes it inevitable that the rich shall grow richer and the poor become poorer. The law of wages should be discovered and enforced just as all other laws of values. Many wise men have sought for the fundamental principles which underlie this great subject. It is a dictum of Adam Smith that can be accepted as a truism that "the produce of labor constitutes the natural recompense or wages of labor." But there will always be a problem and conflict if the pay to the man who toils is not commensurate with the profit of the man who employs. It is not a true and safe economic condition when the laborer does all of the work and the employer gains all of the profit, or when the wage-earner gets all the money and the employer stands all the losses. There never will be a permanent and wholly satisfactory condition until the producer who does the skillful labor shall not only receive his wage, but shall likewise share in the generous profits which without his expert labor would be impossible. Whatever riches are acquired should be shared alike, the workman contributing his industry and skill, and the employer contributing his genius and initiative—and then a proper division of the profits. These are ideal economic conditions toward which there is a slow but, we believe, a certain evolution.

The world has not wholly recovered from the erroneous notion that it is less respectable to be an artisan than a clerk, or attendant, or something less laborious. Men have turned away from wholesome lucrative trades for this reason and have sought secretarial positions, until to-day the master-workmen are larger money-makers than those who look with discredit upon labor. The most independent man among us is he who is an expert in a line of labor for which there is a steadily increasing demand, and the wage of the master-mechanic has never been too large and will become larger. That rich man was a monster of selfishness who

congratulated himself that he built his house at a profitable figure because wages were low. Low wages never measure real comfort and contentment and prosperity. That is not a desirable condition when any class of men gain any advantage at the expense of their fellow men. The price of labor, like all other commodities, will be affected by the law of supply and demand, and possibly the entire regulation of wages by the state is impracticable; but as there is a starvation wage to which some cruel men would be willing to reduce their fellows, so it is entirely within the province of legislatures to pass at least minimum wage laws as well as maximum hours of labor. If all men would honor the Golden Rule legislation would be unnecessary, but because selfish man has too reluctantly conceded the rights of his fellows there have been many laws passed, and there will be more, which are compelling the employers of labor to provide for the safety and comfort and convenience and health of their employees. There is a steady oscillation from those mediæval and ancient days when the laborer was a menial and the leisure class lived in luxury toward that other point in the ascending arc of economic justice when the man that hires will make less proportional profit than the man that is hired. The day will come when the man who labors hardest with his hands and his head and his heart will possess the most luxuries and the so-called leisure class will be compelled to pay so much for their enervating ease that that class of social parasites will soon exhaust their resources. If there is one monster, and ingrate, and tragic, misshapen deformity, it is the indolent man who lives on what he has inherited and contributes nothing to help round out the sum total of human industry, sympathy, and service.

There can be nothing said against organized labor or incorporated capital, for men will get together for self-preservation; and these notable organizations which exist among us to-day help men to be loyal to each other and to stand firmly in contention for their rights, which will be recognized only when they possess the power of united action to enforce their just claims. To be a laboring man was never so honorable as to-day. Look at the wages paid in England as chronicled by the historians Macaulay

and Gibbon and Knight, when in the fifteenth century the laborer received four shillings a week and the mason and carpenter five and one-quarter pence per day without food; and a little later when the village preacher was "passing rich on forty pounds a year." Contrast all these with the present day and let men not be discouraged, but hopeful. The introduction of machinery advanced the price of labor, and the more intricate the machine the more skillful must the labor be and the more is the labor worth. For example, look at the automobile. It is not only the most ingenious present-day device for separating prosperous people from their money, to which some people hold with such Shylock tenacity, but in the manufacture and operating of this remarkably useful instrument of comfort and convenience a vast army of men are now employed at high wages.

To be happy and useful is the divinest achievement of human life. Let it never be forgotten that the busy man is the happy and useful man, that money alone never did and never can make anybody happy, and that money is useful only as it is transformed into joyful and thoughtful ministries.

In the application of the Golden Rule the brotherhood and sisterhood of the race will be recognized and established. Then love will take the place of hate and sympathy will wipe away indifference. The Master and the Man, as Tolstoi has pathetically declared in his little story, are each a necessity to the happiness and prosperity of the other. When this time comes then the sweatshop system shall go into the dark depths where all slaveries gravitate and one of the most cruel abominations that ever cursed mankind shall cease.

III. Is it right for the proprietors of great business to grind their employees down to starvation wages and then make large gifts to charity? It is preposterous! True charity begins at home. Such givers will not be recognized by Christ. He will say to these inhuman hypocrites: "I never knew you! Depart from me, ye that work iniquity." There is much that passes for charity to-day which is only a horrid caricature of generosity and is a pathetic and ostentatious exhibition of vanity—pure and simple. Men who give to be seen of men get no reward in heaven, and nothing

but ridicule from men. A foreman of a blast-furnace said to a preacher who questioned him:

> I work twelve hours a day, seven days a week, 365 days a year. Tired? I don't even read the paper any more. Church? I don't know what the inside of a church looks like. I used to go to Sunday school, two of them, twice a day, when I was a kid, but I wouldn't know what to do in a church now, it's so long since I was there. Yes, they did give me Monday off once, but what good did that do me? Everybody I wanted to see was at work. The fellows that are working on that one day's rest in seven haven't got hold of the right end. See those Hunkies out there working for me? They get less than two dollars a day. They've got families. The company offered them one day's rest a week, but they wouldn't take it. They couldn't afford to lose the pay. A man has a hard enough time to keep a family on less than twelve dollars a week without losing a day's pay out of it.

It is better to have our names written in grateful human hearts than carried upon memorials of granite which our own money has purchased. Any man can have a massive mausoleum and a conspicuous obelisk if he pays for it himself; but those memorials are as enduring as eternity which consist of cozy homes filled with contented parents and happy children. If there is any "tainted money" it is the money rich men want to give away which belongs rightfully to the women and girls who are in their employ.

Is it probably true that low wages drive men to drink and girls and women into white slavery? Alas! alas! there can be no doubt that both of these tragic results obtain. Poverty is found to be a fruitful source of drunkenness. Men lose their heart in the losing battles of existence and seek for some kind of comfort and fellowship. Misery loves company; and the misery of poverty finds plenty of company at a saloon bar. When the saloon goes certainly much of the poverty will go, but when men are receiving a living wage they lift up their heads, and with self-respect and the stride of manly conquest they go bravely forward as units in society and more easily push aside temptation. Do low wages drive women into wicked paths? Whether the present condition is a permanent one or not, it is certain that many women and girls to-day are compelled to earn their own living and often to care for others dependent upon them. There is a living wage and a starvation wage for women as well as for men. "The workman

is worthy of his hire." We are not discussing now the question as to whether a woman's work is worth as much as a man's, but surely a woman when she is forced to work for a living is entitled to sufficient wages to permit her to live. It is a notorious and disgraceful fact that many women and girls are compelled in department stores and factories to work for wages that are insufficient to procure the necessities, not to speak of the comforts, of life. This deplorable condition induced the Legislatures of California, Illinois, and other States to consider the enactment of a minimum wage law, and investigations conducted revealed some startling facts. It was discovered that there is a tragic relation between the low wages which women receive and the lives of shame into which many of them descend. Driven to dire extremities by poverty and necessity, a woman finds that her virtue, the most precious thing in the world to a woman, is a "realizable asset," and in desperation she tragically departs from the path of purity. An unreformed woman who is closely related to this fearful social infamy gives it as her deliberate opinion that not one woman in ten thousand voluntarily goes astray, but is driven to do so by what to the poor unfortunate creature seem to be insurmountable difficulties. All causes have their effects, and this lamentable social condition demands the consecrated attention of the wisest men and women to find out the causes and remove them.

In a drastic investigation conducted by a committee of the Illinois Legislature in connection with the minimum wage law, this committee summoned not only girls who were employed in factories and stores and sweatshops, and some poor creatures who had departed from paths of righteousness, but it also compelled factory owners and so-called "merchant princes," some of whom had made large gifts to charity, to testify. One of these men was forced to confess that his firm was making a profit of about seven million dollars per year and was paying only three dollars to five dollars per week to many of their women employees, and he then strongly denied that low wages had anything to do with women going astray. He declared that three to five dollars was enough for any girl who lived at home, and then this millionaire

merchant, with an air of moral supremacy, laid down the proposition, "An honest girl, properly reared, will not yield, no matter what her wages are." The heinous injustice of his firm is revealed by that statement. Acting on that assumption, which, thank God, is true in many cases, this man and his associates crowd the wage down to the starvation limit and trust the good training of the girls to give them strength to resist temptation. But every girl does not have the environment and courage which enable her to stand steadfast. Here is the situation: seven million dollars to be distributed as dividends, and a large company of girls and women in abject poverty and trembling upon the precipice of lost character. Who is responsible? In this same factory it was discovered that these poor underpaid women were compelled to pay five cents a week for drinking-water. Among the witnesses called before this legislative committee were some girls and women who had been taken in a raid on houses of ill-repute. They testified in nearly every case that they were in that life either because they had been captured by white slavers or on account of low wages. One most heartrending case was of a young woman who had been left a widow with two children. After struggling in vain with low wages to provide for her little ones, she at length yielded and took "the easiest way," and now her children are well provided for and, of course, know nothing of their mother's shame. She said she would be willing to lose her soul if she could save her children from a life in the slums. Many other girls from stores and factories were called before the committee and revealed in their sad stories a deplorable condition which an outraged nation should promptly resent and correct. They told of unjust fines, for often imaginary shortcomings, which ate up a good part of their wages; of threats and loss of position if they did not put out more work; of unsanitary and even filthy surroundings; of being compelled to pay for drinking-water; of intimidation from the foreman, etc., etc. And when a girl would complain of the starvation wages, there was the diabolical suggestion of a "friend" who would help her out in her expenses. Surely "hell is empty and the devils are here!"

Lieutenant-Governor O'Hara of Illinois was deeply affected

by the frightful revelations, and with bitter indignation and caustic truthfulness he said:

> That starvation wages have been coined into enormous profits for millionaires has been proved by this investigation. Deny it as they may, these men cannot convince the public that they do not know that low wages are a prime factor in the ruin of young girls.
>
> The commission believes that low wages are the direct and paramount cause of girls entering immoral resorts.
>
> If this investigating committee does nothing more, it has torn off the masks of benevolent purpose and philanthropy from some of the millionaire donors to charitable institutions. It has shown that these men, these highly advertised philanthropists, have reduced to a science the practice of taking full labor value from the women and girls they employ, and giving them in return not only nothing near compensation, but not enough to live upon. They make their enormous profits principally out of labor. They get their dividends from low wages and let the families of the poor make up the deficit between the living wage and the starvation wage. That is their philosophy.

Certainly any benefactions to charity from such men should be indignantly spurned as blood-money—money which was the price of comfort and health and virtue and life! Such men are as much fallen as the poor women they have driven into depravity. The cause is no less disreputable than the effect. To accept the offers of such men is to stamp approval upon the methods which made the money.

Does some cold-hearted critic say these are not subjects for pulpit and platform treatment? Are some people so panoplied with false ideas of propriety as to suppress any public reference to this diabolical condition? White slavery is here, as certainly as was black slavery—and the sooner we recognize this deplorable fact and fix the habitations of this infamy and destroy its perpetrators, the sooner will the Christ ideals be fulfilled. Upon one occasion the late Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, was requested to call upon a poor girl who was a tragic victim of man's inhumanity to woman and of a heartless society which had abandoned her when she most needed comfort and sympathy. The girl's physician, who accompanied the bishop upon his visits, advised him to discontinue his ministries to the sick girl, because the brute who owned the house declared he would kill the bishop if he appeared

again. Nothing daunted this holy man. At his next visit he was confronted by the menacing figure of the man, who stood in threatening defiance. The bishop walked quietly up to him, and, putting his hand on his shoulder, said: "I know you will not injure me, because you had a mother. I must help this poor girl, for whatever she is to others, to me she is a wandering lamb of the Saviour." Instantly the man's fury and aspect were changed. He permitted the man of God to bring to the repentant girl the consolations of Jesus, who said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more!"

The issues and problems here involved are most sacred and intricate and stubborn. They will require consecrated courage and Christlike forbearance and wisdom; but it is to this high and holy task that we are commissioned by our Lord when he says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Charles Edward Locke.

THE NOTION OF A CHANGING GOD

While sharply contrasted with the trend of catholic theology, this notion has won in our day an appreciable amount of patronage. It has been distinctly advocated by a philosophical writer as prominent as Harald Höffding. In his view there is no substantial warrant for the supposition, so largely current in philosophical as well as theological circles, that fundamental being is above the liability to change. "Kant's dogmatic assumption," he says, "that the thing in itself must be unchangeable was not without influence on Herbert Spencer, for he, after having shown the validity of the concept of evolution within all spheres of experience, does not hesitate to deny that it can be predicated of the unknowable which, according to his teaching, underlies all phenomena. F. C. Sibbern, too, elsewhere an ardent evolutionist, assumed that only finite beings, not God, undergo development, or, as he expresses it, God's kingdom develops, but not God himself. But we cannot draw the line in any such external fashion between the unknowable and the knowable, or between the unchangeable and the changeable. . . . An absolutely unchangeable ground of continuous change is unthinkable. The old difficulty returns as soon as we attempt an objective conclusion. We have at any rate no right to reject the possibility that the inconclusiveness of experience and of knowledge may be bound up with the fact that being itself is not complete but is continually developing." In another connection Höffding limits the assumption of change in God by reference to a law of development. "It may be," he remarks, "that divine immutability consists in or expresses itself in the fact that all change takes place according to definite laws, and that this very law of development is itself one of the primary laws of existence; in which case the contradiction between invariability and variability vanishes. The invariable in that case is the law of change itself, and where any particular law undergoes modification this change will always take place in obedience to a higher law."

An echo or parallel to the statements of Höffding appears in these words of George B. Foster: "We cannot well escape conceiving of God as 'becoming' and not 'being.' . . . It belongs to the nature of the absolute to grow." In terms scarcely less pronounced Professor William James has given expression to the notion that the principle of flux applies to being universally. "I find no good warrant," he says, "for even suspecting the existence of any reality of a higher denomination than that distributed and strung along, a flowing sort of reality which we finite beings swim in." Another representative of pragmatism declares: "We must interpret being in terms of becoming." "Why," he asks, "should we attribute to ultimate reality the static character of completedness when we regard this as indicative of death and decay in our own experience?"

A philosophical writer who, in present notoriety, outranks most, if not all, of the preceding, remains to be mentioned. Henri Bergson, as he has not discussed the theme of the divine nature in his published writings, has not, so far as we are aware, formally declared for the idea of a changing God, but he makes change intrinsic to life, fundamental to the conception of reality; and, as he rules out the theory that the changes going on in the universe are prearranged or designed, the natural inference is that God is considered to be in the general flux rather than above it, that he is in fact nothing else than its inner principle. Writers who figure as stanch advocates of Bergson's system do not hesitate to draw the given inference. In the words of one of them, "God has nothing of the ready made; he is not perfect in the sense that he is eternally complete, that he endures without changing." Instead of an absolute above change, "we recognize the absolute as the very principle of change."

In the first passage cited from Höffding the objection to the idea of an immutable God, or unchanging absolute, takes the form of the proposition that an unchangeable ground of continuous change is unthinkable. So the proposition reads. Yet the philosopher, it strikes us, proceeds to think the very thing declared to be unthinkable. As appears in the second of the passages cited, he supposes back of changes in ultimate being an invariable law

directive of all the changes which take place. The unchanging law is viewed as founding unceasing change. In other words, we have a changeless ground of continuous change. Thus the original proposition is negatived. We have only to posit an immutable agent where Höffding posits an immutable law in order to gain the thought of an immutable God who energizes in the form of a mutable world. And why should the latter conception be regarded as involving any greater difficulty than the former? In both cases alike there is supposed a changeless ground of change, only in the one case this ground is described by the abstract term *law,* and in the other by the personal term *agent.* Anyone who admits the possibility of a changeless law of change has no good warrant for challenging the supposition of a changeless cause or producer of change. Indeed it seems quite evident that the two forms of statement may be taken in an identical sense. If, as certainly it may be, law is accounted simply the mode of operation of an agent, then to speak of unchanging law is the same thing as to make mention of an agent unchanging as to will or plan of exercising efficiency.

Bergson's contention that it belongs to the very nature of life to be ever advancing to the new, if valid, would obviously block the way to faith in the divine immutability. But it cannot be seen that the philosopher has given substantial proof that his thesis holds in the absolute sphere as well as in the domain of finitude. His subtle disquisition on the nature of duration or real time as demanding change—not to say being identical with change —even when taken at its face value involves of course no description of the experience of the absolute so long as it has not been demonstrated that the absolute is subject to the time category. In any case it would accord ill with metaphysical sobriety to shape the conception of ultimate being by a theory of time in any wise disputable.

That the question of God's timelessness is not indifferently related to the assumption of his immutability will generally be conceded. Even a timeless God may take full account of *before* and *after* in the sense of logical consecution, and must understand what time is for human experience; but plainly there is no occasion

to think of him as being carried forward in any sort of evolution such as we contemplate in the sphere of time measures. As above time he is out of reach of temporal change. Temporal change may follow as a resultant of his activity, since that activity may originate beings whose life is partitive and therefore attended by a sense of succession; but the activity itself need not be regarded as subject to temporal change. So have thought many of the world's greatest thinkers. Doubtless to follow out this point of view is likely to afflict our imagination and even to trouble our thinking not a little. The difficulties, however, which pertain to it may be regarded as originating in a rather pertinacious tendency to carry over to the absolute the mode of our finite consciousness. Thus we are inclined to think that a God who has an indivisible grasp of reality, who does not advance from one event or outlook to another, is condemned to a static condition. But we should remind ourselves that if God is really above time, if there is for him no time in which to loiter around and grow weary of a constant program, then there is no experience in him of the long drawn out sameness that our over-hasty imagination is given to depicting. We should also remind ourselves that difficulties of no small moment result from an attempt to bring God under the time category. From that point of view there is occasion to ask about the age of God; and if it be answered that he is an infinite number of years old the warrant for the idea of a realized infinite number comes at once into question. Other perplexing inquiries can be propounded, so that the one who reflects upon them seriously might find a motive to be reconciled to the thought of God's timelessness, and to welcome the guarantee which it affords of his superiority to temporal change.

Even apart from appeal to the strict timelessness of God it is possible to hold a fairly emphatic doctrine of his immutability. Especially is this feasible for those who do not regard superiority to the experience of time as indispensable to the infinitude of the Divine Being. We may suppose the ethical nature of God to be absolutely established, to be unchanging love and righteousness. As respects his acts, we may regard them as conformable to plans adopted before the first stages of creation, and thus in their entire

sum illustrative of his steadfastness. What though an element of temporal succession be supposed to pertain to his acts in the creation and conduct of the universe? Since he may be viewed as absolutely illimitable in power it is not necessary to conclude that he is in the least depleted by any act or any number of acts in the creaturely sphere. He stands undiminished at every point of the series. He does not wane. He does not need to grow, inasmuch as infinitude has no need to increase for any possible demand. Thus in a grand sense he can be viewed as the immutable One even when strict timelessness is not insisted upon.

The objection which is based on the incompatibility of completedness with the time ideal for man overlooks the intrinsic distinction between the finite and the infinite. Just because man is finite it is appropriate that he should be everlastingly in process. The infinite—as infinite—is under no demand to pursue a fleeing goal.

Not being under any good speculative requirement to assume that God, or ultimate being, is in real flux, we find sufficient ground for not inclining to that assumption in view of its untoward implications. Höffding brings one of these to notice in his suggestion that the ultimate ground, as being itself in the grip of evolution, may not keep to one way of working, and so our most trusted intellectual categories may be set aside. "We shall never be able," he says, "to solve Hume's problem as to the validity of the principle of causation. Even Kant was betrayed into dogmatizing when he attempted to bring forward a proof of validity. While new experiences are continually appearing there is always a possibility that the ultimate basis of these experiences (what Kant called the thing-in-itself) does not work in a constant manner, but is itself in the grip of becoming, of evolution." This reads very much like an invitation not to be sure of anything, inasmuch as the ultimate ground may turn truant to its old ways and enter upon ways directly opposed to them. No sane person, we think, would care seriously to consider such an invitation. To challenge fixity and self-consistency at the basis is to challenge their title to a place anywhere and to license the giving over of the world to the reign of madness. Along with the going out of intellectual

confidence hope of the higher values is seriously eclipsed. Evolution as contemplated in organic nature may take the direction of degeneration. If fundamental being itself falls within the evolutionary process what guarantee is offered that the universe as a whole will not ultimately take a downward direction? The placing of perfect power, intelligence, and benevolence at the beginning gives us warrant to expect that the universe—barring the element of refractory wills—will be led on to an ideal goal. Rule out perfection at the beginning, and how will you install it at the end, except by appeal to a limitless magic, the pretentious feat of getting something out of nothing? One whose God is in process of making might indeed be brave enough to hope for a good outcome to the system of things, but in a rational point of view he walks on insecure ground.

Our discussion brings us to this conclusion: There is nothing in the domain of valid speculation which compels us to forego a stanch doctrine of divine immutability. In the absence of such compulsion it would be folly to renounce the doctrine, since we cannot give it up without the sacrifice of great interests of intellect and heart. Our confidence can obtain firm anchorage only in the thought of One who is the *same yesterday, to-day, and forever.*

Henry C. Sheldon

THE LAUREATE OF THE ENGLISH SEASONS

One of the sweeter voices passed from the English choir with the death of Alfred Austin. Very truly a poet he was, despite unlimited detraction, and genuinely a national poet. It was no contemptible choice for the laureateship that England made in 1896. What real poet was more English? Kipling? More aggressively English perhaps, more belligerently so, but not more truly. William Watson? A true-born Englishman, to be sure, yet so radical in some of his earlier poems, so uncertain and at times so indiscreet as to put himself out of the running. No; Austin's written love for England equaled that of the others, while he was safer, and more typical, for the place. As the Review of Reviews said at the time of his appointment, "When one casts an eye over the record of his achievement in verse, in journalism, in society, and in politics, the wonder is that he should so exactly fill the historic requirements of the laureateship." Add that just then the government needed such a thoroughgoing Conservative of the old unstudying, unquestioning type. Who else could have written this poem, for example, on Why England is Conservative:

> Because of our dear mother, the fair past,
> On whom brave Hope and Memory safely lean,
> And from whose fostering wisdom none shall wean
> Their love and faith while love and faith shall last,
> Mother of happy homes and empire vast. . . .

Away, he continues, with the modern "herd of hinds too equal to be free." Backward he looks, with a pathetically poetic visionary ideal of things as they are not.

> Therefore chime sweet and safely, village bells,
> And, rustic chancels, woo to reverent prayer,
> And, wise and simple, to the porch repair
> Round which Death, slumbering, dreamlike heaves and swells.
> Let hound and horn in wintry woods and dells
> Make jocund music though the boughs be bare,
> And whistling yokel guides his gleaming share
> Hard by the homes where gentle lordship dwells.

Therefore, sit high enthroned on every hill,
Authority, and love in every vale;
Nor, old tradition, falter in the tale
Of lowly valor fed by lofty will.
And though the threats of envy rage and rail,
Be fair proud England, fair proud England still.

He was even so sure of England's incapacity for being in the wrong, that when Jameson made his famous South African raid, of doubtful ethics, Austin was unable utterly to condemn:

I suppose we were wrong, were madmen,
Still, I think, at the judgment day
When God sifts the good from the bad men
There'll be something more to say.
We were wrong—but we aren't half sorry,
And, as one of the baffled band,
I would rather have had that foray
Than the crushing of all the Rand.

But we would rather celebrate the sweet singer of the English out-of-doors, the enthusiast of wold and stream, the tender observer and recorder of nature at first hand, lovingly studied in her fresh detail and described in verse as simple and natural as nature herself. Comparatively few of us, and here in America almost none of us, know that such an Austin exists. We have, it may be, read simply the funny newspaper slams, the unfair gibes of which the critics have been so lavish. We have thought simply of Austin the drudge, compelled by long custom to chronicle in verse the downsittings and uprisings, the birthdays, the daily happenings, the petty or great illnesses of the royal family. We have remembered only the laureate's ridiculous lines portraying the anxiety of the crowd at the London bulletin board awaiting word of a princelet who was ill:

"Along the wires the electric message came—
'He is not better, he is much the same.'"

Deathless lines, we fear. But who could write better under inspiration of that particular quality? And how unjust to let this doggerel hackwork deafen us to the sincere poetic output of Austin's unforced muse. Let us see. In his "In Veronica's Gar-

den" we find a few illuminating lines which go to show that Austin himself knew his true vocation:

I would not sing of sceptered kings,
  The tyrant and his thrall,
But every day pathetic things
  That happen to us all;
The love that lasts through joy and grief,
  The faith that never wanes,
And every wilding bird and leaf
  That gladdens England's lanes.

Almost from his earliest days he loved the fields and hills and woods of the free country. He tried to forget that he was destined for college and later for the bar. Himself tells us:

The cuckoo taught me how to laugh,
  The nightingale to mourn.

And so it is that still to-day
  I cannot choose but sing,
Remain a foster-child of May,
  And a suckling of the spring.

Anew I listen to the low
  Sweet cooing of the dove,
And smile unto myself to know
  I still am loved, and love.

My manhood keeps the dew of morn,
  And what I have I give;
I sing right glad that I was born,
  And thankful that I live. . . .

and thereby he proves also his sterling quality as a poet and a budding worthy laureate.

Like so many other English literary men, Austin made a manful attempt at the practice of the law after he was called to the bar in 1857, but nature called him even more peremptorily, and in three or four years he ceased to rebel against destiny, produced a book of verse in 1861, and the die was cast. From that day to his death he was forever writing, editing, publishing. Prose and verse he wrote, drama and pure lyric, literary criticism, and would-be out-door philosophy. But Austin's nature was not

complex, nor his poetry inscrutable, and long before his death men knew that it is as a nature-poet that he will live in literary history. As to this point, Mr. Watson, editing the volume of Austin's English Lyrics, rightly suggests that nature in the laureate's verse is not objective, remote, deliberately dragged in and utilized to gratify some current popular literary enthusiasm. No, "nature is neither Austin's protégée nor his patroness; she is a presence that interpenetrates his work, a power in secret league with his own faculties." And in another way does Austin differ from the many poets who passionately labor to uncover nature, to discover her dark secrets, a proceeding that leads to pessimism, woe, melancholy, madness, as they look aghast on a "nature red in tooth and claw" as did the affrighted Tennyson. Austin is wiser. He remains slightly more aloof, is content with the surface appearance of nature, content with the subtle illusions thereof so necessary to the world's happiness and endurance. Never seeking to peer behind the veil, he remains joyous in her presence, utterly optimistic, "delightedly conscious of the elation and buoyancy of things." Probably three fourths of the English Lyrics volume concerns itself with the sights and sounds of the English country, a landscape for which Austin says he forever longs, no matter how happily for a time he may wander abroad. Sometimes he writes much in the spirit though not at all in the manner of Browning's "O to be in England now that spring is here." Both poets are in the Italy which they profess they love; both, however, long for the sweet springtime sights which only England can offer.

The most charming of Austin's poems are staged outside any four walls. Here, according to Shakespeare and other authorities, the best sermons are preached. Our poet sees an owl in the woods quizzically examining life's deepest problems but eternally baffled and thrown back upon the profound cynical conclusion of "Tu-whit, Tu-whoo." Presently the lark's song

> . . . bubbled, rippled, up the dome
> In sprays of silvery trilling,
> Like endless fountains lyric foam
> Still falling, still refilling.

O souls perplexed by hood and cowl,
Fain would you find a teacher,
Consult the lark and not the owl,
The poet, not the preacher.

Many other lessons the trees and the birds teach him. One poem, the wholly captivating "In the Heart of the Forest," should surprise those who have sneered at Austin:

I heard the voice of my own true love
Ripple the sunny weather,
Then away as a dove that follows a dove
We flitted through woods together.

There was not a bush nor branch nor spray
But with song was swaying and ringing.
"Let us ask of the birds what means their lay,
And what is it prompts their singing."

We paused where the stichwort and speedwell grew,
Mid a forest of grasses fairy,
From out of the covert the cushat flew,
And the squirrel perched shy and wary.

The mussel-thrush sings, he learns, for the sheer joy of shrilling. Or, again, for his mate:

She sits in the nest and she never stirs,
She is true to the trust I gave her,
And what were my love if I cheered not hers,
As long as my throat can quaver.

The cuckoo sings to mock at all creation; the nightingale sings of love in all its phases, and that not alone in the sunlight, "for love loves when it's dark as when it's bright." The ring-dove always is cooing, not of springtime love, but of the unchanging constant harvest love. So the poet with his love, now his bride, plunges into the forest:

And we paired and nested away from sight
In a bower of woodbine pearly,
And she broods on our love from morn to night,
And I sing to her late and early.

As well as any this poem exemplifies the entire simplicity of Austin's vocabulary, a simplicity which results from no paucity

of thought, but is instead the refined product of a full, rich culture and scholarly self-repression. As a rule his lyric rhythms are equally uninvolved; he merely chooses a few of the oldest, simplest verse forms, and on these works his musical variations of subtle charm even though of quiet natural effect. These qualities sometimes result in lines which might almost have slipped from the pen of Robert Herrick or of some other graceful "son of Ben." What is there in the poem of the "Primrose" which might not feel at home in Herrick's Hesperides?

Latest, earliest of the year,
Primroses that still were here
Snugly nestling round the boles
Of the cut-down chestnut poles,
When December's tottering tread
Rustled 'mong the deep leaves dead,
And with confident young faces
Peeped from out the sheltered places
When pale January lay
In its cradle day by day. . . .

Other lovely things are rare,
You are prodigal as fair. . . .

Ere the blackthorn breaks to white,
Snowy-hooded anchorite,
Out from every hedge you look,
You are bright by every brook,
Wearing for your sole defense
Fearlessness of innocence. . . .

When the cuckoo, mocking rover,
Laughs that April loves are over, . . .

Bid the ladysmocks good-by,
Close your bonny lids and die;
And without one look of blame
Go as gently as you came.

This is poetry: Austin need feel no chagrin that it failed to meet the contemporary demand for highly spiced poetical provender.

And now we prepare to stir the ordinary casual reader with his less than ordinary knowledge of the dead laureate and his works. Here is a sonnet exquisitely perfect of form and of a

dainty grace and elegant humor of which many have jauntily assumed Alfred Austin to be incapable. A few such deft lines as these are enough to post any book of poetry with the rare ones. Let anyone who really understands the sonnet form attentively study these fourteen lines and render his verdict. He calls it "An April Love":

> Nay, be not June, nor yet December, dear,
> But April always as I find thee now:
> A constant freshness unto me be thou,
> And not the ripeness that must soon be sere.
> Why should I be time's dupe and wish more near
> The sobering harvest of thy vernal vow?
> I am content so still across thy brow
> Returning smile chase transitory tear.
>
> Scatter thy April heart in sunny showers;
> I crave not summer drouth nor winter sleet.
> As spring be fickle so thou be as sweet;
> With half-kept promise tantalize the hours,
> And let Love's frolic hands and woodland feet
> Fill high the lap of Life with wilding flowers.

Drayton, Shakespeare, or Rossetti might well be proud to call that sonnet his. Here superbly Austin demonstrates his splendid sense of form in the midst of simplicity. Here his ear enables him to avoid harsh, awkward combinations of sound. One feels that instinctively, with no hard struggle such as the greater Tennyson required, Austin could "kick the geese out of the boat," as Tennyson called the excising superfluous S-sounds. Smooth, vigorous, flexible, harmonious, the verse of this sonnet matches the delightful thought, and is such as could emanate only from a master worthy of the laureate's bays.

No further example need we cite of Austin's powers as poet. As a literary critic he was more ordinary. Not often do we find in his bridling of Pegasus, Prose Papers on Poetry (1910), criticisms which impress us as either original or profound. Sometimes his strictures seem not unjust, as when he writes of the "excessive receptivity and consequent lack of serenity" of Tennyson's mind; although Austin adds of his predecessor that "his claim to the very highest place as an artist must ever remain

uncontested." But as a rule his comments are cheerful, yet commonplace. Characteristically he praises the right good English optimism of the Canterbury Tales as opposed to the gloom of Matthew Arnold. Chaucer, he insists, is the more typical Englishman, while the epithet English is one "to be proud of; it connotes everything that is manly, brave, wholesome, and sane." Consequently Austin emphasizes that in protesting against pessimism in poetry "I am only returning to the oldest, soundest, and noblest traditions in English literature and in the English character." And he points his optimism with a reference to the violin, which, it is said, can be of supreme quality only if made from wood that has grown upon the south side of its tree. "It is the same with the poet. If he is to give us the sweetest, the most sonorous and truest notes, his nature must have a bias toward the sunny side." However, we are not deeply interested in Austin the critic; in the poet, rather, who reappears in certain prose idylls that are informed with the true spirit of poetry. A notable instance is "The Garden That I Love," where in the midst of many practical technical matters there is much amusing and sometimes illuminating chatter and discussion between the author and his lady so well named Lamia. Seductive conversation it is, concerning things horticultural, agricultural, literary, amorous, and otherwise. "Gardening," we learn, "is a partnership with nature in which nature is the senior partner and exercises the principal authority." And we are treated to much gentle philosophizing as to the beneficial effects of this authority. At first he thinks his garden at its best in May, but on June 21 he writes, "Life is one long recantation and I want to recant what I said about the garden that I love looking its best about the first of May, for it is now nearly the middle of June and I protest that never, never, never was it so beautiful as now." At other times, too, he wabbles in his tastes and enthusiasms, proffering the eternal excuse of the nature truly poetic: "There is no call to be exact or consistent in our admirations." Austin's catholicity, not widely appreciated, is witnessed in the words of Watson: "His books convince us of the wide range of his sympathies and the diversity of his experiences of life."

Well, the laureate is dead; the last to die of a long and, on the whole, a glorious line, and presumably now there will be a general turning to his writings with the desire to unearth what is good and satisfying therein. There will be a plenty such to reward the seeker. The pity of it all is that for so long the search has been by most men delayed, scornful laughter being so vastly easier. We are built that way; it is idle to blame human nature. Suffice it that to a few more now, as to a few in the past, Alfred Austin appears in a deserved high place in England's pantheon of poets. To him we apply his own words spoken of another:

Death hath bestowed what life withheld,
And he round whom detraction swelled,
  Hath peace with honor now. . . .

The open jeer, the covert taunt,
The falsehood coined in fashion's haunt,
  These loving gifts reprove.
They ever were but thwarted sound
Of ebbing waves that bluster round
  A rock that will not move.
And now the idle war rolls off,
Hushed is the gibe and shamed the scoff,
  Repressed the envious gird,
Since death, the looking-glass of life,
Cleared of the misty breath of strife,
Reflects his face unblurred.

C. H. Herrick

THE FAQIR'S CONSPIRACY

In the year of sedition and unrest, when Bengali patriotism was suspiciously translated as bomb-throwing and those in the seats of the mighty on the banks of the crowded Thames and muddy Hughli were stirred with uneasiness, a *yogi* on a bed of spikes was carried across the Bridge of Boats to Calcutta and deposited near the temple of Kali. His four bearers, black, oily, almost naked, speaking the dialect of the Santal Pergannahs, disappeared within half an hour of their arrival. They left, however, a small boy whose work as *chela* was to cook the scanty meals, prepare the saffron and ashes for smearing, and manipulate the huge umbrella made of banana leaves which sheltered the faqir from the sun during the hot hours of the day. The *chela* also supplied from the bathing *ghat* the dirty "holy" water which his master required for ceremonials. Idly the faqir lay, day in and day out. Yet that it was a fruitful idleness would have been detected had anyone taken the time to study any twenty-four hours of his long summer's stay. Those heavy eyes discovered at a glance whether the weary worshiper—be he long-clawed, snarl-haired, wild-appearing *saddhu,* staff-and-bowl hampered beggar, or bundle-bearing pilgrim—who came measuring his length many a rough mile was devotee first and last or, like himself, a seditionist in disguise. Had men asked what he thought of all day he would have given, with pious phrase and gesture, answers mystically suggestive of Trinitarian divinity, Incarnation, Transmigration, and Salvation by Karma. He would not have told how, when the sun's sinking rays slanted through the masts of the Calcutta merchantmen and the water was astir with the oars of *dinghi*-men, he thought of his voyage across the *Kala-pani* (ocean), his six years in the classic halls and scholastic institutions of Europe and his intellectual rebirth from an ease-loving Bengali to a revolutionary conspirator. Nor would he have told that many who offered their contributions to his meager comfort and support secretly brought strange tidings of conspiracies inscribed on the *betel*-nut or

scratched on the *pan* leaf or revealed on the nails of the offering hand, or conveyed by some gesture. At times he lay under the stars, planning great ventures for the time when the "voice from heaven," for which his devotees believed him to be waiting, should bid him rise from his bed of spikes. Yet in his inmost heart he knew that his plans lacked vitality, and he had not yet learned the secret of imparting life to the embryo in his mind. Once there flashed into his memory a statement echoed from his university studies, and remembered, too, because so often he had found it justified by his inmost feelings. "No Bengali," ran the phrase, "has ever been enlisted in the army of India." He would show that Bengal was the skilled, sinewy arm of India. He would show! *He* was a Bengali, and did he not thrill with patriotism, ache with a desire to see Mother India rise from prostration at the feet of a foreign, patronizing ruler? But too often the surge of passionate feeling would beat itself out weakly in plans which involved three centers of sedition in Calcutta, where Bengali bravery and Bengali patriotism found their safe expression only in secret meetings and spelled themselves only in the language of conspiracy.

There was something else which he never could define clearly enough to reckon with. All the force of the West upon his Eastern nature had not smothered a certain strong strain of Oriental mysticism and superstition, and there were three things that had fallen into his life like seed into a fertile crevice, at three distinct moments, which flowered with tropical luxuriance in due time. Many times they came back to him in these strange days of his disguise, and he tried with increasing perplexity to work them into that scheme into which had already entered bombs, poison, sedition, hand-bills, conspiracy, and bloody revolution.

On his return from England he had taken a trip along the North African coast. One day, wandering along the outskirts of a village, he chanced on a *derwesh* who had ensconced himself in a rocky cave overhanging a steep decline. He paused musingly, then, following an impulse suggested by his train of thought, half jokingly put the question: "I am from a far country that is under a foreign yoke. Tell me, when will my country be free?" The

derwesh, after nonchalant meditation, answered in measured tone, "When the desert that stretches before me to the horizon is a sea." The questioner, laughing bitterly, and pondering more bitterly, tossed his tormentor a coin and went away to nurse his infant bitterness with the milk of rebellion.

Landed at Bombay, he had attended a lecture by an eminent American traveler which had given him renewed aspirations toward political independence for his country. Strolling afterward along the beach he watched a Mohammedan saying his prayers toward Mecca. As the worshiper folded his mat and turned away the faqir put to him the question which, no longer infantile, was assuming mature proportions in his mind. "Sayyad," he said earnestly, "tell me: When will India be self-governing?" The Hajji stroked his red-dyed beard and answered with a half-sigh, "Not till the crescent of Turkey turns red, I fear—and as for that, *na'uzu-bi'-llah.*"

From that time two feelings had striven for supremacy in his heart: a feeling of despair, and this he often felt the stronger, and a determination to force his hope into realization. Of the many meetings and discussions in which he had taken part one was memorable to him in those days of his assumed holiness. He had happened to sit next to a Japanese student traveling through India and eagerly entered into conversation with this man, whom he took as the embodiment of the victory of the Orient over the Occident, leading at length to the inevitable question: "And when do you, looking at this question from the standpont of an outsider, think that India will be her own mistress?"

"Ah," said the Japanese, talking quickly and thoughtfully, "you have a unique fact to deal with—the actual presence of a foreign domination and that foreigner the white man. We must acknowledge," he added sadly, "that an incomprehensible something makes the white man master wherever he takes up his abode." They sat meditating a moment, the Japanese adding a thought that Japan, above the level of Asiatic nations, would be the first to solve the question of Oriental supremacy, the Hindu putting aside the palliative that suggested itself, that, in part, the people of India could claim kinship with the white man.

"Then," said the Bengali cynically, "you think we never will be free?"

"Ah, no," was the response, "but there is much in the way. You must solve your own problem."

"What do you suggest? According to your opinion, the ejection of the white man is the only solution."

"Or his gradual withdrawal," said his companion; and added in lighter vein, "Somehow change India to a country of white men able to contest the field with the foreigner."

When the Bengali was left to himself he muttered desperately, "When the desert turns to sea, when the green crescent turns red, when the Hindu turns white."

These three incidents would not afterward have stood in such clear outline in the Bengali's mind had it not been that on each of the three occasions he had prefaced his day's work with extra punctilious *puja* in the hope that somehow he would get light on the subject, and had done special obeisance to Lakhshmi—the old brass Lakhshmi who, seated on his study table at Calcutta or Oxford, had been appealed to in many academic crises. For, though he intellectually believed in neither the God of the British nor the gods of India, a certain paradoxical strain in his nature made it possible for him to outwardly conform to Hindu religious observance, if for no other reason than that he was Swadeshi (patriotic, national) to the core.

Two university students, oily-haired, in *dhoti,* shirt, socks, slippers and pink garters, wandered down to the river's edge and back to a seat on the top step of the *ghat.* Had not his own faultless use of English been the product of foreign education the faqir would have laughed inwardly at the well-known, much-ridiculed Bengali-babu accent and grandiloquent phrase of the two students.

"I say," he could hear, "it iss wonderfullee curious that mankind these days are generating most *re*-markable projects from their fertile mind. Literallee, the desert will blossom as a garden, as some *dis*-tinguished writer has *ob*-served. Is it not?"

The faqir's mind wandered lazily away to the old *derwesh*

and his prophecy of the desert so that he did not hear the question, "What atrociously new pro-*ject* do you have the reference to?" nor the beginning of the answer. But his mind was recalled from its lazy drift by the first speaker, who changed his position so as to better write on the mud with his stick. He was drawing a map. It was a map of the Sahara. The faqir watched him closely from under his drooping lids. They proposed digging a canal, he heard the student explain, to let in the sea. Instantly the prophecy of the *derwesh* flashed into his mind: "When the desert becomes a sea." He did not listen further, to the effect this would have on the commerce or productivity of Africa, on the growth of the French empire. They were the trivial results of a great possibility—a possibility that had seemed so impossible that its hopelessness had given birth to the great bitterness of his soul. But now—it was possible. "Be not faithless, but believing." He felt the rebuke of that challenge that had so often come to him unbidden in his moments of despair. Strange what new life sped through him. He felt like leaping from his blunt spikes and giving some physical expression to his joy.

He was conscious of a shadow falling on him.

"Look at this wretched creature," exclaimed the owner of a shrill artificial voice such as he had learned to identify with a certain type of English society lady. Two ladies, dressed in the extreme of fashion, moved round to where they could better see the bed and its occupant.

"Wretched creature," they duetted.

Had he not schooled himself to an expression of habitual dozing he would have betrayed his amused expectations of a poke in the ribs with the parasol, so exactly did his observers regard him as they would a strange animal in the Zoo.

"I certainly do not see anything to admire in Hinduism. It is simply ghastly. Don't you think so?" the meaningless tone went on. "And as for Mohammedanism—well, that seems a little more civilized, though I confess I feel a bit heathenish with my name on the Red Crescent list. I was tremendously shocked at being asked, but I understand that it is a good thing to keep the Moham-

medans friendly towards government. Besides, it's broad-minded and all; don't you think so? It is charming, in a way, to see the English Red Cross and the Red Crescent of the Mohammedans working side by side. But these wretched Hindus!"

As they moved away the faqir's ash-besmeared cheeks creased in a smile of amusement. Then a sudden thought checked his breath. *Red Crescent.* What was that? Never had he heard the term connected with Mohammedanism, never—except once. That once came back vividly to him: the beach at sunset, the Mohammedan's half-laughing prophecy given with mysteriously accurate guess. All his western learning and scholarship seemed to sink away into the recesses of his being while every drop of Orientalism bounded through his veins exuding credulity in this second manifestation of accurate foretelling. For no longer did he doubt that those chance remarks, clear in his mind after so many months, were oracular utterances. He would be willing now to wait till death for the third to be confirmed. But he must tell someone.

He turned, half-raised on his elbow, toward the students. Should he tell them the deep significance of the facts they had regarded with mere scientific interest? He listened, for they were still discussing. A new map had taken the place of the Desert of Sahara on the mud slate.

"Thiss," explained the draughtsman, "iss the Gulf Stream. Thiss iss the coast of the North and the South America, and thiss is the coast of the Europe. These fellahs, they propose as follows: to make a great *di*-version of the Gulf Stream by means of a great reef. Thus the con*se*-quence will result that the Labrador and the Greenland will too blossom as the rose, same as I said it of Sahara Desert. Thus the great snow fields in the Arctic Zone will melt and thereupon they will drift to the south. Thus there will be the great displacement of Old Earth's equilibrium. Thereafter climates of all the countries will each exchange and will go under a change. Then India, even, will bid adieu to the tropics, and its climate will be exchanged to the temperate al*to*gether. And then, too, we will no longer have our now racial cha*ra*cteristics, for new climate makes new cha*ra*cter; is it not? That is also to say, less and less the sun will shine on us in power, because the

slant of Old Earth's axis will change, and less and less we will be dark in complexion. Is it not? *Are Bap*—the dews are descending. Salutation to Mother Ganga, and then let us be going."

Had ashes not concealed his color the faqir's cheeks would have shown a change of complexion with which the alterations of climate had nothing to do. Cold and then hot, panting and then gasping, he lay, longing to speak to the heaven-sent elucidators of his problem, yet too awed to reveal the state of his mind and the reason thereof. That for which he had been staining his hands with blood for many a month, that for which he had disguised himself in order the more safely to direct it, was coming of itself. For that the prophecies were true, and their fulfillment assured, he could not now doubt. A great revulsion of feeling came over him. Dejection, not because of his country, but born of self-despair, took possession of him. Above all the high-born Oriental dislikes bearing a burden that might be otherwise disposed of. He loathed his energetic self, that had taken the pains to force events along that nature and human nature had shown themselves capable of caring for without convulsions of bitter agony. Perhaps even now the useless loss of life had been compassed, the result of his planning. He would know soon. His secret messengers traveled quickly between the telegraph office and Kalighat. But even as he strained his eyes for some familiar disguise among the passers-by his ears made known to him the truth. Students, clerks, even coolies, hurrying by, talked excitedly and he gathered in disjointed sentences all he needed to be told. "Viceregal entry into Delhi . . . His Excellency carried from elephant's back unconscious . . . Anarchist escaped . . . Plot a mystery . . . Best endeavors of police failed . . . "

This man, of Bengal's timid race, had never before quailed at news of his bloody victories. But to-night as the shadows fell a darkness of remorse closed in around him. It had all been unnecessary. And his courage left him. The new-born assurance of his country's future freedom swept him with a great pity for those he had therefore needlessly wronged. He might deliver himself up—but who would understand him? And to his nature, sensitized on all sides by home environment and foreign culture, to be

thus misunderstood would be unbearable. Death or self-imposed exile were better.

He called his *chela* to him.

"Go," he said, "and summon *him whom thou knowest.*"

The *chela,* acquainted with all his master's associates under such strange names, went his way. When he returned a half hour later from his fruitless errand he found his master's bed of spikes overturned and the umbrella garlanded with a sandalwood *mala* (rosary).

"My *guru's* beads . . . But my guru? . . . "

Flora D. Robinson

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

Once more: 1. Never roll a manuscript; a rolled manuscript is a nuisance to everyone who has to deal with it. 2. We earnestly advise all persons sending manuscripts to us to retain copies, in order to guard against loss by accident.

SERMON BY BISHOP ROBERT McINTYRE[1]

THE text of our discourse is found in the words of Jesus, recorded by Saint Luke, 11th chapter, 2d verse: "When ye pray, say, Our Father."

The greatest brain ever employed in the service of our republic belonged to Daniel Webster. He was the pillar of our national fame, the mighty defender of our Constitution. His arguments have never been answered, and his influence, more than that of any other man, helped to determine what our land is now, and is to be.

Once this giant was sitting in a social party, silent, meditating, cogitating, and ruminating, and a friend said to him, "Webster, we would all be pleased if you would tell us the vastest thought that ever passed through your mind." After brooding a while, he said, "I will do it; it is the conception of my personal responsibility to God." That is a tremendous thought, but, begging the pardon of Black Dan of Dartmouth, I mean to introduce for your meditation a greater thought than that.

Webster's thought, heavy as it was, was only a secondary conception. It hangs on another at the back of it. You never can tell

[1] Beyond dispute one of the most extraordinary of American preachers was that inspired Scotchman Robert McIntyre. His sermons in the regular course of his pastoral ministry were from an hour to an hour-and-a-half in length; and yet his own people, w th many strangers also, constantly *crowded* his church year after year. Another remarkable fact is that this great preacher and lecturer left nothing in manuscripts; he never wrote. Only two of his sermons, and they taken down almost surreptitiously by stenography, have been found. One of them we printed in our March-April number and the other is now presented. They are unique.

what responsibility is until you understand relation. No man knows his responsibility to God until he knows his relation to God, for relation fixes responsibility. My responsibility to my son is not the same as my responsibility to another man's son, because my relation is different. My responsibility to the government of the United States is not the same as my responsibility to the government of Canada, because my relation is different. Therefore, I go from the secondary thought of Webster to the primary thought of Paul and Jesus.

Jesus had very little to say about responsibility, but very much to say about relation. He knew if he could make clear to mankind its relation to God, mankind would see its responsibility to God, so over and over again Jesus swings back to this thought of my text, that God is our Father and we are his children. That, you may say, is Christ's special message to the world. Jesus leaves us, in the main, to find out our responsibility, but he gives his life, his death, and his resurrection to establishing our relation. Therefore the biggest question that any man can ask of his own soul is this: What is my relation to God? And the minute a man honestly asks that question, there are five teachers who rise up to answer it. There are only five answers possible. There are many subdivided answers, but they can all be grouped under five divisions, and the representatives of those five divisions of this question are here this morning, and ready to answer our question.

I see them standing in a group on my left. I will summon them one by one; I will put the same question to each and you shall hear all five answers. The first one is a woman, tall, strong, dignified, but she is veiled, and that creates a suggestion of mystery. As she lifts one corner of the veil, I see that her beautiful face has just a suggestion of cruelty on it. And when she advances at my call, I say: "Madam, what is your name?" She responds, "My name is Nature; I am the mother of the visible universe." I say to her, "We are puzzled, Madam Nature; I would like to ask you a question, and hope you may help us with your answer. What is God? We are now pondering our relation, and we ask this fundamental question of you: What is God?" She straightens herself and replies, "I can answer that God is a creator; a mighty artist; a glorious artisan; he is a smith standing at the Forge of the Cosmos. The first glimpse you can get of him, when the curtain rises, shows him at the anvil of omnipotence, shaping the universe. The sparks that leap beneath his

blows are suns and stars. He sweeps the abyss of space with a million blazing worlds. He hangs the constellations in one continuous chain around the neck of eternity. He marches the hosts of heaven to the solemn tones of the trumpets of doom. Under the arches of destiny he steers the stars through heaven's azure deep. He is the creator, he made them all.

"The spacious firmament on high
With all the blue ethereal sky
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim;
The unwearied sun from day to day
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

"Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

"What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is Divine.'"

"Thank you, Madam Nature. Thank you." As she retires we are conscious that we have gotten hold of one fact, but it is not big enough and there is a sense of disappointment in us when she retires. It does not go far enough. She told us what God's hand does, and what we really wanted to know was what God is. Unsatisfactory and bewildering is Nature's testimony. It does not sound the depths. We are very bold this morning. We want to know the thoughts of God, and the feelings of God, and she never touched it. So I call the second witness—an aged man.

He comes forward leaning on his staff. His head is white with

silver; his eyes are dim with pondering o'er forgotten lore. A milk-white beard flows down his breast; his brow is furrowed with thought. I say, "What is your name, sir?" He replies, "My name is Moses." "Moses! the great lawgiver of the Jews?" "So I am sometimes called." "Thou mighty son of Abram and Jochebed, thou didst hear our question put to Madam Nature, thou didst hear her answer. We are not satisfied. Can you add anything to that? I put the question to you, sir: 'What is God?'" Before he speaks I remember that this man was selected of all the progeny of Adam. When the children of Israel gathered about Mount Sinai, the cloud came down from heaven and builded a tabernacle, and the solemn trumpets called this man, when all the others failed, and hid their faces in the sand, and he advanced with fear to enter that tabernacle to be the guest with God for forty days. So I await his answer, for he must have learned something there. He speaks, slowly, eloquently.

"Yes, I heard Nature's reply to your query. What she said is true, but not very pertinent. It does not go to the center of what you seek. As she said, God is a creator, but, after he has created, he is a ruler, so my answer is this: God is a King, an everlasting eternal King; the King of all kings, and Lord of all lords. He has a vast kingdom with laws for it. No intelligence, no atom, no molecule ever flies or runs beyond the limits of his law; he has rewards for all who keep his laws, and penalties for all who break them. He is sovereign, he is sole emperor, he commands all the universe, he is a Great King."

"Thank you, sir. We are getting on. That is a step beyond Nature. Surely that is the revelation thou didst receive on the Holy Mount, when God did give unto you the tablets of law."

But still there is an unrest, a dissatisfaction in us when he goes away. He did not answer our question rightly. He did not scale its heights and sound its depths, for the good reason that he could not. He was only a guest of God. Now, a guest of God for forty days is better than a servant of God. Nature, who spoke first, is only God's servant. If I went to your back door, and stood at your kitchen, and asked your servant about you, I would learn a few facts, such as what you liked to eat, when you came and went, and the trivial things of your ordinary life; but of your deep purposes, your far-reaching plans, your sacred desires, and the consuming impulses of your life, I would never learn from your servants. So Nature could not tell us. She is only God's servant, very willing and very obedient. Moses is God's

guest. A guest learns more than a servant. The Hoosiers have a proverb like this: "If you want to know a man, you must summer and winter with him." It takes twelve months to know a man, so you could not know a God in forty days; and especially, he didn't touch the fringe of this, which is our craving to-day: What is God in his relation to a sinful race? What is God to us? Moses never touched it. So I call the third witness, like the other two.

But the aspect of this one is forbidding. I can see pride written on his face. He comes forward readily, jauntily. I say, "What is your name, sir." He replies, "My name is Agnostic." "Ag who?" "Agnostic," he repeats. "Why that is a Greek word, brother, and means, know nothing! How can you help us in our search for knowledge when you know nothing?"

"But at that," he answers, "I know as much as anyone about God. Nobody knows anything about God. There may be a God, and there may not be; there may be a heaven, and there may not be; there may be a hell, and there may not be; and there may be a judgment day, and there may not be; but whether there is or whether there is not, nobody knows; nobody ever did know, and nobody ever will know in this world."

"Well," I say, "you are very absolute in your explanation. That is a categorical answer. But, first, let me put the question to you as I did to the others. What is God?"

"Well," he replies, "God is a nebula." "But what is a nebula?" I ask. "A nebula is a vast, misty, foggy, cloudy, empty mass; an unorganized thing of which you cannot get dimensions or scope." "Oh, a sort of cipher with the rim rubbed out?" "Exactly!" "And that is your idea of God?"

"That is my idea of God, and, if the truth were known, that is everybody's idea, for that is the only possible idea." Then he straightens up and I know what is coming. I never talked with this sort of a man ten minutes in my life but what he always hurled at my devoted head one word: "God is Un-knowable." And I instantly reply: "Unknowable to whom? Unknowable to you, we freely grant; is he therefore to all people? Broad, glaring noonday is unknowable to an owl, but not to a lark or a robin or an eagle. I suppose if a convention was called of all the owls that ever hooted, in all the forests of the world, and some grey owl was elected moderator of the convention, the first motion would be: 'Resolved, That noonday is unknowable. WE have heard misguided blackbirds and bob-o-links

and thrushes talk about noonday, but that is an illusion, for no owl ever saw it, and there is no record of noonday having been known by any of our ancestry. Therefore, be it unanimously resolved, by this owl convention, that noonday is unknowable.' And they would pass it and there would not be one negative vote."

Now, as I talk with this man a little longer, I discover that he is very slack in the use of his language. He doesn't really mean to assert that God is unknowable. What he means is, that God is unfindable, unsearchable. There he is right. God is unfindable, and God is unsearchable. That is what the good Book says. Here are the very words: "No man can, by searching, find out God." And Paul calls our gospel the unsearchable riches of Christ. Something that could never be found out by our power. But, mark you, a fact that is unfindable and unsearchable by us is not therefore unknowable to us when it is revealed by the other side. We never did claim to find out God, or to search out God. It is a revelation. God knew we could never penetrate the mystery and he came through the veil from the other side, and revealed himself for thirty-three years. After four thousand years of promise to do it, he actually did it, and two thousand years have passed since he consummated that promise. Therefore, while God is unfindable and unsearchable, he is not unknowable. Bless his holy name! We never found him, but we know him. He came and revealed himself to all people, and I can bring up five hundred witnesses here to-day, and I am one myself to-day, to lift up the hand and swear before high Heaven, that we do not know anything better than the facts of God. There is not one truth in all my consciousness, of which I am more sure, than that I know God.

So we will let this brother retire, for he ruled himself out of Court with his first assertion, that he is a know-nothing, and until he comes into a better state of mind, there is nothing in the world we can learn from him.

I shall call the fourth witness. When he advances, this room seems to grow dark and a chill is in the air. A shudder shakes me, I shrink from this one. I would like to go, but I have a duty. I must deal with him. He is a scowling and malignant person. On his brow I see this written: "I never loved one living soul." I say, "What is your name?" He answers, "My name is Satan!" "Satan? I have had some dealings with you in the long ago. And with your imps—thank heaven that business is ended forever! Thou hast

heard, Satan, thou proud Lucifer; thou didst understand our question propounded to the other witnesses. I put it to you now: What is God?

"God?" he sneers, and his horrid countenance is distorted with an awful leer. "God?" and his frame is twisted with a spasm of hatred. "God is a tyrant, a cruel tyrant. He sits aloof in his glorious heaven, cold and inaccessible. He creates millions of creatures by his power, to suffer, agonize, and die. HE flings one generation after another into the cog wheels of a machine called 'Law,' and lets them groan and agonize. He never lifts his little finger to help them, but lets them welter in misery."

As he speaks I remember this: This is the Archangel, the creator of rebellion in heaven; the one who made the gap in the ranks of the angels, which has never been filled, and pulled down one third of the stars of heaven in mutiny. This is the recalcitrant one. This is the spirit that blew the trumpet of revolution; who summoned his soldiers around him and raised the flag of secession and insurrection in the skies. This is God's powerful foe whom the Almighty hurled down to the bottomless pit of perdition. This is the hellian who would rather reign in the Pit than serve in the Household.

Now, I will never take one man's testimony against another man, when he has a grudge against him. A grudge will bias and warp an honest man's testimony, and this fiend, standing here slandering God, is nothing but an incarnate grudge and consuming hatred. So I say, "We know you. If you were strange to us, some of us might listen, but we all know you to be a liar to all of us individually. You are the king of the Kingdom of Lies, and this is the greatest of all your lies. Be gone! Get behind us, Satan! Away, we will have no dealings with you. We cancel your testimony and nullify your word. Be gone!

I call the fifth witness. As he slowly advances I am conscious of a strange uplifting of all nature. Who was it that brought seven lamps into this room just now? Hear the winds of heaven rustling among the palms along the river of life. Catch the odor of the balsam in the meadows of God. Note, as his feet come, clearing the seamless garment, the prints of the nails in the clear white skin. Note around his brow the marks of the cruel thorns. He stands here waiting for our question. Now, every lawyer and every judge in this house will bear me out, that a perfect witness must have three quali-

ties, and I have summoned four; but none of them had the three qualities that make a perfect witness. A perfect witness must be near to see the evidence. He must be what they call in the courts an eye witness. He must deliver no second-hand testimony. He must not repeat what some one told him. He must be near to see. That is the first quality. None of the other witnesses had it. None of them had ever been near to God long enough to know his intimate and real nature. Nature, as I said, was not very near, being only a servant, and Moses was not very near, being only a guest. The Agnostic had no nearness at all, and Satan has no intimate knowledge of the inner nature of God. He has felt the power of God, and has seen the wisdom of God, but of the heart and love of God he can tell us very little. This Jesus standing here waiting was not God's servant, like Nature; not a guest, like Moses. He is God's eternal Son, uncreated and beloved, existing from all eternity in the bosom of God. He knows all about God, and not with superficial knowledge gained by observation, but with complete and perfect and authentical knowledge gained by unity of nature.

The second quality in a perfect witness is that he must be wise to know: first, near to see, and second, wise to know. Some people can see a thing and then not understand it. They have no penetration, but Jesus was not only near to see what God actually is, but he was wise to know. There are many opinions concerning Christ in this world, and they touch various questions concerning him, but there is no variance of opinion on this point, that he is the wisest person that ever walked this earth. You ask Orthodox, Methodist, Unitarian, Universalist, or Catholic, you will get only one answer: that whether Jesus is God or man, or whether he is both, he was the wisest person that ever walked on this earth. The only man who uncovered and showed us the vermin creeping in the seams of the soul; the only man who ever revealed the clear fountain where we could wash our hearts and make white and clean as the new fallen snow, the fountain filled with purity and love. The only man who has been able to take the leading nations of the universe in his hand and shape them as a potter takes a lump of clay and fashions it at will. He will some day make a vase of the world that will be overflowing with holy loyalty to God. He is so wise that he already has hold of humanity. The missionaries tell us that he is now beginning to manifest his strength in pagan lands.

A globe trotter from our country said to us that once, speaking

to a Buddhist priest in China through his interpreter, he asked, "Do you have as many worshipers come?" "Fewer," said the priest; "fewer every day." "Who is stopping the procession that used to come here?" "Jesus Christ," he answered. He is stopping every pagan procession on the globe. He is halting them one after another, and missionaries declare that if we never send another Bible, another man, or another woman as missionaries to the pagan land, every pagan religion is doomed. There is only one vital religion in the world to-day, and that is Christianity. The Jewish faith is the root of ours, because it has part of the truth, and therefore it has some life. It is the root of which Christianity is the tree, but Christianity is the only living, moving, conquering, triumphant faith. The reason that all heathen religions are doomed is the spirit of Light. First: Gospel light. Second: Scientific light. Millions of people believe that this world is flat, and that it rests on the back of an elephant, and the elephant stands on the back of a turtle, and the turtle stands on the back of a serpent. If you ask them what the serpent stands on they cannot tell. They say, "We do not go any further." Scientific light is penetrating to the very corners of the earth, and, within fifty years, paganism will be unknown and all false gods will be broken down. It is now Jesus Christ or no one—without him I am a godless man; you are a godless congregation, and the whole human race is orphan; and there is no God that we can reach. Do not think from what I have said that we can shut off our missionary fund. What I have said is an argument for the increase of such funds. Multiplied thousands are leaving their pagan belief and their false gods, and unless we are there to give them the true religion they will drop into a godless life. There never was so much need for missionaries as now. We must be there with the truth to tell them of the real story of Jesus Christ. This man is taking the world; this Saviour of ours is coming into possession of the race swiftly. So I say he has a second quality, the second quality of the perfect witness—wisdom. He is the only man who ever came to earth with a program big enough for the job and with enough power back of him to put it through.

The third quality that every perfect witness must have is truth. In the courts they swear them: "Will you tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?" These are the three qualities: "Near to see; wise to know; true to tell." Jesus has the truth in him; in fact we are beginning to learn the depth of those words of

his when he said: "I am the Truth." Near to see; wise to know; true to tell.

You notice that when I was talking to the four witnesses preceding him I stood up man fashion. I drop on my knees now and say, "Lord, thou art the only witness; thou only dost know the whole truth. We lift our faces expectantly to thee. What is God?" He raises his pierced hand, and in his voice, sweeter than the silver trumpets that sounded over the camp of the Israelites long ago, he speaks: "Son, when you pray, say not our Creator; say not our King; say not our nebula; say not our tyrant; when you pray say, OUR FATHER." O, blessed be his holy name. Now, I know something, now the bells are ringing in the turrets of my soul, and the Hallelujah Chorus sings in the depths of my heart. I might as well make a confession right here. I don't know how it is with you, but those four witnesses had me confused. I did not know what they were talking about. For instance, when Nature said God was a creator, I tried to grasp that, but I was not able. I don't know what a creator is; I never saw a creator at work. I have seen man take one form of matter and change it to another and improve the form, but that isn't creating. That is reshaping. To create means to make out of nothing; to draw an entity out of the gulf of nonentity; to lift the thing that was not out of the abyss of nihility and set it before me with shape, substance, and name. I never saw that done. That is beyond man's power, and when Nature told us, and it is the truth, that God is a creator, I couldn't understand. I reached for it but it eluded me. I could not get it. I can never get near that truth, and when Moses said, "God is King," that baffled me, too. I never saw a king. The last king left this country over a hundred years ago, and he is never coming back. I do not know how a king looks or dresses or walks or sleeps, so I was forced to say to myself when Moses was talking, "I do not understand you." And when the Agnostic said that God is a nebula, it meant nothing to me, for I never saw a nebula. I would not know a nebula if I met one coming down the path with a tag on it. He did not help me. Even if he had been telling the truth, I could not understand him. And when Satan said God was a tyrant, I couldn't get that. We have no tyrants in this country; as far as I know the nearest tyrant is in Russia. We have no great, big, unfeeling man with his iron heel on our necks. We rule ourselves. If there is any tyrannizing done, we do it, or we put up a man who does it, but we usually pull him down before he goes at it. I did not

know what they were talking about. If they had been telling the truth, it did not help much. But when this last witness said God is a father—Ah! I saw your faces shine. Every soul in this audience is a father or has a father. Twenty precious memories sprang up as we thought of those who worked for us, sacrificed for us, toiled for us, and strove for us that we might have the advantages that came to us. You saw that dear old father with his white hair, kneeling at eventime in the glow of the household fire, asking God to keep his boy. You know how he sacrificed that you might have an education; then how he prayed God to care for his little ones when he was gone. You know how he shut himself off from many pleasures he craved, that you might be fed and protected. Ah, I can see my old Scotch father rise and walk down the aisle, coughing, yet unwilling to buy the medicine that he needed in order that I might have clothing and schooling. Bless God, when Jesus speaks, we know what he talks about; he doesn't trifle with us. Jesus is not a juggler of words, he does not try to bewilder. When he utters a fact, we get it. He not only knows truth, but he knows how to get it through to us. God is our Father. Now, let me say that Jesus did not bring this truth into the world. There are some who think he did. He was not the first to preach that God is our Father. A few of the tall, heavenly-minded Jews got hold of that. Abraham knew it, David knew it, and Isaiah knew it. I will go a step farther: a few of the whitest and grandest heathen knew it. At least two of the Greek poets knew it, and when Paul was preaching to the Athenians on Mars Hill, he said, "Certain of your poets have said, 'Ye are God's offspring.'" He was preaching from one of their texts, "We are his offspring." So some of the heathen knew it, and some of the Jews knew it, but not many of them. You ask me then, what did Christ do for the doctrine of the fatherhood of God? and this is the answer: He got it accepted; he got it believed; he got it propagated; he got it to work.

In Southern California they grow oranges. There are three elements necessary to the growth of oranges. First: the proper seed; second: the proper soil; third: the proper climate. Dakota has the same seed, the same soil, but Dakota can never grow oranges. It has not the same climate. Two of the elements of the gospel were in the world before Jesus came into the Jewish world. In the heathen world was found the soil; that is, the common human nature—what we call the human heart. Second, the seed was here. The truth of God has always been in the world, but it never grew so as to have any vitality

or any propagating power, because the atmosphere of the world was cold with unbelief. What Jesus did was by his birth, life, teaching, miracles, death, ascension, and Pentecost. What he did by all these was to create the atmosphere in which the truth of God's fatherhood could grow, and missionaries will tell you that before they communicate the message that God is a loving Father, they have to tell the 'old, old story of Jesus and his love.' After they have presented Calvary, Bethlehem, and the story of Jesus' love, this truth of Jesus' life and death makes such a warm atmosphere that the truth can grow, and men and women can accept God as their Father. Jesus created the climate in which the truth can grow. He got it believed; he got it accepted, not only by one, but by all people to whom it is preached. Out of this grow three phases of the question. One is negative; I will mention the negative first, then the two positive, and stop.

First: Universal fatherhood does not mean universal salvation. There is where our Universal brethren make their blunder. They think that because we are all God's children, he will save us all; but God, who made us, cannot save us all. All creation takes only one to make it—God himself; salvation takes two to make it, and that is God and the sinner. We human fathers have had to learn that, and it has broken some of our hearts, too. We could bring forth our children, but we could not bring them back when they went astray. Your little boy Willie, four years old, is sitting here. You want him for reasons that are good to go and sit there. He is stubborn. You say, "Willie, once more I say, I want you to leave that place and sit over there." No answer. You speak sharply now: "Willie, I command you to sit over there!" You are stronger than Willie; you have the power and you go and lift Willie bodily and carry him and set him down over there. But do you lift Willie? No, you only got the shell of Willie. Willie's soul is still over there. His spirit slipped through your fingers. Power cannot affect spirit. God could take the whole world into heaven, but what would he have when he got us there? Some of our souls would be down here wallowing in the pit of lust; some longing for the leeks and onions, and for the flesh pots of Egypt. The only way that you can ever get all of Willie to sit over there, is to get into unity with the spirit of Willie. Then Willie will gladly rise at your first word and go and sit there, if you get him to come into harmony with you. God took the awful chance of making us free. God's immutable law, that has never been broken,

is that every creature must have in him all of the qualities of his sire. So, when he becomes sire and brings forth offspring, they must have all of the qualities he has; there is everything in me that there is in him; I am as free as God. The only way God can save the world is to get into harmony with the world and bring the sinners into unity with him, and then when he gets us into heaven, he will have us *all* there. We will never beg for a furlough to come down here. There will be no rebellion, no mutiny.

The positive truths are these: If God is the Father, he will love us, and you have heard that so often that it has worn smooth, and nobody hears it now. I wish I could pronounce that for the first time. I wish this were an audience to hear it for the first time. Do you know what would happen? You would jump out of your seats and rush up here to me, if you could hear that for the first time—"God loves me."

Why, that would settle all questions and clear away all our troubles. We would want another heavenly dialect to speak it. There are many kinds of love and they are all beautiful—patriotic love, love of country, mother love, father love, brother love, sister love—they are all beautiful, and some, like mother love, are so beautiful that I do not attempt to describe them; but God *is* Love. Now, two things are true; because that is true, two other things follow. First: He will always appreciate us; a father always appreciates his children and admires what they do. That is right. It is very tender to me to see the children of the family appreciated. They may not be appreciated by the outside world, but mother and father appreciate them. The father draws his little son to him and strokes his head fondly as he says to me, "Bishop, look at that head; there is a great head; if the Devil does not get hold of him, he will be a great man some day." The father calls the little girl and says, "Bishop, my little girl is an artist." He bids her bring her latest drawing, and she does so. It looks like a number of hen tracks to me, but the father says proudly, "Just look, she made that out of her own head." In the home father appreciates us. I remember once when I was a boy, and my father was sick, it was a warm spring day and I got out and spaded up our little cottage garden. I could not push the spade into that hard, dead soil very deep, and I learned afterward that father dug it all over again, but when I showed him what I had done, he turned and kissed me and said, "Thank you, son, for helping me." And I knew he appreciated the little I had done.

You remember David said to the Lord, "I am going to build a big house here in the city for you." God said, "Why, David, look at your hand; what is that on it?" And David said, "It is blood that I got in battle." Then God said to him, "You cannot build a temple for me. No man can build a temple for me who has blood on his hands." But David got his blessing from the Lord because he wanted to do something for his Master, for the Lord said, "You did well, David, that it was in your heart." Sometimes I feel that when my record is read on high, I will have to depend on what I was willing to do for Jesus, and tried to do. Sometimes I think I have just messed Jesus's business up, but he gives us credit for our desires. The world judges us by what we do, but our Heavenly Father judges us by what we want to do. Another thing we will always get from a father is pardon and forgiveness. A few months after this event which I mentioned, my father died. When the doctor saw that he was about to go, he came into the room where I was weeping. I was a small, sickly boy, only half grown, upon whom the support of a stepmother and four children was about to fall, and the doctor came to me and said, "Your father is passing away; you may come and have a few words with him." It seemed that every act of disobedience, every rebellious word rose up, and I felt that I was the guiltiest boy in the world. I knelt down by the bed and asked my father to forgive me for being so disobedient. I said I had been a bad boy, but he put out his thin hand and placed it on my head and said, "You have been a good boy." He had forgotten all my acts of disobedience and remembered all the good I had ever done. Isn't that like God? If the human father is like that, what is the Heavenly Father like? And truly the Heavenly Father hath said: "I will put all thy sins behind me and I will remember them no more." If then we desire to do good, everything we do for his kingdom he will remember, but all our wrongs will be blotted out by the blood of Calvary, and be lost for evermore. Now you see that Jesus makes this a portion of his sermon. Paul tells us that, "out of the fatherhood of God comes all the gospel," and that anything that God has or has done in Heaven is for the salvation of this race, and he calls the gospel "the Glory of God the Father."

God says in the Bible that David was a man after his own heart. That astonishes some people. David was sinful in some respects. So I go back to the life of David and I find that David was a great forgiver. When his own son sought to take his life he forgave him

And when he was brought in dead, when the soldiers brought his mangled body into the room where the king sat, when the last footfall of muffled sandals had died away and he was alone with his dead, they who were listening in the street and who were watching from across the narrow way, saw the aged king shake off his honors and become the father once more as he walked to the bed and, speaking for every father from that day to this, he cried as he trembled: "O, Absalom, my son, my son, would to God I had died for you. Absalom, my boy, my boy."

Do you not believe that the father suffered more from that conduct than the boy ever did? I think that is what God meant when he said: "David is a man after my own heart."

I say unto you that God suffered more to give us the gospel than Jesus suffered, for Jesus' suffering was only for thirty-three years. God, the great Forgiver, suffered more than his Son. God, the Father, gave us the gospel, and Paul calls it the "Glory of God the Father." Not the Glory of God the Son; not the Glory of God the Holy Spirit; but the Glory of God the Father."

See that criminal, so called, coming out of the western gate of an Assyrian town bearing his heavy cross upon his back? Around him the bearded and grim soldiers of Rome clash their sharp swords to keep back the crowd. Away at the side huddle the frightened, sad-faced apostles; the Sadducees, like wolves, snarl at the helpless prisoner, and around them the Jews, drawing back haughtily lest his robe brush their garments, cry out, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" And around them the mob of the Oriental people, the flotsam and jetsam, the sweepings of the alleys, are following to see the gruesome spectacle on the hill beyond. And at last they reach the place of death. The load is removed from him, and he straightens his shoulders, and I notice that they have cut his back with the whip until it is a bleeding mass; they have pressed the crown of poisonous thorns down until the drops of blood roll like rubies down his agonized face and leave channels of pain as they go. I am kneeling there, watching the ghastly sight. He surveys the hills. He sees the women supporting Mary his mother. His eyes for one moment fall on me. I will remember that glance until I die. If I should make my bed in hell at last, my hell would not be made of sulphur fumes and brimstone; my hell would be the memory of that pathetic look he bent on me that day. I see his enemies bow in mockery before him, and rise and spit in his holy face. His hands are tied behind him. He has

no defense and no friends. And, looking upon him, I feel beneath my shaking knees the world rocked by earthquakes in the caverns underground, like blind Samson tearing at the pillars of the temple of old. As though chaos, like a veil, came to hide this tragedy of the ages from the face of God, I see the eclipse, the darkness following, and feel the wind blowing cold from the canyons of the earth. I know that quaking. I know that the quaking of the earth in its agony is the quaking of the Father's heart on high. I know that darkness is the veil that the Father drops to hide this scene from him. I now see them stretch him on the cross and they take up the hammer and nails, and every stroke seems to strike my reeling brain with, "Son, it is for you—it is for your sins that he suffers this, that you might have everlasting life. Here he purchases your redemption."

And now they have lifted the cross and it has fallen in its stony socket. And as I look at him I see a wondrous, illuminating radiance about him, and as I look beyond, I see the city of the New Jerusalem, and from all its domes and parapets are watching the silent angels. They gaze upon that awful sight in silent wonder, asking dumbly, what this means. Why should their Prince of Glory suffer so? What harm has he ever done? Ah! Ye sinless intelligence on high! Ye can never know. We, in whose hearts the hellish passions rage—we know. Ye cannot know. And out behind the city, on the plain of war, I see the militant hosts of God, the angels who do the martial bidding of the Archangel, drawn up with Michael at the head. He waits the word, and every one of these twelve legions stand eager and ready, waiting the signal that will send them to execute vengeance on the sinners below. Speak one word from the throne—tear one hand loose from the cross and beckon, and never fell the lightning from the clouds so swift as would these hosts flee to do his bidding. But no word from the throne. No signal from the cross. He treadeth the wine press alone. He will finish his work to-day, and I see that his body is struggling to its death, and I hear him cry, "It is finished." And the angel on the lowest terrace on the steps of life catches it and cries "Glory!" And in the city every golden bell writes on the vibrant air, "Glory," and Israel, the sweetest of God's singers, he who leads the one hundred and forty and four thousand, cries, "Rise, and strike from every wire, Glory!" And Paul, listening at the gate, heard the echoes of that song, and this is what they sang together: "He being in the form of God thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but took upon himself the form

of a servant, and being made in the likeness of God, he became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore, God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name that is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and every tongue confess that Jesus is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

Now, you are ready for my message. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation?" When you pray, say, "Our Father."

THE VOGUE AND VERSATILITY OF WONDERLAND ALICE. FIFTY YEARS AFTER

Alice was a little girl, daughter of Doctor Greek-Lexicon Liddell, aged "exactually seven," who fell down a rabbit-hole in a mathematician's mind on the grounds of Oxford University, and, after many unparalleled adventures, came to the surface for a career of popularity apparently boundless and endless.

Alice made her first appearance on the stage fifty years ago and has not yet announced a farewell appearance, but is still the most popular little girl in the world. She, with her drolly solemn troupe, the Gryphon, the Mock Turtle, the Walrus, the Oysters, the Mad Hatter, the Cheshire Cat, and all the rest of her grave-gay merry-makers and wisdom-mongers, entertains her vast public with a continuous performance three-hundred-and-sixty-five days in every year. She has passed into the consciousness of the English-speaking race. We judge that she is untranslatable into any other tongue. No circus that ever came to town matches her for setting all small boys and small girls wild. She is like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, who, when he piped his tune, had the town's children dancing after him in flocks; but with this difference, that her magic spell spares neither sex nor age, but "mows the bearded grain at a breath and the flowers that grow between." Children of all ages from six to sixty follow in her train. In Chicago the street urchins are out looking for her. A little girl stops at the door of Jane Addams's Hull House, where Wonderland is sometimes staged, and asks, "Does Alice in Wonderland stay here always?" That young children flock after her is not strange; but learned and venerable scholars and even bishops and other clergy also succumb to her charms. A. C. Benson remembers seeing Bishop Lightfoot, during a long day's coach-drive in Wales, sitting all the way immersed in a small red book, refusing to look at the scenery,

and every now and then exploding with laughter which made the tears run down his face. He was reading Alice in Wonderland. Again, when A. C. Benson tries in these anxious days to warn us against becoming victims of worry, he calls on Alice to tell us that if we get into the habit of carrying too many cares on our mind we will invoke upon ourselves the fate of the bread-and-butter fly in Through the Looking-Glass, whose food was weak tea with cream in it. "But supposing it cannot find any?" said Alice. "Then it dies," says the Gnat, who is acting the part of interpreter. "But that must happen very often!" said Alice. "It *always* happens!" says the Gnat with somber emphasis.

But Alice is not alone the Play Girl of the Western world and of the English-speaking race; she is out at service as a sort of universal drudge, a maid of all work in the House of Life, with tasks so many and so multiplex as to recall the saying of the devout little boy in a very religious home who heard so many prayerful persons asking God to do so many things that he remarked one day: "God must have a great many things on his mind. I don't think I'd like to be God."

Alice is the most versatile and variously accomplished of little girls, the most sought-after and extensively useful assistant to all manner of persons and all kinds of enterprises and industries. Beginning as Alice in Wonderland, she has become Alice in Congress, in the Chamber of Commerce, in the courts, in journalism, in university assemblies, in after-dinner speeches, and even in such unlikely places as the pulpit and Wall Street. If she has not quite achieved omnipresence, she seems to be aiming at it; and she is more in need of a hundred hands than Briareus was. Her indispensability grows more and more apparent every day.

Alice pervades magazines and newspapers. She appears in the Yale Review and the Hibbert Journal, and from time to time in the Methodist Review. On one and the same day she can be found on the editorial pages of four New York dailies, presenting the Walrus's tears and the Carpenter's doubts and the Oysters' protests against being eaten.

Alice is in State's prison. Thomas Mott Osborne's 300-page account of his week spent voluntarily as a prisoner in Auburn Prison calls Alice from Wonderland with the Mad Hatter's conundrum, "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?" the propounding of which to prisoners would seem like "cruel and unusual punishment."

Alice is helpful in the courts of law, sometimes spoken of as courts of justice, but occasionally characterized otherwise. The New Republic tells us that the records and documents in the United States government's dissolution suit against the Steel Trust made such an enormous pile, amounting to carloads, that the Federal Court at Trenton, N. J., which took four years to study the mass and decide the case, had to call on Alice to furnish extra help. And, says the veracious New Republic, Alice sent Bill, the Lizard, to assist the overworked stenographers and typewriters by writing out part of the records with his finger on the slate as he did in the famous case of the stealing of the Queen's Tarts.

Politics and government cannot go on without Alice. The caustic New York Sun said that the history of the Government's course in a certain matter read like a chapter from Alice in Blunderland. In a campaign to down Tammany one of the great dailies warned the city that a certain party was misleading the public to follow Alice down a rathole into the Wonderland of Political Delusion.

In Washington Alice is kept busy. Woodrow Wilson's Congress did not complete the revision of the Tariff without invoking the wisdom of Wonderland, and seeking advice from Alice's Caterpillar. One day the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations called Alice into its private office, not to be dictated to like a stenographer but to dictate like a British militant suffragette, as if she were an authority on diplomacy and international law. In Washington the newspaper correspondents rely much on Alice. For example, they find Alice's "Jabberwocky" indispensable in their efforts to describe certain members of Congress—the Jabberwocky that, "with eyes of flame, came whiffling through the tulgey wood, and burbled as it came."

Alice has been seen in the theater. The author of "The Girl from Utah" found that the Salt Lake lady could not play her part properly without the aid of the Girl from Oxford; so Alice had to be brought across the sea, though it is a longer way in every sense from Oxford to Utah than from Flanders to Tipperary.

Alice is in the market reports. "The Sun which shines for all," in discussing the high cost of living, said that one of the specious explanations put forward to excuse the high price of apples sounded like Alice in Buncombeland. "If you see it in the Sun it's so" sometimes: but at any rate the Sun has a genius for ingenious paraphrastic pilfering.

Not without Alice can the problems of science and philosophy

be settled. One writer shows that the Darwinian theory of evolution can be most easily overthrown by the aid of Alice and the methods of the Mad Hatter. An eminent scholar of the Church of Rome, discussing Bergson's Philosophy and the Divine Fecundity, goes behind the Looking Glass with Alice for illustrations and analogies. With all due reverence be it said, we almost wonder how Dr. Lynn Harold Hough could finish his wonderfully keen, tingling, brilliant book, The Quest for Wonder, without some reference to Alice, who was so much at home in her Wonderland. Actually while we read it we kept glancing down the by-paths to see if she were not hiding somewhere in the shrubbery and listening surreptitiously to his story of his real wonderland, the Wonderland of the Soul. Now, to crown all, Gilbert K. Chesterton declares that Hans Andersen and Lewis Carroll have written the final philosophy of life; so that anybody who offers disrespect to the Mock Turtle or the Gryphon or the Jabberwocky must reckon with the doughty pugnacity of Mr. Chesterton, besides having the Cheshire Cat grinning at him and the Queen shouting "Off with his head!"

Alice is of assistance to professional critics of music in New York who cannot express their meaning without resorting to her for aid in articulating. One of those hyper-sensitive and expressive creatures helps us to a full understanding by telling us that to a present-day audience "the old arias in Euryanthe seem like Alice in Wagner-Land popping out"—a statement of imperfect clarity and truculent ingenuity.

Alice was John Tenniel's best friend and fame-maker. When that famous cartoonist of London Punch died at the age of ninety more mention was made of his illustrations for Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass than of his greatest political cartoons, some of which in their day powerfully affected public opinion and possibly influenced the destiny of nations.

No library, however large or small, is complete without Alice. An author of note being asked to name the six books he would select to solace his solitude if left alone on a desert island for a year, included Alice's Adventures, "because," he said, "it is full of the enchantment of pure imagination and makes one feel again the joy of childhood and youth."

Theodore Roosevelt knew that the pig-skin library, which he carried with him for his year of hunting big game in the wilds of Africa, could not do without Alice; and no adventures the jungle

might furnish him could possibly equal hers in incredible wondrousness. The wildest heart of Africa is tame commonplace compared with Alice's Wonderland. The Smithsonian Institution will admit that it has no beasts like hers.

If Harvard's venerable ex-president wishes to make his list of books for "a liberal education five feet long" really complete, he must give Alice a place on the shelf. Also, parenthetically, he might improve his "new religion three feet long" by adding some expression of the faith which was Lewis Carroll's and which was once thus expressed: "Most assuredly do I accept to the full the doctrines that Christ died to save us, that we have no other way of salvation open to us but through His death, and that by faith in Him, and through no merit of ours, we are reconciled to God: and most assuredly I can cordially say, 'I owe all to Him who loved me and died on the cross of Calvary for me.'"

Dr. R. C. Cabot, Harvard professor of medicine, in his wise, noble, stimulating, and illuminating book, What Men Live By, protests against confining children too much to dry textbooks, and increases the popularity of Alice by calling her to testify that in Wonderland the School History of England was used for wiping dry the wet company around the pool of tears, because the Dodo said, "It's the dryest thing I know." Another physician, however, Sir William Osler, apparently deplores the popularity of Alice, for he gravely remarks that the reading of Lewis Carroll's yarns by so many people is proof that the world is still in its childhood and not yet ready to put away childish things. Well, if Alice can prove that we are still youthful and if tours through Wonderland can help to keep us so, we shall not be so much in need of Dr. Osler's medical services to postpone arteriosclerosis of body and of mind and ward off Mrs. Partington's condition which she described as "getting old and infernal."

All envious, caviling, morose high-brows are notified that Lewis Carroll is more popular than they are by the fact that a copy of the first edition of his immortal classic has been sold in London for one thousand dollars, the record price for a book by any modern author. Few books have contributed so much to the pure gayety of nations as those of Lewis Carroll. Even an Adirondack winter at the Lake Placid Club might become dull and dreary if Alice did not arrive to enliven the place by staging the Mad Tea Party and the Mock-turtle scene; though the grotesqueries of Wonderland scarcely exceed in queerness the distortions and contortions in orthography achieved by

the Josh Billings "scool" of misspelling, whose chief branch office appears to be at Lake Placid.

The vogue and versatility of Alice are certainly phenomenal for a little girl "exactually seven," so genuinely feminine that she never grows any older.

Sidney Smith wrote to a little girl, "Mind your arithmetic: without arithmetic life would be a howling wilderness." It is equally true that without Alice this world would be a desert waste.

Many years ago Fales H. Newhall, in a summer letter to Zion's Herald, described in his masterly fashion the glories of a gorgeous sunset, and then said: "Have you seen all this? If not, see it this day lest, when you lift up your eyes over the landscapes of heaven, you be ashamed to have the angels ask you to tell them about the sunsets of earth."

To all childlike souls of whatever age, from six to sixty, it is proper to say: Have you read Alice in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass? If not, read them this day, lest when you appear in good society anywhere on earth or in heaven, the very children (those innocents who are of the Kingdom of Heaven) put you to shame by exposing your ignorance of the very rudiments of a liberal education.

Those who are of the Kingdom of Heaven may reasonably expect to find transcendent enchantments in their quest for wonder when they fare forth upon what Charles Frohman, on the slanting deck of the sinking Lusitania, called "life's most beautiful adventure."

THE ARENA

"THOMAS A. MORRIS—LAST OF THE PIONEER BISHOPS"

I WANT to thank the Editor of the METHODIST REVIEW for the posthumous contribution of Bishop Walden in the March-April REVIEW on "Thomas A. Morris—Last of the Pioneer Bishops."

Several things make this contribution of special interest to me: chiefly the fine analysis of the man and his style. Other reasons are more personal, namely, that I shall not forget that it was the hands of Bishop Walden that consecrated me to elder's orders. And then, a few months before this, a dear old retired minister, Rev. Stephen G. Anderson, gave me a volume of sermons by Bishop Morris, so far as I know the only volume, and this one now out of print, I think. The volume which I possess was first printed by "Wright & Swormstedt," in 1841, and it also has the imprimature of "L. Swormstedt & A. Poe, Cincinnati, R. P. Thompson, printer, 1857."

It is the only volume of sermons—with the exception of Wesley's, which every undergraduate in the Conference must read, and a volume of Spurgeon's sermons, also presented to me by a friend—that I have ever read with much interest. This may be to my shame, in the eyes of many.

As to this posthumous contribution of Bishop Walden, it analyzes accurately the style of Bishop Morris, as one will find his style in these forty sermons in the volume alluded to. Many of these sermons are only copious outlines, some of them as few as six pages, only two of them covering as much as sixteen pages: "The Second Conversion of Peter" and "The Privileges of the Poor."

By reading those sermons of Wesley and Morris treating upon the same themes one will easily see the reason for Bishop Walden making the comparison of the style and manner of treatment of Scripture texts. Bishop Morris in the preface to his volume says: "Mr. Wesley's sermons *are supposed by many to supersede the necessity of all others among us* [italics mine] . . . In regard to style I have endeavored in writing as in speaking to observe plainness of speech, omitting as far as practicable all difficult and unusual words, and adhering as nearly as convenient to Scripture phraseology." In this connection a paragraph from Wesley's preface is worthy of repeating: "I want to know one thing, the way to heaven. He hath written it down in a book! O! give that book! At any price, give that book of God! I have it; here is knowledge enough for me. Let me be *homo unius libri*—a man of one book. . . . In his presence I open, I read this book; for this end to find the way to heaven!"

The style of both Wesley and Morris has passed away and given place to more modern styles, but as to the more *effectiveness* of the modern over that of the past, that is another matter entirely.

Bishop Morris was born in Charleston, Va., April 28, 1794, joined the Ohio Conference in 1816, elected Bishop in 1836, and exercised the functions of that high position honorably for thirty-eight years, dying in Springfield, O., September 2, 1875. In these forty published sermons of Bishop Morris he has briefly treated upon almost every fundamental doctrine of the New Testament: Prayer, the Holy Spirit, Reconciliation, Repentance, Conversion, Forgiveness, Obedience, Hope, Immortality, Judgment, the Resurrection, Heaven, The Sabbath, Baptism (both water and Spirit), Hell, Free Grace, Faith, Atonement, and Eternity!

As long as preaching is preaching, either consciously or unconsciously, formally or informally, and whether we admit it or not, these fathers in the gospel preached the Word with power and in the demonstration of the Spirit sent down from heaven, and we shall be forever indebted to them for their "pioneer" methods and style of treatment of the sacred Scriptures in the formal use of them as texts.

Argenta, Ill. S. R. Reno.

THE METHODIST MAGAZINE AND QUARTERLY REVIEW, VOL. XIV, NEW SERIES, VOL. III. 1832

The volume was handed me by a parishioner several years ago—he had picked it up at a secondhand store at a nominal price—but I have found it a treasure. Of course, it is very different from the Review of the present, but to have been published eighty-three years ago it is a veritable wonder book. The first article, "extracted" from the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine on "The Union of Wesleyan Methodists," makes good reading at the present day, and some of the suggestions are very opportune under existing conditions in America. An article "On Justification," by the Rev. Laban Clark, brings before us one of the leaders of Methodism of that day, and illustrates the terse manner in which the fathers treated the vital doctrines of our holy religion. There is a review of the Works of Rev. John Wesley, "First American Complete and Standard Edition," by John Emory, seven volumes, 8vo, pp. 5,000, with extracts, making it interesting as any romance. The contribution by Thomas Ware on "The Christmas Conference" is of permanent historical value. Contributions to Methodist history are by Rev. Daniel DeVinne, "Methodism on the New Rochelle Circuit," and by Rev. Alfred Brunson, "Methodism on the Connecticut Western Reserve."

Considerable space is given to the discussion of the General Conference action of 1832, and it is highly edifying to read the reports on Missions, Education, Sunday Schools and Tracts. It was resolved by General Conference that year to send a missionary to Liberia, if a proper person could be found, and also to investigate the situation in Mexico and South America, and decide as to the propriety of securing missionaries for these important fields. The former was suggested by the work of the American Colonization Society, the latter by the fact of these countries lying at our doors and without the pure gospel. There seems to have been no thought

beyond these of extending the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The status of educational work is indicated by the following resolution:

"That the four colleges already established—viz., the Augusta College, in Kentucky; the La Grange College, in Alabama; the Randolph-Macon College, in Virginia, and the Wesleyan University, in Connecticut—are quite sufficient for all Collegiate purposes among us at present."

Mention is made, however, of several preparatory schools—among them Casenovia Seminary and McKendrean Seminary. It was the opinion at that time that these latter could be made self-sustaining, and the following resolution was adopted: "That self-supporting literary institutions are highly approved of by this conference, and the establishment of a department of industry in manual labor in all our seminaries and colleges, where it is practicable, is earnestly recommended."

Among the book reviews is that of one with which Methodist preachers since that day have become familiar and remained in the "course of study" longer than any other book—"Theological Institutes," etc., by Richard Watson. The "Apology for the Bible" is also noticed. All these books were published by J. Emory and B. Waugh for the Methodist-Episcopal Church, at the Conference Office, 14 Crosby Street, from which place the REVIEW was published. J. Collard, Printer.

This volume is embellished with four steel plate engravings—Rev. John Dempster, Rev. James Bateman, Rev. Robert R. Roberts, and Martin Ruter, four of the great leaders of that day. I wonder if eighty years hence our great-grandchildren will find a volume of the REVIEW of to-day having the same interest.

A. W. HAINES.

Cherry Valley, Ill.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE PROPORTIONATE MESSAGE OF THE PREACHER

Romans 12. 6

"Let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith."

THERE is a marked distinction between the preacher and the lawyer in the matter of their public addresses. They are alike in the fact that their purpose is to instruct and persuade the people whom they address. They are different, however, in the substance of their message and also in the conditions under which it is delivered.

The substance of the lawyer's message is concerned with practical cases generally of a secular import; the protection of the rights of others, the defense of those who are arraigned for trial or the prosecution of those who are charged with wrong doing. The particular point of difference is that the lawyer makes his appeal under conditions which themselves determine his subject. The case is made up from the facts which are brought to his notice and which are involved in its presentation. He does not choose his subject; it is chosen for him by the interest which

he represents. His purpose is immediate effect. He desires to win the jury and to win it now. This is equally true of the minister, that he should be anxious to win the people to the matter to which he calls their attention and to do it at once. This was especially the case with the early preachers. They regarded it as their duty to secure immediate results.

There is, however, a difference which is to be noted between that and the lawyer's plea. The preacher's times to deliver his message are in the main definitely fixed. The subjects on which he preaches, within certain limits, are determined by himself. He may sit down in the early part of the week and decide after meditation and prayer what will be the subjects of his next Sabbath's discourse and proceed to elaborate them and prepare directly for his Sabbath duties. The selection of subjects is often perplexing. He must consider the state of his congregation; whether anything which calls for special attention has occurred in the community. He will consider the necessity for variety; he cannot repeat the discourse. All this requires wisdom and demands much thought.

The text brings to our consideration a subject of much importance, namely, the proportionate message of the preacher, Rom. 12. 6. "And having gifts differing according to the grace that was given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith." For our present purpose we need not inquire whether the persons to whom the exhortation of the passage was given were the community of believers in Rome, to some of whom special supernatural gifts had been given, or to the Christian teachers or preachers at that time. The exhortation is a timely one for the preacher of to-day.

There are passages of Scripture so rich in suggestion that they afford a basis of valuable thought whatever interpretation may be assigned to them. Such a passage is the one which we have just cited. A glance at the commentaries will show differences in the interpretation, yet each is of value to the reader and especially to the preacher. A brief summary of these variants in interpretation will suggest its application to the subject under consideration.

Beet remarks on this passage: "*Prophecy*: an extraordinary gift which made a man the mouthpiece of God. Exodus 4. 16, 17; 1 Cor. 14. 11." He thus explains the phrase: "proportion of faith." "Prophecy implies revelation; and God's word is revealed to man only so far as he believes it. The Prophet must seek to make his words to the people correspond with God's word to him, and he is bound to make them correspond so far as by faith he understands God's word. He must say no more nor no less than he believes God has said to him."

Sanday says, "A man's gifts depend upon the measure of faith allotted to him by God, and so he must use and exercise these gifts in proportion to the faith that is in him. If he be σωφρόν, and his mind is enlightened by the Holy Spirit, he will judge rightly his capacity and power; if on the other hand his mind be carnal, he will try to distinguish himself vaingloriously and disturb the peace of the community."

Liddon interprets faith to mean here objective faith, that is, the system of Christian doctrine, and the prophet "keeping his eye on it

avoids private crotchets and wild fanaticism, which exaggerate the relative importance of particular truths to the neglect of others."

Tholuck says, "While the heathen μάντις was widely borne away by his impulse, in which human passion commingled with the higher elements, the Christian prophet was enabled by his enlightenment to retain a consciousness of whether he was speaking from his own or divine instigation."

Tyndale applies the word "faith" here to objective faith. Tyndale's version is, "So that it [the gift of prophecy] be agreeing unto the faith." This view regards the Scripture as containing a body of doctrine which is to be taught by the preacher in proportion to the needs and circumstances of the people, giving due emphasis to the various parts. He must not be a mere specialist, having some part of the truth which he reiterates constantly to the neglect of the other parts of the sacred teaching.

Similar is the statement of the apostle in 2 Tim. 3. 16, "All scripture is given by inspiration of God and is profitable for doctrine for reproof, for correction, for instruction of righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

It becomes the duty, therefore, of the minister to remember his obligation to deliver the whole counsel of God. One of the dangers of the ministry lies in too much specialization. One is a specialist in Sanctification, and certainly no subject is more worthy of attention, for it is the supreme purpose of the ministry to proclaim purity of life and purity of action. This should never be overlooked in all the discourses. Another is a specialist in civic matters. He lays great emphasis on civic relations. He is familiar with the economics of government and almost unconsciously drifts into that subject on all occasions. Others are specialists in general social betterment. The ills of society arrest their attention and interest; they think not so much of the individual as of the mass, and the personal element does not receive adequate consideration. The tendency to exclusive individualism, however, when overpressed, may prevent due attention to the social needs of mankind, which no one who has the cure of souls can overlook without greatly hindering his usefulness.

There is one subject, however, in which all preachers should be specialists: all should be specialists in fundamental Christian truth. Many truths which men are called upon to consider, those relating to material interests only, the preacher may or may not be thoroughly acquainted with, but those relating to the Christian religion he should know both in the letter and in the spirit.

The apostle Paul in his letter to the Corinthians said, "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." All other duties and all other subjects on which the minister speaks must have this as their center. There are truths that are to be insisted upon at certain times and under certain conditions. In the period known to the church as the Lenten season the emphasis is to be placed on the cross, the sufferings of Christ in relation to man's salvation. The various stages in that wonderful event are brought before the mind until the thoughts of the people are imbued with them and they are aroused to

deeper interest in the personal salvation. So too it is with all the great aspects of Christian truth. There must be a proportion observed in their development. Side by side with the mystical life of the Christian the great ethical truths must receive attention. Religion in its relation to every-day duties must be constantly in the thought of the preacher. The doctrine and the life are to be so coordinated that when he preaches doctrine its issue is life and when he preaches life it reacts upon the doctrine. He cannot separate the one from the other.

The thought of this passage, then, is clearly that the preacher will give to each part of Christian doctrine only its proper emphasis, all having its center in Jesus Christ, our crucified and risen Lord.

This central doctrine, combined with its cognate truth in the Holy Scriptures, must never be overlooked by the preacher. Dr. P. T. Forsyth, in his book entitled The Person and Place of Jesus Christ, quotes from Mr. Glover's book on the Conflict of Religions Within the Roman Empire, the following words: "Jesus of Nazareth does stand in the center of human history; he has brought God and man into a new relation; and he is the personal concern of every one of us." Dr. Forsyth adds, "That is really a tremendous thing to be able to say as the conclusion of a true historian." He touches the core of the gospel when he further says, "We are in a world which has been redeemed; and not in one which is being redeemed at a pace varying with the world's thought and progress or the Church's thought of work. To believe that the Kingdom has come is another religion from the belief that it is but coming, and that we have to bring it. It produces a totally different type of faith and life. And it is the only type that can save Christianity from being politicized, socialized, and secularized out of existence."

In the proportionate message of the preacher he may well follow the Scriptures, giving to each doctrine the emphasis proportionate to the place it occupies in the New Testament. The preacher must declare only that which he believes to be the truth of God. He must preach the preaching that God bids him. The measure of his faith will be the measure of his appreciation and grasp of the gospel. The man of profound faith sees more in the Scriptures than the mere critical reader. The commentaries of those who come to the work with profound spiritual insight should be specially studied by the preacher. Hence, Matthew Henry's Commentary opens a rich mine of spiritual exposition. Adam Clarke and other commentators who are passed over in our later literature should not be forgotten. And then, having received the full impulse of truth through the presence of the Holy Spirit, the minister will confine his preaching to the things which he receives and which he holds with firm conviction. He will thus have a positive message to which the world will listen.

A further thought will be that he will preach in harmony with his own capacities and ability. This is distinctly emphasized in the interpretation of the passage by Professor Sanday. When his mind is enlightened by the Holy Spirit the preacher will judge rightly of his own capacities and powers and thus become more effective. Every one has his peculiar

gifts of God, and to understand one's gifts and keep within their limits has much to do with effectiveness. The scholar has his mission, which must not be overlooked, but the preacher who is to deliver the gospel message has a mission to fulfill which will be best accomplished if he studies his own adaptabilities. Practical talents available for the active work of the gospel are fully equal in value to the gifts of those who aspire after the more recondite form of expression. He who uses well the measure of gifts with which God has endowed him will be the one to whom the Master will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant," when the record of the preacher's life shall finally be made up.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

WAS THE PENTATEUCH WRITTEN IN HEBREW?

THE question asked in the title of this article will, no doubt, seem strange to some people, and hardly worthy of serious consideration, yet the question has been asked and learnedly discussed by more than one eminent scholar, and, indeed, answered in the affirmative by no less an authority than Edouard Naville, D.C.L., LL.D., F.A.S., professor of Egyptology in the University of Geneva, Switzerland. While it will be readily admitted that the author of every book of the Old Testament was a Hebrew, of the seed of Israel, and that every one of them wrote for his own people, it does not follow that the original language of any of these books was Hebrew, much less that they were written in the Hebrew script.

Let us at the very beginning of our paper remind our readers that the great bulk of the New Testament, though the product of Jewish minds, was not written in Hebrew, Aramaic, or in any other Semitic language, but in Greek—if not in classic Greek, yet in Greek. The reason for this is not hard to find, for unlike the Old Testament, which was written especially for the Hebrews, the New Testament, the textbook of Christianity, was intended not for the Jew alone, but for all mankind. No language of that day was more universally understood by thinking men and better calculated to express the new ideas of the new religion.

As to the Old Testament, there has been a very general consensus of opinion that with the exception of Ezra 4. 8 to 6. 18; 7. 12-26; Jer. 10. 11; Dan. 2. 4 to 7. 28 and a few expressions here and there, it was written at first in Hebrew, that is in the very words now found in our printed Hebrew Bibles. The exceptions above noted are in Aramaic, which at a later date became the most common literary language of the Hebrews.

Professor Naville contends that we do not possess the original text of the Old Testament, and that the Pentateuch, at least, was neither written in the Hebrew tongue nor Hebrew script. He maintains—and we shall submit some of his principal arguments—that what we now have in our Hebrew Bibles is a later translation. He argues that not

only the Pentateuch, but all other books written before the days of Solomon were written in Babylonian cuneiform. As to the later books, they were written in Aramaic.

He was led to this view by two well-known archæological discoveries, both in Egypt; the Tel-el-Amarna tablets and some papyri at Elephantine.

Everybody will agree with the learned archæologist that the Old Testament—at any rate the older books—could not have been written in the same Hebrew characters as those now found in the Hebrew Old Testament and oldest manuscripts. The Hebrew square letters in which our Hebrew Bibles are printed are of comparatively recent origin. With the *data* at hand it is impossible to say when this alphabet was introduced or first invented. From coins, gems, and broken pottery and some longer inscriptions we know that there existed in Palestine a script totally unlike that of the oldest Hebrew manuscripts. The transition from this old Hebrew or Canaanite script was probably quite gradual, so gradual that there is no exact agreement among scholars upon this point. From the fourth century to the middle of the second, B. C., the two scripts may have existed side by side. No one seems to know when the older script gave way to the Hebrew square characters. The reference to the letter yodh as the smallest of the Hebrew must have reference to the square characters, for several letters are smaller than yodh in the older script. It may, therefore, be concluded that our Saviour's words had reference to the new alphabet. An inscription on the lintel of a door of a ruined synagogue at Kafr Birim near Safed in Galilee, probably of about 300 A. D., shows that the fully developed square characters were used.

Thus, whatever the original language of the Old Testament might have been, it is beyond controversy that the script could not have been the same as that represented in our present Hebrew Bibles. If we look at a table of early Semitic alphabets we can see at a glance the great changes that have taken place from, say, 900 B. C.

It is not necessary for our discussion to attempt answering the question: Which is the oldest Hebrew inscription, or rather, the oldest specimen of old Canaanite writing? Unfortunately such inscriptions have been few and far between, and compared with those of Babylonia and Egypt, they have been very brief.

Presumably the Hebrews employed from about 900 B. C. the same script as the neighboring tribes, that is, the Phoenicians, Ammonites, Edomites, and Moabites. The longest and by far the best if not the oldest specimen of this style of writing is found on the Moabite stone, known also as the Mesha inscription. This old monument was discovered in the ruins of Dibon, an ancient Moabite city, twelve miles west of the Dead Sea. It is a leaf, as it were, from the chronicles of Mesha, king of Moab (see 2 Kings 3. 4ff). In the same script, but much shorter, only six lines, and a century or more later we have a genuine Hebrew inscription known as the Siloam inscription. To these may be added a large number of shorter ones.

As already said it is quite impossible to give the exact time when this old Canaanite style of writing was first introduced, or by what people

it was invented. It might, however, be asserted that there are no specimens which go back to the days of Solomon. The fact, however, that we cannot produce any which antedate the days of the wise king is no positive proof that there were not any such.

But to return to Professor Naville's arguments, we may, in passing, say that he believes that there was such a person as Moses, and not only that he could write, but that he did really write the greater part of the Pentateuch. He cannot bring himself to believe that the great lawgiver wrote either in the Hebrew language, much less in the Hebrew script. He contends that the books bearing his name were in Babylonian cuneiform. His exact words are: "Looking at it in the light of the different finds of the last thirty years, we cannot but arrive at the conclusion that the oldest documents of Hebrew literature have been written neither in the Hebrew language nor with the Hebrew script, but in the idiom and characters of the tablets of Tel-el-Amarna, namely, Babylonian cuneiform."

His inferences, if not absolutely conclusive, certainly deserve respectful consideration. There can be no question that the employment of Babylonian cuneiform was very general as early as if not earlier than 1500 B. C., just as Latin was at one time the language of all universities and is still the language of the Roman Catholic Church the world over. This is clearly shown by the above mentioned tablets from the archives of Amenophis IV, king of Egypt. These documents of the Egyptian monarch, whose empire extended far and wide, came from distinct and widely separated countries. And what is of still greater interest, several of these letters came from Syria, Phoenicia, and Palestine—half a dozen even from Jerusalem itself. It is not strange that Mesopotamia should employ the Babylonian cuneiform, but it is really remarkable that Tyre, Sidon, Ashkelon, Gaza, and Jerusalem should send letters in the same language and script as towns and countries farther east. It will not do to say that the language of these tablets was the language of diplomacy only, for, as Kittel has well said, the tablets discovered by Sellin at Taanach contradict such a view. They are from the archives of the local king, Ishtarwashur, and contain the correspondence of this ruler with the neighboring vassal princes. These letters found at Taanach are not political and were not written to foreigners in Babylonia or Egypt, but were sent to his near neighbors and deal with the most commonplace matters concerning cattle, soldiers, servants, and the like. This means that not only matters pertaining to international commerce and trade, but also everyday affairs were discussed in the Babylonian language even in Palestine.

Nor can it be argued that this language and script were used in Palestine in pre-Mosaic times only, for Macallister's discoveries at Gezer prove conclusively that the same idiom and style of writing were employed as late as 650 B. C.

Professor Sellin, who superintended the excavations at Taanach, and who is well read in Palestinian archæology, speaking of this subject, says: "Even supposing that this writing (cuneiform of 1500-1350 B. C.) was used only by the rulers and their officials, and that the people could not

read or write, this fact is certain: in the already extensive excavations carried on in Palestine no document was ever found except in Babylonian writing. As for the Phœnician old Hebrew writing . . . it cannot be asserted with certainty that it existed before the ninth century B. C."

It is thus clear that the Babylonian cuneiform was in common use even in Palestine from before the time of the exodus down to the seventh century B. C.

We may not be able to determine with certainty what language was spoken by Abraham, the progenitor of the Hebrew people. It is very probable that a chieftain of his rank may have spoken more than one language, and the more so since in that early day there could not have been such great difference between the several Semitic dialects. It is also generally admitted that the Babylonian resembled the Hebrew and Phœnician much more closely than it did the other Semitic tongues. Nor must it be forgotten that Abraham emigrated westward from Ur of the Chaldees where the Babylonian was the vernacular. Abraham was not a poor lone emigrant, but the head of a large clan that, no doubt, like their leader, must have spoken the language of Ur.

The coming of Rebecca from Mesopotamia with some following would naturally help keep up the language heard by Abraham and her father's family in earlier days and still spoken by Abraham and his son. The long sojourn of Jacob in the land of his immediate ancestors, for twenty years or longer, favors the same conclusion. For there can be no reasonable doubt that Jacob, his wives, concubines, and numerous household spoke Babylonian. And if any of them did write at all, what can be more reasonable than the conclusion that the script used was cuneiform?

Now when this large family went down to Egypt they did not mix freely with the Egyptians, but held themselves aloof where they could observe their own customs, practice their own peculiar rites, and cling tenaciously to their own language and religion.

When they left Egypt under the leadership of Moses, they had, notwithstanding grievous oppression, increased greatly in numbers and importance, and who can doubt that they had some system of writing? If so, as we shall see farther on, it could not have been the Egyptian hieroglyphs.

Now let us come to the main question. If Moses did write at all, or if his secretaries did, what was the script used? There is no evidence that the old Canaanite had been invented that early, nor is there the least probability that Moses or his scribes would employ hieroglyphs, which were partly made up of the figures of animals and other objects. The Hebrews, however, were positively forbidden to make unto themselves likenesses of anything in heaven or earth.

To be perfectly frank it must also be admitted that there is no positive evidence that they employed cuneiform. At the same time there can be no reasonable doubt that Abraham and his immediate descendants spoke the language of Babylonia. And as Laban was a son of Abraham's brother it is extremely probable that he and his family were equally familiar with the same language. If once admitted that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob

spoke Babylonian, it will require no great stretch of imagination to suppose that these chieftains were acquainted with the universal script and that they used it to conserve their traditions. If this be true of them, we may easily believe that Moses, "instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," had knowledge of both the Babylonian script and language. This is so much the more probable, inasmuch as there were those at the court of Pharaoh whose business it was to correspond in the language and script of the Tel-el-Amarna tablets.

If Professor Naville's theory be true, and if the Pentateuch was not originally written in Hebrew, but was translated into this language at a later date, another big stone has been removed from the foundations laid down by the divisive and destructive critics.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SOME GERMAN ACADEMIC PREACHERS

THE institution of an "academic divine service" is a noteworthy feature of the life of a number of the German universities. How much a university pulpit may signify, not only for the university but also for the church at large, may be seen in the case of Halle. Here the university service, after having been allowed to lapse for a long time, was in 1806 re-established and intrusted to Schleiermacher. In the brief space until, by Napoleon's order, the university was closed—it was in the autumn of the same year—that great theologian and preacher delivered several extraordinary sermons, memorable especially for their lofty patriotism. Upon the reopening of the university in 1808 Schleiermacher, who was already established in Berlin, did not return to Halle. Until 1833 the university pulpit was of little positive significance. In that year Tholuck, who had been professor in Halle since 1826, was highly gratified by the appointment to be university preacher. For forty years he exerted a really marvelous influence by his preaching. In the last years of his life he shared the office of university preacher with his distinguished colleague Willibald Beyschlag. The later incumbents of the office have all shown fine pulpit ability, Hering (now emeritus) and Loofs being worthy of special mention. But Halle's university pulpit, though it was long the foremost of its kind in Germany, is not the only one that has had a notable history. In Greifswald, before the establishment of a regular academic divine service, the chief pastorate of Saint Mary's Church was long joined with a professorship in the theological faculty. Here Hermann Cremer in this double office exerted a powerful influence over the throngs of students who were attracted to Greifswald chiefly by his personality, and many have testified that the preaching was almost as important a factor as the professorial labor. Also Göttingen and Leipzig must be mentioned in this connection. But after Halle it is Tübingen whose university pulpit has had the most significant history. Here as

part of the Protestant Theological Institute or *Stift* there is a church, whose regular preachers are members of the theological faculty. And among them there have been several of great eminence, such as Beck (died 1878) and in the present Schlatter.

We call attention to a few recent volumes of academic sermons, and first to one by Schlatter. For perhaps a dozen years past his sermons preached in the "Stiftskirche," in number ten or twelve a year, have been published singly upon their delivery, for the benefit of a large circle of admirers. A selection of fifty-three of these sermons makes up the volume before us, which bears the title Der Ruf Jesus (The Call of Jesus). There is a peculiar impressiveness in Schlatter's preaching. One feels that a wonderfully rich and generous Christian personality is uttering its deepest convictions with rare frankness and directness. The style is absolutely characteristic of the man. There is a total absence of fine phrasing and conscious embellishment. But for all serious hearers or readers there is a powerful charm in the style, for it is the man. Perhaps the most striking characteristic of Schlatter's preaching is a really wonderful originality, especially in exegesis—originality combined with eminent sanity. The reader often wonders how the theme can be derived from the text, but his wonder only serves to whet his curiosity; he reads on and finds the treatment profoundly satisfying. From Luke 9. 57-62 he derives the theme, "The absolute religion"; the account of Jesus's conversation with the woman at the well, John 4. 5-15, gives the theme, "Desolate houses and desolate churches" (for the lack of the "living water" there was desolation in the woman's personal life and in the worship of the people). A sermon of unusual depth is that on "Forgiving, the mark of the church," Matt. 18. 15-20. Another is that on "The fight against the belief in death," Luke 7. 11-17. Schlatter's sermons are designed for academic hearers, but they are absolutely free from mere intellectualism; they are real sermons, through and through religious and in the best sense practical.

In Leipzig the chief university preacher to-day is Ihmels. Indeed, Ihmels is perhaps the most influential theologian and ecclesiastic in the kingdom of Saxony. The leadership that once was held by Luthardt has gradually been accorded to his successor in the Leipzig professorship. The quality of Ihmels as preacher is exceptionally fine. With religious depth and fervor are combined intellectual depth and much rhetorical skill. Many of his sermons were delivered before other than academic congregations, but they are all alike far removed from the manner of the theological lecturer. Before either an academic or a general congregation he is one of the most impressive of contemporary German preachers. We call special attention to a little volume of seven sermons preached since the outbreak of the war and collected under the title of the first sermon: Darum auch wir ("Therefore we also," Heb. 12. 1). They are most Christian sermons.

Loofs in Halle is a versatile preacher, but he is not heard so often as Ihmels outside the regular university service. He has been a university preacher since his appointment to an ordinary professorship in 1888.

From the beginning his congregations thronged the church. His sermons bear the stamp of academic life more than those of Ihmels and Schlatter. Besides three volumes of sermons, mostly academic, he has published three pamphlets containing three sermons each, in which certain modern intellectual problems concerning religion are very skillfully handled. One series is upon the Apostles' Creed, the second upon the creation story, the fall, and the Tower of Babel, the third upon self-redemption, pantheism, and the joy of life. Loofs's elder colleague as university preacher, Hermann Hering, never attracted large crowds; yet there were not a few who esteemed him above Loofs. In 1911 he published a selection of academic sermons, which for fineness of expression, psychological depth, and practical wisdom are unsurpassed in recent German homiletical literature.

An academic preacher of much depth and originality is Carl Stange, formerly in Greifswald as Cremer's successor, now in Göttingen. The latest collection of his sermons is entitled Die Gemeinschaft mit dem lebendigen Gott (Communion with the Living God). In manner he is, perhaps, too academic, but his hearers and readers are impressed by the clearness of his thinking and by the tone of religious and moral earnestness. A preacher of kindred theological standpoint, less profound but more rhetorical than Stange, is Dunkmann of Greifswald. A recent series of sermons, apropos of the war, upon the Lord's Prayer shows him at his best.

All of the preachers thus far mentioned are classed as "positive," with the exception of Loofs, and there seems to be no reason why he, a Ritschlian of the right wing, should not be recognized as positive. But there are a few university preachers of a liberal standpoint. Perhaps the most interesting of these is Baumgarten in Kiel. Baumgarten is a man of a large intellectual and æsthetic culture. His interest in politics also is exceptionally lively. Perhaps no German theologian is better acquainted with modern British and American thinkers than he. Carlyle, Ruskin, Robertson, Kingsley, Emerson, Tennyson, Browning are objects of his enthusiastic study. His exceedingly modern standpoint is clearly reflected in his preaching, yet his sermons show many excellences both in matter and manner.

What shall restore to the German national churches their pristine power in the life of the people? In the last analysis, of course, a general revival of faith. But as conditions precedent we venture to propose the following: first, the liberation of the church from the domination of the state (not necessarily disestablishment in the full sense); secondly, a more intensely practical preparation of the students of theology, if not in the universities, at least in the supplementary seminaries for preachers. This, of course, implies the inculcation of the ideal of a more aggressive ministry. It is only because of great obstacles that the fruits of the noble and earnest preaching—and teaching—at the universities are relatively so small.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Development of English Theology in the Nineteenth Century. By VERNON F. STORR, M.A. Canon of Westminster Cathedral; Examining Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. 8vo, pp. 486. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, cloth, $3.50, net.

A LARGE, learned, and important work, for the earnest student, not for the mere reader. University College, Oxford, made V. F. Storr a Research Fellow, and so gave him some years entirely free for quiet study, of which this volume of careful and thoroughly studious historical scholarship is the product. The author acknowledges indebtedness to Principal Tulloch's Movements of Religious Thought in Great Britain During the Nineteenth Century, the most useful general introduction to the whole subject, a book now out of print and difficult to obtain. The period covered by the volume before us is the first sixty years of the last century, a period of extraordinary importance for the theological development and religious history of England. A second volume is promised covering the last forty years of the century. Canon Storr's view is indicated in part by his saying that the deepest movement of modern theological progress is toward a reconciliation between the natural and the supernatural, some definition of Christianity which, while it preserves its divine uniqueness, shall set it forth in relation to all other faiths; and this movement comes to a head in one supreme problem—the greatest problem confronting theology to-day, the problem of the place and significance of the Person of Christ. In him centers the problem of a progressive revelation and a teleology of history. The problem of how to present Christianity as the universal and supreme religion will be best met if he is convincingly exhibited as capable of satisfying all human needs and as providing a spiritual power for the regeneration and elevation of humanity. Another interesting passage is the author's trenchant criticism of the Oxford Movement: "The Oxford Movement stood for the principle of authority. It advocated the claims of ecclesiastical system, church order, and authoritative dogmatic pronouncement. It had its face turned to the past, rather than to the future. There, in this idealized past, lay the Golden Age. What was wanted was to recover in their original purity the theology, the discipline, the life of the primitive church, and hold them up before the nineteenth century as its model for imitation. But no past epoch can be so recovered in its entirety, and what of it you can recover cannot be imposed as a pattern and standard on an age which lies further down the course of history, and breathes a different atmosphere. The attempt which the Tractarians made was doomed to failure." Further, the Tractarian appeal to the past was uncritical and unfair, both in the methods which it used (and which Pusey, at any rate, who had studied German theology at Göttingen, had corre-

sponded with Schleiermacher, could have corrected if he had cared to do so) and in the artificial standard which it set up—not the mind of Christ, but the mind of the church at a particular stage of its ecclesiastical and dogmatic development. Again, the essence of the Tractarian church-theory was the Apostolic Succession, which substituted an external organization for an internal spirit as the test of Christianity. The doctrine is one to which recent controversies have given critical importance, and Canon Storr's deliberate verdict upon it should carry much weight. Unquestionably, he says, Christ gave a commission to the apostles, and "it was necessary that the new society should have some organization and government. But there is no evidence whatever that Christ taught that any special form of organization was essential. The church was left to develop its own structure as need arose and occasion demanded. That there was a rapid growth of the Episcopal form of government is clear; but it is equally clear that Episcopacy came into being in different areas of the church at different times, and that full communion existed between local churches which were especially organized and churches which were not. Of the theory of Apostolical Succession, as interpreted by the Tractarians, there is no trace in the earliest ages of the church, and there is no suggestion that nonepiscopal bodies were lacking in any element essential to the constitution of the church. . . . If the test of discipleship is by their fruits ye shall know them, it is nothing less than a degradation of Christ's teaching to substitute for that spiritual test of membership in his society a rigid mechanical test, such as that which Tractarianism implied." Of Newman the author says: "He was a thorough-going skeptic in this sense, that he utterly distrusted human reason. He fell back therefore upon two supports, his own deep-seated moral and religious instincts, and the guidance of the external authority of the church. He cut human nature into two. Conscience was the voice of God, but reason was not. Conscience led to truth; intelligence, if not guided by authority, could only issue in skepticism." In continuance of this topic the following is added: "While Newman and his friends were organizing the Oxford Movement, Coleridge was talking. Talking is perhaps, as F. D. Maurice thought, the besetting sin of Broad Churchmen: but if they talked as Coleridge did, they would be forgiven. His was the seminal mind of theological Liberalism in England at this time, and his influence fell short of Schleiermacher's only because his work was less systematic." Like other Christian philosophers, he has been accused of Pantheism—a charge which Canon Storr has little difficulty in refuting. He was the teacher of Maurice, Arnold, Robertson, and their friends—the founders of the old Broad Church party, which is just passing away, and the teachers, in their turn, of Stanley, Jowett, and the other authors of Essays and Reviews. "I do not know well," wrote Maurice, "what the Broad Church is. I always took it to be a fiction of Conybeare's [this refers to an article on "Church Parties," in the Edinburgh Review, 1853]. If it means anything, I suppose it is a representation, under different modifications, of that creed which is contained in Whately's books, or of that which has

arisen at Oxford out of the reaction against Tractarianism." This was no doubt its historical origin. But it included from the first men of very different types: and Canon Storr is justified, when looking for "a place for Carlyle in the development of English theological thought of the nineteenth century," in finding it on the circumference of the circle whose center was Maurice, Erskine, and Hare. Carlyle, it is true, had a strain of Nietzsche, and perhaps of Calvin, in him: but, though he could not accept dogmatic Christianity as a whole, the positiveness of his moral and religious convictions puts him more on the Christian side than Francis Newman, Froude, Mill, Arnold, Clough, and the rest whom Canon Storr classes together under the title of the Negative Movement. Comparing the Broad Churchman of to-day with his predecessor of fifty years ago, Canon Storr says: "The modern Broad Churchman has a keener historical sense, a truer appreciation of the value of the central facts of the Christian revelation. And the modern Broad Churchman makes the Person of Christ the central figure of his whole system of theology." The readers of the METHODIST REVIEW will naturally turn with special interest to whatever this Church of England historian writes concerning Methodism. After saying that the eighteenth century was the seed-plot of many of the ideas and movements which gave life and color to the nineteenth, he refers to the "Methodist upheaval" as one of the forces working toward a revolution in religious thought, and says: "The promoters of the Methodist movement never claimed to be theologians. They were evangelists with a practical aim, and were content to build upon the traditional doctrines. And the hostility with which, for the most part, they were regarded by Churchmen made the orthodox theologian disinclined to learn from them any lesson. Indirectly, however, Methodism had an influence upon the theology of the succeeding century. When the reconstruction came, after the rationalistic methods of the eighteenth century had proved their impotence, it was seen that a wider spiritual vision was needed, if a theology was to grow up, adequate to religious experience. This wider vision Wesley and Whitefield helped to create, and they did so by restoring to the emotions their place in religion. Religion for the average man, and for the uneducated in particular, can never be founded on argument. Its basis must be laid deeper, in an appeal to the heart and the will. But, speaking broadly, we are right in saying that it was just this appeal which was lacking in the teaching of the English clergy at this period. Their sermons, for the most part, were moral essays, or logical demonstrations, and were addressed to the head, not the heart. Christian morality was taught, but its practice was advocated from prudential motives. There was an absence of fire. 'Enthusiasm' was a thing to be avoided at all costs. The English Church of the eighteenth century loved above all things a quiet existence. An English Bishop wrote to one of his clergy: 'I am coming down next month to hold a quiet day in your parish.' The clergyman wrote in reply: 'We shall be glad to have you, my Lord, but what we need in this parish is not a quiet day, but an earthquake.' Bishop Horsley's primary charge to

the diocese of Saint David's (1790) was concerned with pointing out the importance of doctrinal preaching. He warned his clergy against preaching mere moral sermons and becoming apes of Epictetus. If the clergy would pay more attention to doctrine, then the churches would be thronged; while the moralizing Unitarian would be left to read his dull weekly lecture to the walls of his deserted conventicle, and the ignorant field-preacher would bellow unregarded to the wilderness. Wesley saw, and grasped, his opportunity. The population of the country was growing. In the towns were masses of people for whom the Church was an object of no interest whatever. They were growing up without the ministrations of religion. A situation was arising which was fraught with danger for the community. Here was the very soil in which the seeds of atheism and revolution might take root. We may note in passing that, among the causes which may be adduced in explanation of the fact that England avoided a revolution, place must be given to the influence of Methodism in diverting into a religious channel emotions which might otherwise have found expression in political action. Rationalism, as has been said, was the prevailing temper in theology. Wesley's religious training had been in a very different school. He had learned both from the Moravians and from William Law that religious experience cannot be measured by logic, and that feeling is of the essence of religion. But he did not blindly follow either master. From the Moravians he definitely broke away. And his practical common sense found Law's later mysticism too vague and unsubstantial. He was, like the evangelicals, a believer in the power of definite doctrinal teaching. There is a theological framework to all his preaching. But his power lay in bringing doctrinal truth home to the heart and conscience. He was a master in rousing religious emotions, though, as is well known, he produced results in this respect which he himself regretted. Feeling, then, was making its voice heard. The religious revival led the way. It was followed by the literary revival. The religious awakening effected by Methodism provided a general atmosphere of warm emotion which was a stimulus for fresh, creative literary effort. Literature recovered its spontaneity when the feelings came to their own; and the feelings played a large part in the great religious revival. Here, too, we trace the growth of a reaction against the formalism and conventionalism of literary standards, which was to issue, in England as on the Continent, in the Romantic movement. One of the first symptoms of the change is to be seen in a fresh feeling for nature and her beauty. Descriptions of natural scenery are frequent in Thomson's poetry, but Thomson hardly belongs to the true line of the new interpretation. He is still fettered by the formalism of his age, and, while he finds beauty in nature, fails to penetrate to its spiritual significance. With Cowper the new movement has fairly begun, because he has left formalism behind, and shows us how nature can be a source of pure and simple delight to man. He was, too, the poet of religious emotion, and though he cannot be said to have risen, like Wordsworth, to a religious interpretation of nature, yet he marks a stage in that direction.

It was left for Wordsworth to bring out the full, spiritual meaning of natural beauty, to hold up nature as the garment of God, or, rather, to reveal her as spiritual in essence, as a material frame indwelt, and so transfigured, by the life of Deity. Along with this revival of a feeling for nature went a feeling for humanity in its natural and simple elements, for the life of the peasant and the homestead, such as we find in the poetry of Burns, or later in that of Wordsworth. It was a protest against artificiality; it was a recognition of the dignity of manhood, and of the worth of the life of simple, natural feeling and honest toil. Here was not only fresh material for poetic treatment, but the way was being opened for that larger vision of the meaning of humanity and human history which has characterized the nineteenth century." Chapter IV is given to the history of the early Evangelical party in the Anglican Church, more or less sympathetic with the Wesleyan movement. Canon Storr says: "As upholders of the vital force of religion, and exponents of its spiritual power, the Evangelicals in the early years of the nineteenth century may be regarded as the strongest influence in the church. The three great centers of the party's influence were Cambridge, Clapham, and London. At Cambridge the prominent names were those of Charles Simeon (d. 1836); Isaac Milner, President of Queens' College and Dean of Carlisle, the chief intellectual power in the party (d. 1820); William Farish, Professor of Chemistry (d. 1837); James Scholefield, Regius Professor of Greek (d. 1853); and William Dealtry, till 1813 a Fellow of Trinity, subsequently Rector of Clapham and Archdeacon of Surrey. The 'Clapham sect' looked to William Wilberforce as its leader (d. 1833), and included such men, eminent in their various spheres of life, as Henry Thornton, Lord Teignmouth, Granville Sharp, Zachary Macaulay, James Stephen, and John Venn, who preceded Dealtry as Rector of Clapham. In London Richard Cecil had charge of Saint John's Chapel in Bedford Row till his death in 1810, when he was succeeded by Daniel Wilson, who in 1824 became Vicar of Islington, and later Bishop of Calcutta. Thomas Hartwell Horne, the author of an Introduction to the Critical Study of Holy Scripture, published in 1818, was at Welbeck Chapel. Thomas Scott, the biblical commentator, was ministering at the Lock Hospital. Newman says of Scott that he 'made a deeper impression on my mind that any other [writer],' and that to him '(humanly speaking), I almost owe my soul.' Other important names are Josiah Pratt, secretary and inspirer of the Church Missionary Society; Basil Woodd, chaplain of the Bentinck Chapel; and Henry Blunt, Rector of Saint Luke's, Chelsea. The fashionable watering-places were also centers of evangelical influence, as were some of the big towns, such as Liverpool and Manchester: but the party had little foothold in Oxford, save at Saint Edmund's Hall, of which Daniel Wilson was assistant tutor in 1804, and Vice-Principal in 1809. Three more names deserve mention: Hannah More (d. 1833), whose Cheap Repository Tracts had a wide and wholesome influence, and whose personal character and devotion to the cause of religion, even at the risk of danger to life and limb, have won universal admiration; Legh Richmond, Vicar, first of Brading in the Isle

of Wight, and then of Turvey in Bedfordshire (d. 1828), a man of high culture and the antagonist of Daubeny; and Thomas Gisborne (d. 1846), who was regarded by the party as an intellectual light, and a preacher of considerable power. The Christian Observer, first published in 1802, was the official literary organ of the Evangelicals, and had a large circulation. Finally, many of the leading higher classes in society joined the Evangelical ranks. This for a time increased their prestige and influence, but herein also undoubtedy lay one cause of their subsequent rapid decline in the Anglican Church; for a religion which becomes fashionable is inevitably in danger of losing some of its spiritual power. The Evangelical movement comes before us on its theological side as a clear-cut scheme of doctrines which men were required to accept as the embodiment of a divine revelation; and its exponents are never tired of insisting that the fruits of practical religion will be found to exist just in proportion to the clarity of the doctrinal belief. The chief point, for example, emphasized by William Wilberforce in his Practical View (a book typical of the teaching of the school) is, that the main distinction between real and nominal Christians consists in the fact that the former have, while the latter have not, a clear hold upon what he characterizes as the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, such as the corruption of human nature, the efficacy of the Atonement, the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit. Narrow though Evangelical theology may have been, it is not too much to say, that one of the chief sources of the party's strength lay in the fact that they possessed a clearly defined doctrinal system which they rigidly enforced. In the doctrinal teaching of the Evangelicals, Soteriology occupies the central place. Christ as the crucified Saviour of sinful man is the main theme of almost all their sermons. Here two beliefs are fundamental. The first is the assertion of the depravity of human nature as the ground and occasion of Christ's redemptive work. All, without exception, insisted upon this article of their creed. Upon all their writing lies the heavy shadow of the Augustinian theology. But, as the bright complement to this dark picture, stands the cross of Christ, conceived as the ground of God's forgiveness, and the only hope of the sinner. In the matter of the punishment for sin the Evangelicals taught a doctrine of substitution. Christ bore, instead of men, the punishment which sin deserves. The death of Christ was regarded as effecting a change in God's attitude to man. The divine wrath, appeased by the sacrifice on the cross, became the divine favor for all who would accept the proffered salvation. The Atonement had for them far more than a subjective value. It was of objective importance. It was an act of God which had meaning not only for man, but for God himself in his relation to a sinful humanity. It was the divine remedy for the ruin wrought by sin; the plan devised by God to supplement the original plan of creation, which, owing to human willfulness and depravity, was in danger of failing of its purpose. Great importance was attached by the Evangelicals to the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, and the reality of his operation in the human heart. The whole nature of man must cooperate with his working, but the possibility of

such cooperation was his gift. By him repentance is inspired. Conversion, or the radical turning round of the whole man from darkness to light, implies his activity. Growth in character, and the gradual eradication of sinful tendency, are possible only by his aid. Such repentance and conversion were necessary for all who would be Christ's followers; but conversion, so the more sober-minded taught, was not an instantaneous thing, but 'the serious commencement of a work which it requires the vigorous exertions of the whole life to complete.' Justification by Faith was one of the watchwords of the party. 'You build for eternity,' says Isaac Milner, 'on the righteousness of Christ; you renounce for ever, as a foundation of hope, your own righteousness.' 'Faith,' says Overton, 'is a cordial belief of God's testimony, and a reliance on his promises.' In particular, it is an unquestioning acceptance of the saving power of Christ's death upon the cross. Christ died for me. He did that for me which I could never do myself. He now lives to infuse his life into me. I have only to believe that, and to act upon it, and heaven is open to me. That sums up the essence of the Evangelical creed; a creed which had, and still has, power to redeem and rescue men. Faith is in no way opposed to good works, save where the question is one of the grounds of our acceptance with God. Good works have no merit in themselves to procure salvation, but they are the necessary outcome of a living faith. The tree is known by its fruit. For the unrepentant sinner who neglects Christ's offer of pardon waits the doom of eternal punishment. The Evangelicals universally accepted the doctrine that at death every soul passes into an eternity of weal or woe. Though the Evangelicals, as we have seen, insisted upon the necessity of a clearly defined dogmatic basis of belief, they were not interested in speculative theology. Spiritual religion was what they taught. They were not theologians; they were religious reformers. Truth for truth's sake, the independent pursuit of truth, was no passion with them. Their passion was for saving souls, and for large schemes of religious and philanthropic enterprise. Doctrine was utilized for this end; and they showed too often a tendency to wrest the meaning of isolated texts or passages in the Bible, so as to make them fit in with their doctrinal scheme. Their writings were in the main homiletical. In the twentieth century, in all schools of theological thought, Christology rather than Soteriology, the Incarnation rather than the Atonement, now occupies the central position. In place of the *Christus Redemptor* stands the *Christus Consummator*. The teaching of the Evangelical party in the early years of the nineteenth century was essentially and almost exclusively soteriological. In the cross of Christ they found the motive power for the saving of souls. Christian experience proves that it is just here that the motive power resides. But when theological thought began to relate itself to the new methods of historical and comparative research, to the discoveries of physical science, and to a philosophy broader than that of English empiricism—when, in a word, it began to learn that, if it would be the queen of sciences, it must take into account all branches of learning, then it became inevitable that a wider view should be taken

of the meaning of the Christian revelation. The Atonement was a unique and supreme act of Christ's life; but the life lay behind it, and behind that again the historical preparation for his coming. The perception that revelation is progressive forbids the isolation of any single factor of the movement. It is likely enough that the pendulum has to-day swung too far in the opposite direction; and that the doctrine of the Atonement is not receiving the emphasis which it deserves. There are signs that teachers and preachers are recognizing, and are correcting, this defect. Also the doctrine of eternal punishment is no longer enforced with the same vigor. Here, again, we have grown too lax in our views, and are in danger of losing that sense of the heinousness of sin which was so marked a feature of the Evangelical creed, and of minimizing the gravity of Christ's words about future retribution. The dread of eternal punishment was utilized by the Evangelicals as a powerful instrument for the conversion of souls. They were but giving practical application to the creed of theological utilitarianism which flourished almost universally throughout the eighteenth century. In this respect we have unquestionably lost a potent motive for the transformation of the sinner. Finally, though the extreme individualism of the Evangelicals has broken down, we have gone too far in the direction of depersonalizing the individual, and losing him in the mass. Whatever may be true of social salvation, it is certain that in the matter of religion 'no man can redeem his brother,' though he may help to set him on the path of redemption. The religious individualism of the Evangelicals, over-emphasized though it may have been, was rooted in the truth. It is curious that the strong sense of fellowship which the Evangelicals showed in their splendid missionary and philanthropic work, and their insistence upon family life as the seed-plot of character, should not have been more clearly reflected in their theology." This is a large and learned book, by an unusually fair-minded Anglican. We are surprised to find an Oxford fellow and a canon of Westminster perpetrating that grotesque blunder in elementary grammar, using whom for who: "Those whom God foreknew would remain true"; "whom . . . . would"! In a note at the end of the chapter on the Evangelicals reference is made to the criticisms upon the religious enthusiasm which accompanied that movement, and it is said: "The irreligious, the lukewarm, and the formalist often leveled the reproach of enthusiasm, equally with that of bigotry, at what ought to have been regarded as sound spirituality and true Christian zeal, the anxious efforts of thoughtful and religious men to find a surer standing ground against the reasoning of infidels and Deists. The term 'enthusiasm' is a land-mark in the history of eighteenth century thought, both theological and philosophical. It is closely connected on the one side with the revival of the feelings in the life of religion and the reaction against a narrow rationalism; and on the other with the development of ethical inquiry into the nature of the moral faculty. A careful study of the significance of the word opens up the whole range of the problems which the speculation of the eighteenth century was trying to solve."

Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by JAMES HASTINGS, with the assistance of JOHN A. SELBIE and LOUIS H. GRAY. Vol. 7. Hymns—Liberty. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 1915, pp. xx+911. Price, $7 per vol.

AMONG massive treatments in this in some respects the greatest of all the Encyclopædias notice: Hymns, 17 articles according to different religions, 56 long double column pages; images and idols, 16 articles, 51 pages; incarnation 11 articles, 19 pages; initiation 8 articles, 15 pages; inspiration 4 articles, 11 pages, king, 8 articles, 4 pages; law 21 articles, 84 pages. Ethics, philosophy, theology, church history have their rights still, even if comparative religion has the chief place. Infallibilty (21 pages), by Curtis of Aberdeen, is a remarkably able and even brilliant piece of work, which this reviewer has read with intense interest. Jesus Christ (47 pages), by Mackenzie of Hartford, is a contribution to the theological education of the reader not to be despised. It is a masterly survey, and should be read and reread by all ministers. There is also an article on Jesus Christ in Judaism and one on the same in Zoroastrianism. We notice the 28-page article on Judaism, and another on Liberal Judaism. As over against the exaggerated statement of differences between Paul and the Jewish Christian in the article on Apostolic Christianity in volume 1 discussed in our review of that volume, see Kay's article, Judaizing, in this volume. The articles on Roman Catholic subjects are mostly—as they should be—by writers of that church, but written with adequate scholarship and generally in a fair spirit. Protestants can easily get their own side on these subjects, and the Roman Catholic side, therefore, is all the more welcome. The Jesuit Father Thurston is excessively apologetic on the Jesuits and has not nearly the scientific value as Zöckler's great article in the new Herzog (abridged in the New Schaff-Herzog). This and Boehmer's book (Die Jesuiten, 3 Aufl. 1913) are *not* "only summaries," nor are the books by Griesinger, Nicolini, Rule, and McCabe "mere caricatures." He fails to mention Otto am Rhyn's admirable The Jesuits, N. Y., 1895, Huber's Jesuitenmoral, Bern, 1870, the interesting collection of R. Eckart, Hundert Stimmen aus vier Jahrunderten über den Jesuitenorden, Leipz (1904?), Cartright's able The Jesuits: Their Constitution and Teaching, Lond., 1876, and von Hoensbroech's Der Zweck heiligt die Nittel, 3 enl. ed. Berl., 1904, very serious omissions in his literature. Thurston is also unfair to Pascal's Provincial Letters, and he throws his readers on a false scent when he points to the moral lives of the Jesuits, and remarks: "If the Jesuits were the unprincipled teachers of lax morality that their opponents contend they were, the laxity might be expected to show itself in their lives." This is like saying, If liquor drinking is so bad, then you would expect to find no virtue in liquor sellers. The very contrary was the aim of the Jesuits, namely, by their own strict lives and discipline to gain an influence for the church over important laymen and women, and, in order to do that, carry out to the farthest extent possible the lax principles and laxer applications of them involved in the whole Roman Catholic system of casuistry and ethics. The chief sinner lay farther back, namely, the church herself, as can be seen by this fact among many that her great

saint and casuist Alphonso Liguori was not a Jesuit at all, but was one of the loosest moral teachers that the world has ever known. If the reader will look up the reliable and sober books of Huber and Cartright mentioned above, or the article by Professor Wharton on Casuistry in the Princeton Review, January, 1878, or by Starbuck on Jesuit Ethics in the Andover Review, xi (1889), he will be in a much better position to judge of the effectiveness of Father Thurston's white-washing in this article. Vacandard is fairer on the Inquisition (6 pages), and if you read carefully you will find that he bears out the list of fearful statutes of that court given by von Döllinger in his Historical and Literary Addresses, Lond., 1894, pp. 209-10, statutes which made escape of any accused impossible, if the court wished to convict him. Canon Dr. Vacandard thinks the Inquisition was a "means of real social progress" (p. 335), and there were beneficent aspects; but the very idea of the Inquisition as a secret court weaving its web surely and relentlessly around its victim, was and is as nearly diabolical as any institution ever fostered by the church. When he says that the heresies of the Middle Ages were "nearly always interwoven with anti-social systems," he should have said either more or less. Some were, and some were not; and some of those that were were so in something the same sense as the Friends in modern times, and others followed in their own way the social-religious ideas that the church had always glorified. But it was not these so-called anti-social ideas which whetted the sword of the ecclesiastics, it was the heresy itself. And it was not "society" which fought the Cathari, but the church. In regard to the church and the death penalty, while formally, of course, the church did not dip her hands in blood, really she did. In Northern Europe, while the first impulse to death punishment of heresy came from the ignorant populace on the strength of supposed relation of heresy to witchcraft and poisoning, yet by the twelfth century the church had come around entirely and the clergy were the inciters of the people to harsh measures, and in the Synod of Rheims of 1157 demanded in special cases the legal infliction of death for heresy. Nor is it conceivable that she could not, if she had desired, overcome by instruction, preaching, etc., the old popular cry for punishment just as the Southern clergy could do away lynching in the United States. Vacandard's quotation from Lea, "The stake [or the Inquisition] consumed comparatively few victims," is a little misleading, inasmuch as Lea is speaking (Inquisition of Middle Ages, I, 480) of the fearful financial exploitation by the tribunal, compared with which the deaths of victims were, of course, few—an exploitation which "inflicted misery and wrong to an almost unlimited extent. While the horrors of the crowded dungeon can scarcely be exaggerated, yet more effective for evil and more widely exasperating was the sleepless watchfulness which was ever on the alert to plunder the rich and to wrench from the poor the hard earned gains on which a family depended for support. It was only in rare cases that the victim dared to raise a cry, and rarer still in which that cry was heard; but sufficient instances have reached us to prove what a scourge was the institution, in this aspect alone, in all the populations cursed by

its presence." As to the stake victims they were sufficiently numerous in all conscience. In one *auto de fé* held in Toulouse in April, 1310, 65 were condemned to perpetual imprisonment (3 in chains), a punishment then only less fearful than death, which some would prefer, and 18 to death by burning. In another beautiful religious celebration of the same kind in the same city in April, 1312, 86 were condemned to imprisonment, 5 to burning, 5 who had not appeared to the same, and in the case of some who had died, but who were later proved to have been tainted with heresy, 10 were found worthy of the dungeon, and thus their estates were confiscated, and 36 were ordered to be dug up from their graves and burned (Lea I, 393). Yes, the stake victims were sufficiently numerous, God knows. The article on the Immaculate Conception, by the learned Father Professor Turmel, is one of the most impartial and scientific pieces ever written by a Catholic. We have read with much interest also the articles Laity, Invincible Ignorance, Irving and the Catholic Apostolic Church, Invocation, Intercession, Intention, and other Church History articles all full and scholarly. The author of the article Interim uses the word "reformed" in misleading sense. Better say reformation, and keep reformed to its proper use to designate the churches which followed Zwingli and Calvin. On account of the denial that zealots ever consecrated themselves to death or injury by throwing themselves before the car of Juggernaut, we read with interest the article Jagganath. We find there were such cases, but they were not many and were unknown in 1872 when Hunter wrote his Orissa. Most of the suicides were diseased and miserable, and took this method to free themselves from pain. As to biography only the great men are mentioned, but there are long treatments of Jerome, Kant, Knox, Leibnitz, Lessing, etc. The whole Encyclopædia is laid out on an ample plan, and is filled with the rich spoils of learning, every article signed, and only a very small part of its riches is mentioned above.

Index to the New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge. New York and London: Funk and Wagnalls Co. 1914, pp. 111 (being to 13th volume of the Encyclopædia).

WHILE not so exhaustive as the 482-page Index of the twenty-two-volume edition of the original German, this volume by the associate editor, George William Gilmore, is a most admirable performance, and opens up the treasures of this latest general theological encyclopædia. The main articles are printed in capitals, and under them is ranged every place in the twelve volumes where the same subject is treated, with of course thousands of titles to which a separate article is not devoted. For instance, there are two entries for Drew Theological Seminary. It is a pity there is no index to authors, with the articles credited to them, as in the German edition, but there is a valuable bibliographical appendix containing a list under appropriate subjects of all books which appeared in German, French, and English between about 1909 and 1914. This is an indispensable help, and enlarges the unrivaled bibliographical lists in the articles themselves. The new Schaff-Herzog is a work of fine scholarship, wide comprehensiveness, and living interest, and no minister

or layman who wants to keep in authoritative touch with the whole world of religion, past and present, and especially with Christianity, can afford not to have it within easy reach. Alas that the noble, accomplished, and self-effacing scholar and chief editor, Samuel Macauley Jackson, did not live to see his great work completed. He died August 2, 1912, aged sixty-one.

Christian Freedom. The Baird Lecture for 1913. By WILLIAM MALCOLM MACGREGOR, D.D., St. Andrew's United Free Church, Edinburgh. 12mo, pp. xii, 428. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

HERE is a book which deals with the essential and distinctive teachings of Protestantism with surpassing ability. The subject of these vigorous lectures is "the priesthood of all believers." The author bases his discussion on the Epistle to the Galatians, where the bugle note of Christian freedom and the rights of the Christian individual is sounded with certainty; it has been well described as the declaration for all time of the profound significance of an individual experience of Christ and of the many directions in which such an experience may serve for guidance and for impulse. Dr. Macgregor has rendered a valuable service in pointing out that the essential discovery of mysticism is that God can be apprehended not by the logical reason but directly by the soul. Mysticism embraces all the experiences in which some noble instinct of the heart outstrips the slower movement of the logical mind. Without disparaging the place of the reason, he shows that it is the heart that feels God and not the reasoning faculty. It is very interesting to note how this Presbyterian divine enthusiastically emphasizes the characteristic teachings of Methodism. We do not mean to say that Methodism has any monopoly of the discoveries and possession of the Spirit of God, nor indeed has it ever professed to have it exclusively. It has, however, stood for those spiritual experiences which abide and which satisfy the deepest desires of the soul, and if its testimony has made an impression on all the churches, we thank God, and take courage. In the lecture on "A Valid Ministry," Dr. Macgregor discusses the whole question of the consecration of Dr. Coke to exercise Episcopal functions in America, and concludes with these sentences: "Paul would contentedly have claimed Coke as a bishop and apostle after his own pattern, however irregular the mode of his creation might appear. The only reality for which Paul cared was the reality of a divine call, which may come through ecclesiastical channels or apart from these. William Booth was a thousand times more a *real* bishop (though he never bore the name) than hosts of ineffective persons who have worn the miter. Paul asked for two things in an apostle—the sight of Christ, and the proved ability to help other men to see him, and where he found these present he brushed other defects aside. Nothing is so proud as a fact, and all objections taken *a priori* must go down before it." A few of the subjects of these very striking lectures show the trend of the timely discussions in this great book—The Tyranny of a Tradition, The Power of a Personality, The Power of an Experience, Christ the Whole of Christianity, The Fruits of the Spirit of Jesus, and The Church and the Individual. The author does well to make prominent the spiritual inde-

pendence of the individual who has a fresh experience of the mercy of God, and who, therefore, has a right to stand up boldly against all traditions or accepted theory, which would bar that experience out. Throughout this refreshing volume, we are given a discerning exposition of the place of Christian experience: "The greatest of the functions discharged by individual experience in the life of the church is, on occasion, to give it a new beginning, for the course of Christian history is terrible in its reminders that there may be such a thing as a dead church." The only security of any church against apostasy is to be found in faith, prayer, the realized presence of the Spirit, and the continuance of fellowship with the Living God. "It is thus," says Dr. Macgregor, "that Paul conceived of the life of the church. He saw with growing clearness the immensity of the service which it might render to its members; they lived in it, and were blessed in it, and actually they appeared to have no promise of life apart from it. But he also saw that the church itself is nothing, except as it is inhabited by the Spirit of God, which continually wakens individual men into life by the church's teaching and fellowship. In recalling the course of his own coming to faith, he suffered the human agencies to drop entirely out of sight. 'It pleased God,' he said, 'to reveal his Son in *me*,' and the same personal illumination seemed to wait for others. And a Christian community is only of worth in so far as it gives opportunity for this quickening of life in the individual, and the unfettered development of that life in every sort of worthy service." These lectures are of the utmost value to ministers because they not only lay stress on the fundamental features of Christian character, but also repeatedly strike the note of Christian liberty through fellowship with Christ and in the service of men.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Philosophy of Spirit. By JOHN SNAITH. Large octavo, pp. vii+405. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, $3, net.

THIS book puts up a plea for correct thinking in matters of religion. Much of the theological confusion of the day is due to insufficient philosophy, or rather to a philosophy that is not logical. Mere opinion rules everywhere in church and state, and even in much of what is named science and philosophy. Mr. Snaith is a minister of the Primitive Methodist Church in England, and has been a devout student and exponent of Hegel's philosophy, and a very close friend of the late Professor Hutchinson Sterling. Whatever may be said against Hegel's dialectics and his failure to fit religion into the so-called logical construction of his system of thought, that does not affect his notable view of religion which he set forth as a conscientious relation of Finite Spirit to the Absolute Spirit. God communes with man and this communion takes the form of self-manifestation and self-revelation. Herein lies the reality of religion, and Christianity is the highest and absolute form of all religion. This communion between God and man implies that man in his thought is infinite, and that man can, therefore, think the infinite. This is the central topic

of Mr. Snaith's important exposition of Christian thought. His study of personality is full of insight. It is the deepest, most essential, and vital element of man's likeness to God. A special chapter is devoted to this subject. Of particular interest to all Methodists is his very searching discussion of the Witness of the Spirit, which he justly regards as the most fundamental of all the doctrines of the Bible. This chapter deserves to be reprinted for extensive circulation among the people called Methodists. The significance of this subject is seen in the following quotations: "When a true logical experience of the Witness of the Spirit declines, the most fantastical doctrinal illusions and delusions take its place. Men hew out to themselves broken cisterns, wherein the water of life is lost. Apart from a true knowledge of the Witness of the Spirit a true knowledge of morality and religion is impossible, because without such knowledge morality and religion take the form, almost invariably, of mere legal enactments in both church and state. . . . When the Witness of the Spirit fails to be properly realized in the Christian Church, the people inclined to religion naturally attach themselves to a sacerdotal or priestly Church, where the priest is accepted as a sort of mediator, and great reliance is placed in the efficacy of external ordinances, baptism, Holy Communion, and especially in priestly confession and absolution. The rest become sceptical on matters pertaining to God." There were five periods in the history of the Christian Church when this central topic concerning the Witness of the Spirit received closest attention. The first period was during the apostolic age. The next began with Luther and the reformation in Germany, England, and France. The third period was associated with George Fox and the Quakers. Next came John Wesley. The fifth and last period was with the origin and earlier growth of the Primitive Methodist Church and the labors of Hugh Bourne, who was the real founder of that denomination. A Methodist himself, what Mr. Snaith says about Methodism is, therefore, all the more searching. If he is sharp in his criticism there is in it a note of sympathy and eager interest in the highest welfare of the Methodist type of Christianity. "Methodists, while attaching in some respects great importance to preaching, to individual study of the Bible, and to what are considered its fundamental doctrines, have greatly undervalued metaphysical philosophy and have made 'the Witness of the Spirit' to depend too much on emotional excitement in prayer, without having sought sufficiently to understand the deep logical philosophical import of this doctrine. Nevertheless, the prominence given to the doctrine has made Methodism, whatever its lack may otherwise have been, a new force in the spread of a purer Christianity in the world. Yet, unless this doctrine is grounded on a sound philosophy, the danger is that a person may think he is taught by the Spirit when he is only led by the promptings of his own fancy. The history of the Evangelical Christian Churches at times of great spiritual awakening, furnishes many examples of fanatical zeal due to this lack of a sound philosophy. . . . Few Methodists have ever logically grasped the nature of assurance through the Spirit as Wesley did, and fewer still know how he came to realize it. They only know that he was aided thereto by some Moravians.

True, the Witness of the Spirit became the main doctrine in the Methodists' creed and experience, but it lost most of its real logical depth and became a mere dogmatic opinion, held with more or less firmness of conviction, based on Wesley's own words, and on several widely quoted words of Scripture bearing on this doctrine." There is another very valuable chapter on "Christ—The God-Man." The chief purpose of Christ's mission was to reveal the dignity of the divine and human nature and to show how man can obtain perfect love. The author repeatedly emphasizes the truth that love is the basic center of thought. The true nature of thought is known when it is recognized that God is love. Reason devoid of love is not true reason. "Loving thought is the best thought, and God is the best. God could not be God were he not in himself absolutely and essentially loving thought. Man can only attain to the perfection of his being in conscious fellowship with God in and through loving thought; and therein is realized the perfect personality of Christ." "The foundation of all morality and true religion is in the *love of God*, who is at once both truth and love, which unity is thus expressed in the words, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God.'" Enough has been said to show that this book is a vindication of the truth of the Christian religion. We do not have to agree with the author in every respect. We can even excuse some of his ultra-conservative positions in view of his remarkable constructive interpretation of Christianity. He justly regards it as the religion of the Spirit, which guides men into the continuous enjoyment of fellowship with the Eternal God through Jesus Christ his Son.

Macmillan's Annual. Edited by E. F. Lucas. 12mo, pp. 195. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, paper, 35 cents.

We recur to this collection chiefly because it contains several of Louis Stevenson's newly published letters. In one written to an early friend on a Sunday in Edinburgh, Stevenson, then twenty-four and broken down in health, wrote: "I had a nice time to-day, lying and resting about outside the church in the sunshine, hearing the psalms and the solitary voice of the preacher. All the same Sunday comes hard on me. The mind goes back of a Sunday and *repents*." That last word recalls James Whitcomb Riley's verses "My Conscience," a serious and by no means a jesting poem, in which one of Riley's familiar boys is made to say:

"Sometimes my Conscience says, says he,
'Don't you know me?'
And I, says I, skeered through and through,
'Of course I do.
You air a nice chap ever' way,
I'm here to say!
You make me cry—you make me pray,
And all them good things thataway—
That is, at *night*. Where do you stay
Durin' the day?'

"And then my Conscience says, one't more,
'You know me—shore?'
'Oh, yes,' says I, a-trimblin' faint,
'You're jes' a saint!

Your ways is all so holy-right,
I love you better ever' night
You come around,—'tel plum daylight,
When you air out o' sight!'

"And then my Conscience sort o' grits
His teeth, and spits
On his two hands and grabs, of course,
Some old remorse,
And beats me with the big butt-end
O' *that* thing—'tel my closest friend
'Ud hardly know me. 'Now,' says he,
'Be keerful as you'd orto be
And *allus* think o' me!' "

The next letter, in better health, is to the same friend: "I could not write you yesterday, because, hosanna! I was hard at work. I am just set on work, and as long as this fit lasts life is easy enough. Keep up your heart. Sometimes life seems almost without meaning, no aim or end, no star as signpost in the maze. But I have had good times in the course of my pilgrimage; and so have you. If I could get to London to-day I feel sure I could make you have one more good time, I feel so good and jolly. So the fight's not lost, after all; and I am not going to be all my life under the constellation of the black dog. O dear friend, I wish I could be with you a moment just to show you it's all right. However, even this letter may do you good, if it is only to remind you that to each and all the spirit of delight does sometimes come." Not many months before his death, and when too weak to write, the following letter of invitation, describing analytically the Vailima household, was dictated to Mrs. Strong, Stevenson's stepdaughter. "Vailima, Samoa, April 3, 1893. My dear Barrie. Here follows a catalogue of my menagerie: (1) R. L. S., the Tame Celebrity. Native name: *Tusi tala.* Exceedingly lean, dark eyes, crowfooted, beginning to be grizzled, general appearance of a blasted boy—or blighted youth . . . industrious, respectable, and fatuously contented. Used to be very fond of talking about Art, don't talk about it any more. Is restrained by his family from talking about Origin of Polynesian Race. Really knows a good deal, but has lived so long with aforesaid family and foremast hands, that you might talk a week to him and never guess it. Name in family, the Tame Celebrity. Hopelessly entangled in apron-strings. . . . Manners purple on an emergency, but liable to trances. Essentially the common copybook gentleman of commerce: if accused of cheating would feel bound to blow out his brains, little as he would like the job. Has been an invalid for ten years, but can boldly claim that you can't tell it on him. Given to explaining the universe—Scotch, sir, Scotch. (2) Fanny V. de G. Stevenson, The Weird Woman, Native name: *Tamaitai.* This is what you will have to look out for, Mr. Barrie. . . . If you don't get on with her, it's a pity about your visit. She runs the show. Infinitely little, extraordinary wig of gray curls, handsome waxen face like Napoleon's, insane black eyes, boy's hands, tiny feet, wild blue native dress usually spotted with

garden mold. In company manners presents the appearance of a little timid and precise old maid of the days of prunes and prisms—you look for the reticule. Infernal energy; relieved by fortnights of entire hibernation. Doctors everybody, will doctor you, cannot be doctored herself. The living Partizan. Imaginary conversation after your visit: 'I like Mr. Barrie. I don't like anybody else. I don't like anybody that don't like him. When he took me in to dinner he made the wittiest remark I ever heard.' Is always either loathed or slavishly adored—indifference impossible. (3) Isobel Stewart Strong. [*Your humble servant the Amanuensis. Native name, Teuila.*] Eyes enormous and parti-colored, one-and-three-fifths brown, the other two-fifths golden. Her long dark hair deep as her knees. Caricatures cleverly. Will arrange your hair and stick flowers about you. Meaning of her native name, The Adorner of the Ugly. Even a stiff six-foot-two English guest learned to kneel daily for his wreath, and the native boys go to her to have their ties put on. Runs me like a baby in a perambulator, sees I'm properly dressed, bought me silk socks and made me wear them, takes care of me when I am sick, and I don't know what she doesn't do for me when I'm well, from writing my books to trimming my nails. Has a growing conviction that she is the author of my works, manages the house and the house-boys, who are very fond of her. Does all the hair cutting of the family. Will cut yours, and doubtless object to the way you part it. Mine has been reorganized twice. (4) Lloyd Osbourne, The boy. Native name, *Loia.* Six foot, blond. Eyeglasses—British eyeglasses, too. Address varying from an elaborate civility to a freezing haughtiness. Decidedly witty. Has seen an enormous amount of the world for his age. Keeps nothing of youth but some of its intolerance. Unexpected soft streak for the forlorn. When he is good he is very very good, but when he is cross he is horrid. Of Dutch ancestry, and has spells known in the family as 'Cold blasts from Holland.' Exacting with the boys and yet they like him. Rather stiff with his equals, but apt to be very kindly with his inferiors—the only undemonstrative member of the family which otherwise wears its heart upon both sleeves; and except for my purple patches, the only mannered one. Has tried to learn fifteen instruments; has learned none, but is willing to try another to-morrow. *Signe particulier;* when he thrums or tootles on any of these instruments, or even turns a barrel-organ, he insists on public and sustained applause. (5) *Family Life.* The Boy, the Amanuensis, and the Tame Celebrity all play on instruments, and all ill. But you need not applaud the two last: little they'll reck if you'll let them play on. General character of life: a solid comfortable selfishness—guests preferred to be selfish also. N.B. No attention paid to guests. Clothing: you may find *Loia* in pajamas of which he has lost the string, soaked through and bedaubed with mud; or you may find him in white coat, tie, and shirt, gaudyish sash, and excruciatingly elegant riding breeches and boots; to say nothing of silver-mounted riding-whip and sapphire studs. Take me at the present moment, my costume consists of one flannel undershirt and one pair of striped pajama trousers all told—I beg your pardon, I forgot two rings, but you see the process

is exhaustive. On the other hand you might find me in cords and fancy boots, with a velvet jacket chosen by the Amanuensis to the exact shade of harmony. My wife's usual dress will scarcely bear to be dwelt upon; but, sir, when you took her out to dinner she was in black velvet and duchesse lace, and I will trouble you for how she looked. The Amanuensis would require a pen more accomplished than mine. Her effects are various. Now she is to be seen in bare feet with toe-rings, and anon she is troubling the world with silk stockings, and these are sometimes blue. Her frocks and my wife's are all (to do the creatures justice) on the same pattern, the native pattern. But the Amanuensis calls in turn into the field every color known under heaven; she goes through similar changing phases with her hair, of which there is so much that the combinations and permutations are practically inexhaustible; and after each fresh make-up she appears among us for approval and weeps if it be withheld. You can see for yourself it is a somewhat dressy spot, though not at all like Piccadilly. And now, my dear fellow, I want to thank you very heartily for your last letter. . . . All that we want to do now is to meet—again. Do try and bring this visit about before anything happens." With quenchless gayety of spirit Stevenson was writing this sparkling letter a few months from life's end. The spirit was not failing with the failing of the flesh: body to the earth, spirit to the God who gave it; two opposite directions and destinies. From Arnold Bennett we have this: "March 25, 1898. Mrs. L—, a Science healer, wished to prove her curative powers on me, as a journalist capable of spreading her fame. On Wednesday I received a letter from her that she had found my temperament a 'responsive' one, and was sure of success. She asked several questions as to my headaches, to which I replied. I was to telegraph to her immediately I felt a headache coming on, and she would at once exert her influence. Distance was no bar. This morning, having a bad headache, I wired her at noon. During the afternoon it disappeared almost entirely. Possibly a coincidence. But I cannot deny that for years my headaches have never lasted less than twenty-four hours; thirty-six would be nearer the average. March 26, 1898. I had an apologetic letter from Mrs. Lewis Lewis saying that she had been from home and had not received my telegram till eleven o'clock last night."

Vanishing Roads. By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. 12mo, pp. 377. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

TWENTY-NINE essays on such topics as The Passing of Mrs. Grundy, Woman As a Supernatural Being, The Passing Away of the Editor, The Lack of Imagination Among Millionaires, The Spirit of the Open, and Bulls in China-Shops; a book strongly impregnated with Bohemianism, predominantly æsthetic, more pagan in its ideals than Christian, disposed to rate beauty above holiness and exquisiteness above righteousness, and studied boldness above modesty and innocence; with so much fondness, if not preference, for gods and goddesses and the things they typify, as to put us now and then in doubt whether the author ever learned even the Lord's Prayer. Mr. Le Gallienne's religion seems on a level with the

"sort of religious awe" mentioned in the following extract: "The boy's first hushed enchantment, blent with a *sort of religious awe*, as in his earliest love affair he awakens to the delicious mystery we call woman, a being half fairy and half flower, made out of moonlight and water lilies, or elfin music and thrilling fragrance, of divine whiteness and softness and rustle as of dewy rose gardens, a being of unearthly eyes and terribly sweet marvel of hair; such, too, through life, and through the ages, however confused or overlaid by use and wont, is man's perpetual attitude of astonishment before the apparition woman." Hunting for some of the near-Christian passages we come upon this on the ubiquity of the malicious gossip: "Even from the courts of heaven, as we learn from the Book of Job, the gossip was not excluded; and how eternally true to the methods of the gossip in all ages was Satan's way of going to work in that immortal allegory! Let us recall the familiar scene with a quoted verse or two: 'Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan [otherwise, the Adversary] came also among them. And the Lord said unto Satan, "Whence comest thou?" Then Satan answered the Lord, and said: "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it." And the Lord said unto Satan: "Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil?" Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, "Doth Job fear God for nought?"' Here we have in a nutshell the whole *modus operandi* of the gossip in all ages, and as he may be observed at any hour of the day or night, slimily engaged in his cowardly business. 'Going to and fro in the earth, walking up and down in it,' everywhere peering and listening, smiling and shrugging, here and there dropping a hint, sowing a seed, leering an innuendo; seldom saying, only implying; leaving everywhere trails of slime, yet trails too vague and broken to track him by, secure in his very cowardice. 'Doth Job fear God for nought?' He only asks, observe. Affirms nothing. Only innocently wonders. Sows a doubt, that's all—and leaves it to work its diabolical effect. The victim may possibly be set right in the end, as was Job; but meanwhile he has lost his flocks and his herds, his sons and his daughters, and suffered no little inconvenience from a loathsome plague of boils. Actually—life not being, like the Book of Job, an allegory—he very seldom is set right, but must bear his losses and his boils with what philosophy he can master till the end of the chapter." Here is part of the author's Christmas meditation: "Without our thinking of it, our simple human feelings one for another at Christmas-time corroborate the mystical message which it is the church's meaning to convey by this festival of 'peace and good-will to men'—the power of the Invisible Love; from the mystical love of God for His world, to the no less mystical love of mother and child, of lover and lover, of friend and friend. And, when you think of it, is not this festival founded upon what, without irreverence, we may call the Divine Ghost-Story of Christmas? Was there ever another story so strange, so full of marvels, a story with so thrilling a message from the unseen? Taken just as a story, is there anything in the Arabian Nights so mar-

velous as this ghost-story of Christmas? The world was all marble and blood and bronze, against a pitiless sky of pitiless gods. The world was Rome. No rule ever stood builded so impregnably from earth to stars—a merciless wall of power. Strength never planted upon the earth so stern a foot. Never was tyranny so invincibly bastioned to the cowed and conquered eye. And against all this marble and blood and bronze, what frail fantastic attack is this? What quaint expedition from fairy-land that comes so insignificantly against these battlements on which the Roman helmets catch the setting sun? A Star in the Sky. Some Shepherds from Judea. Three Wise Men from the East. Some Frankincense and Myrrh. A Mother and Child. Yes, a fairy-tale procession—but these are to conquer Rome, and that child at his mother's breast has but to speak three words, for all that marble and bronze to melt away: 'Love One Another.' It may well have seemed an almost ludicrous weapon—three gentle words. So one might attack a fortress with a flower. But Rome fell before them, for all that, and the world can never be the same again. Rome fell before the men it martyred. Stone and iron are terribly strong to the eye and even to the arm of man, but they are as vapor before the breath of the soul. Many enthroned and magisterial authorities seem so much more important and powerful than the simple human heart, but let the trial of strength come, and we see the might of the delicate invisible energy that wells up out of the infinite mystery to support the dreams of man. Christmas is the friendly human announcement of this spiritual truth; its holly and boar's-head are but a rough-and-tumble emblazonment of that mystic gospel of—The Three Words; the Gospel of the Unseen Love. And how well has the church chosen this particular season of the year for this most subtly spiritual of all its festivals, so subtle because its ghostly message is so ruddily disguised in human mirth, and thus the more unconsciously operative in human hearts!" Here is the author's view of a minister's proper sphere: "A familiar type of the bull in the china-shop is the modern clergyman, who, apparently, insecure in his status of saint-hood, dissatisfied with that spiritual sphere which so many confiding human beings have given into his keeping, will be forever pushing his way like an unwelcome, yet quite unauthoritative, policeman, into that turmoil of human affairs—of which politics is a sort of summary—where his opinion is not of the smallest value, though, perforce, it is received with a certain momentary respect—as though some beautiful old lady should stroll up to a battery of artillery, engaged in some difficult and dangerous attack, and offer her advice as to the sighting and management of the guns. The modern clergyman's interference in the working out of the secular problems of modern life has no such picturesque beauty—and it is even less effective. One would have thought that to have the care of men's souls would be enough. What a world of suggestiveness there was in the old phrase 'a cure of souls'! Men's souls need saving as much to-day as ever. Perhaps they were never in greater danger. Therefore, as the proverbial place for the cobbler is his last, so more than ever the place for the clergyman is his church, his pulpit, and those various spiritual offices for which he is

presumably 'chosen.' His vows do not call upon him either to be a politician or a matinée idol, nor is it his business to sow doubt where he is paid for preaching faith. If the church is losing its influence, it is largely because of its inefficient interference in secular affairs, and because of the small percentage of real spirituality among its clergy." Probably the most interesting essay in this book to our readers is that on the Bible and the butterfly, of which the following is a part: "Once, in my old book-hunting days, I picked up, on the Quai Voltaire, a copy of the Proverbs of King Solomon. This copy of the Great King's Wisdom was of no particular bibliographical value. What particularly interested me about the book as I turned over its yellow pages, was a tiny thing pressed between them, a thing once of a bright, but now of a paler yellow, and of a frailer texture than it had once been in its sunlit life—a flower, I thought at first, but, on looking closer, I saw it was, or had once been, a yellow butterfly. What young priest was it, I wondered, that had thus, with a breaking heart, crushed the joy of life between these pages! On what spring morning had this silent little messenger hovered a while over the high garden-walls of Saint Sulpice, flitting and fluttering, and at last darted and alighted on the page of this old book, at that moment held in the hands of a young priest walking to and fro amid the tall whispering trees—delivering at last to him on the two small painted pages of its wings a message he must not read. . . . The temptation was severe, for spring was calling all over Paris, and the words of another book of the Great King said to him: *Lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. . . . Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.* The little fluttering thing seemed to be saying that to him as it poised on the page, and, as his eyes went into a dream, began to crawl softly, like a rope-walker, up one of his fingers, with a frail, half-frightened hold, while, high up, over the walls of the garden the poplars were discreetly swaying to the southern wind, and the lilac-bushes were carelessly tossing this way and that their fragrance, as altar-boys swing their censers in the hushed chancel—but ah! so different an incense. *The flowers appear on the earth*, he repeated to himself, beguiled for a moment, *the flowers appear on the earth; and the time of the singing of birds is come. . . .* But, suddenly, for his help against that tiny yellow butterfly there came to him other stern everlasting words: *The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our Lord endureth forever.* Then it was, if I imagine aright from my old book, that my young novice of Saint Sulpice crushed the joy of life, in the frail form of its little messenger, between the pages of the book he held in his hand. Perhaps I should not have remembered that book-hunting morning in Old Paris on the Quai Voltaire, when I bought that beautiful old copy of the Proverbs of Solomon—with the butterfly so strangely crushed between its pages—had it not been for a circumstance that happened to me, the other day, in the subway, which seemed to me of the nature of a marvel. Many weary men and women were traveling—in an enforced, yet in some way humorously

understanding, society—from Brooklyn Bridge to the Bronx. I got in at Wall Street. The 'crush-hour' was near, for it was 4.25—still, as yet, there were time and space granted us to observe our neighbors. In the particular car in which I was sitting, there was room still left to look about and admire the courage of your fellow-passengers. Weary men going home—many of them having used them all day long—have little wish to use their eyes, so all the men in my car sat silently and sadly, contemplating the future. As I looked at them, it seemed to me that they were thinking over the day's work they had done, and the innumerable days' work they had still to do. No one smiled. No one observed the other. An automatic courtesy gave a seat here and there, but no one gave any attention to any business but his own thoughts and his own sad station. It was a car occupied almost entirely by men-passengers, and there were no evidences that men knew women from men, or *vice versa*, yet, at last, there seemed to dawn on four men sitting in a row that there was a wonderful creature reading a book on the other side of the aisle—lovely young woman, with all the fabled beauty of the sea-shell, and the rainbow, that enchantment in her calm pearl-like face, and in the woven stillness of her hair, that has in all times and countries made men throw up sails and dare the unknown sea and the unknown Fates. The beauty, too, that nature had given her was clothed in the subdued enchantments of the rarest art. All unconscious of the admiration surrounding her, she sat in that subway car, like a lonely butterfly, strangely there in her incongruous surroundings. As she stepped from the car, I, who had fortunately, and fearfully, sat by her side was aware that the book she had been reading was lying forgotten on the seat. It was mine by right of accident—treasure-trove. So I picked it up, braving the glares of the four sad men facing me. Naturally, I had wondered what book it was; but its being bound in tooled and jeweled morocco, evidently by one of the great bookbinders of Paris, made it unprofitable to hazard a guess. I leave to the imagination of lovers of books what book one would naturally expect to find in hands so fair. Perhaps Ronsard—or some other poet from the Rose-Garden of old France. No! it was a charmingly printed copy of the New Testament. The paradox of the discovery hushed me for a few moments, and then I began to turn over the pages, several of which I noticed were dog eared after the manner of beautiful women in all ages. A pencil here and there had marked certain passages. *Come unto me*, ran one of the underlined passages, *all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest*—and I thought how strange it was that she whose face was so calm and still should have needed to mark that. And another marked passage I noted—*He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not.* Then I put down the book with a feeling of awe—such as the Bible had never brought to me before, though I had been accustomed to it from my boyhood—and I said to myself: 'How very strange!' And I meant how strange it was to find this wonderful old book in the hands of this wonderful young beauty. It had seemed strange to find that butterfly in that old copy of the Proverbs of King Solomon,

but how much stranger to find the New Testament in the hands, or, so to speak, between the wings, of an American butterfly. I found something written in the book. It was the name of the human butterfly—a name almost as beautiful as herself. So I was enabled to return her book to her. There is, of course, no need to mention a name as well known for good works as good looks. It will suffice to say that it was the name of one of the most famously beautiful women in the world. There is a moral to this story. Morals—to stories—are once more coming into fashion. The Bible, in my boyhood, came to us with no such associations as I have recalled. There were no butterflies between its pages, nor was it presented to us by fair or gracious hands. It was a very grim and minatory book, wielded, as it seemed to one's childish ignorance, for the purpose which that young priest of Saint Sulpice had used the pages of his copy of the Proverbs of King Solomon, that of crushing out the joy of life. My first acquaintance with it, as I remember, was in a Methodist chapel in Staffordshire, England, where three small boys, including myself, prisoned in an old-fashioned high-back pew, were endeavoring to relieve the apparently endless *ennui* of the service by eating surreptitious apples. Suddenly upon our three young heads descended what seemed like a heavy block of wood, wielded by an ancient deacon who did not approve of boys. We were, each of us, no more than eight years old, and the book which had thus descended upon our heads was nothing more to us than a very weighty book—to be dodged if possible, for we were still in that happy time of life when we hated all books. We knew nothing of its contents—to us it was only a schoolmaster's cane, beating us into silence and good behavior. So the Bible has been for many generations of boys a book even more terrible than Cæsar's Commentaries or the Æneid of Virgil—the dull thud of a mysterious cudgel upon the shoulders of youth which you bore as courageously as you could. So many of us grew up with what one might call a natural prejudice against the Bible. Then some of us who cared for literature took it up casually and found its poetic beauty. We read the Book of Job—which, by the way, Mr. Swinburne is said to have known by heart; and as we read it even the stars themselves seemed less wonderful than this description of their marvel and mystery: *Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?* Or we read in the thirty-seventh chapter of the Book of Ezekiel of that weird valley that was full of bones—*and as I prophesied, there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together bone to bone*, surely one of the most wonderful visions of the imagination in all literature. Or we read the marvelous denunciatory rhetoric of Jeremiah and Isaiah, or the music of the melodious heart-strings of King David; we read the solemn adjuration of the 'King Ecclesiast' to remember our Creator in the days of our youth, with its haunting picture of old age: and the loveliness of The Song of Songs passed into our lives forever. To this purely literary love of the Bible there has been added within the last few years a certain renewed regard

for it as the profoundest book of the soul, and for some minds not conventionally religious it has regained even some of its old authority as a spiritual guide and stay. And I will confess for myself that sometimes, as I fall asleep at night, I wonder if even Bernard Shaw has written anything to equal the twenty-third psalm." Richard Le Gallienne's worship of beauty has for one of its results his literary style, a style exquisite and bloomy.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

The Environment of Early Christianity. By S. Angus, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of New Testament and Historical Theology, University of Sidney. 12mo, pp. xi, 240. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

The Beginnings of the Church. By Ernest F. Scott, D.D., Professor of New Testament Criticism in Queen's Theological College, Canada. 12mo, pp. ix, 282. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

The Evolution of Early Christianity. A Genetic Study of First-Century Christianity in Relation to its Religious Environment. By Shirley Jackson Case, of the Department of New Testament and Early Christian Literature in the University of Chicago. 12mo, pp. ix, 385. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. Price, cloth, $2.25, net.

These three books are an indication of the interest in a knowledge of the conditions under which Christianity began its career. An increased understanding of the world of the first century enables us the better to appreciate the fact that the gospel of Jesus Christ came at a most strategic time of the world's history. It brought a fitting answer to the eager questionings of the age and satisfied the expectant hopes which were entertained in that time of failure, discord, confusion, and antagonism. A most suggestive study of this period is given by Professor Angus with surprising condensation and clearness. He furnishes a bird's-eye view of the course of events and of the complicated relationships which existed when Christianity began its triumphant career. Particular mention should be made of the chapters which deal with the genius and achievements of the Jew, the Greek, and the Roman to whom Christianity was first preached. Here is a striking paragraph about the Pathfinder for Christianity: "In many respects Israel was the pathfinder for the senior of her daughter religions. She put into the hands of Christianity a holy book with the dogma of inspiration, the receptacle of an authoritative Revelation. She taught Christians the practice and much of the forms of prayer. She imparted to them her own steadfastness of character and her zeal to please God with an upright life. She bequeathed to the Church her missionary zeal and enthusiasm, her expectancy of a brighter future, her passion for monotheism." The social, moral, and religious conditions of the Graeco-Roman world are diagnosed and described in one hundred and ten pages with remarkable historical insight and an intimate knowledge of the literature of that period. We give another quotation to illustrate the well-knit style of the author in his treatment of the relevant questions under discussion: "Christianity brought a harmony for the burdensome antinomies of that age. Revelation confirmed the truth of natural religion and reason, and added something indispensable. Christianity was the synthesis of

and the authority for the truths proclaimed by all systems. It elevated the abstract monotheism of Greece, the henotheistic monotheism of Oriental cults, the deistic monotheism of Judaism into a universal spiritual fatherhood; it corrected abstract monotheism by the truth of polytheism that the godhead is not simple and jejune, but has in itself a rich and manifold life; it blended the immanence of pantheism with the transcendence of skepticism, mysticism, and Hebrew thought; it glorified the human sympathy of Oriental cults through the historic life and death of a man of sorrows. Christianity gave what the world most needed—the driving power of personality." The preacher who takes Angus as a guide will receive the best sort of help in interpreting the vitalizing message of the entire New Testament. Professor Scott deals with the important period between the death of Jesus and the coming of Paul. He points out that the great apostle was not an innovator so much as an interpreter of the larger implications of the gospel. The earlier Christian teaching was far richer in its content than is generally assumed and we are glad to have this fact shown in these pages. The early disciples lived in an apocalyptic atmosphere in daily expectation of the Parousia. They believed that Jesus had been exalted to the office of Messiah and that he would shortly return to fulfill his appointed work. They addressed themselves to Jesus not because they thought of him as another God, but because they realized so intensely his living presence. The chapter on "Jesus as Lord" is specially suggestive in making clear the conviction of the disciples that Jesus had entered on the full prerogatives of his Messianic office and that by the use of the title "Lord" the church declared its own peculiar relation to the Messianic King. We do not however agree with the author that the Church was not deliberately founded by Jesus and that he had no thought of founding such a society, although Dr. Scott acknowledges that the Church was the creation of Jesus. In fact his reasoning is inconsistent and he contradicts himself in the chapter on The Ecclesia. His interpretation of the Lord's Supper is not satisfactory. A spirit of joyful fellowship has been associated with the observance of this service from the earliest days, and the cause of this gladness was the reminder of the redemption through the death of Jesus. All other associations have a secondary place. Professor Scott has made an important con. ibution to an understanding of primitive Christianity. He goes counter to many of the accepted positions of the Church, but his discussions are so refreshingly original that even when we disagree we are helped by his new points of view. Professor Case takes very advanced positions and tries to explain Christianity without Christ, and of course fails in his absurd attempt. We have included his book in this notice on account of his scholarly and able chapters on "The Mediterranean World In New Testament Times," "Hellenistic Religions of Redemption," and two on "The Religious Significance of Emperor-Worship," and "Of Philosophical Speculation." His explanation of the triumph of Christianity reminds us of the notorious chapter in Gibbon's Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire, which has been long ago discredited. We prefer the reliable testimony of The Acts, substantiated as it has recently been by

two such eminent scholars as Harnack and Ramsay. Christianity is much more than an ethical system, and Jesus Christ is the indispensable and personal Saviour of all humanity.

The Autographs of St. Paul. By MARCUS D. BUELL, Professor of New Testament Greek and Exegesis, Boston University School of Theology. 16mo, pp. 95. New York and Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, cloth, 35 cents, net.

THIS graphic original study of Paul and his Epistles is as inviting as when it was first issued three years ago. It has a manner and quality of its own and very individual characteristics. As a by-product of a Christian scholar's lifelong study, it is what comes naturally enough from close and critical work upon the New Testament with full and accurate information acquired by methods old and new. Spiritually, it is the natural result of living for forty years in close communion with the greatest, most energetic, and most contagious soul of all the Christian centuries. Soon after publishing this pithy volume its author received from that highly gifted spiritual leader, Dr. Albert J. Lyman, the dean of the Brooklyn pulpit, the following appreciation: "I did not know to whom I was indebted for the copy of your book 'The Autographs of Saint Paul.' I am especially glad to associate this volume with the double courtesy of yourself and my dear friend Dr. Kelley. As to your little monologue itself, I cannot speak too warmly of the pleasure I have received in reading it. It seems to me a unique, vivid, vital, cogent, and illuminating contribution to the psychological study of the great Christian master as he is displayed in his letters. I shall read the book again and commend it to others." If so discerning a master as Dr. Lyman could say things like that about this little book, it is certain that many a preacher, young and old, among the thousands of our Israel might also gain from it the impulse for a closer study of Paul and his unique message concerning Christ. Dr. Buell begins by noticing that this great apostle has a style all his own; nothing like it in literature: "Paul the tent-maker, working on Cilician canvas at night in Thessalonica, Corinth, or Ephesus, would show an individuality in his cutting and stitching, one may believe, quite distinct from that of Aquila or any other fellow workman. Just so when his hand held a pen, instead of a knife or a needle, his writing must have had a character all its own, as he himself frequently intimates. And even more distinctive, he makes us aware, is the molding touch of his inner life of thought, feeling, and purpose upon the content of his writing in vocabulary, sentence structure, and doctrinal accent and emphasis." Then the author calls Paul "the First New Testament Critic": "Now it is an interesting fact too little noticed that Paul himself was the first one to turn attention to the purely critical questions that have to do with the date and authorship of his own epistles, which comprise one third of the whole New Testament. The critical question of authenticity had, for the apostle's immediate readers, as it has for his latest, an important practical side." Concerning three of the preeminent themes of the apostle's message found in his epistles the following will interest our readers: "1. GRACE THROUGH CHRIST. What

exceptional prominence Paul gives to grace in Christ, the first of these dominant religious passions, is seen in the fact already noted, that this idea is made the keynote with which every letter begins and ends. Nor is this all. Elaborate and passionate discussion of the necessary and fundamental contradiction between faith and works is made a conspicuous feature in such extensive sections as Rom. 3. 27 to 4. 25; Gal. 2. 16 to 4. 7; Phil. 3. 1-16, where whole chapters are devoted to the elucidation and enforcement of the doctrine. Incidentally allusions like those in Eph. 2. 9; Rom. 9. 11, 32; 11. 6; 2 Tim. 1. 9 abound, and show as unmistakably as does the recurrence more than seventy-five times of the word 'grace,' whose heart-music is in this insistent refrain. Who can fail to see how Luke's historic setting of the scene on the Damascus road explains Paul's own emphasis upon that grace of God in Christ, which he makes the Alpha and Omega of every epistle; and how first in that fiery furnace of transforming religious experience, when as yet 'a blasphemer and persecutor,' he 'beheld the glory of God in the face of' the crucified and risen Christ, the glory of God's grace to repentant sinners? (2 Cor. 4. 6.) And so it was that the 'chief of sinners found mercy' (1 Tim. 1. 13-15) and in his own 'body of death' (Rom. 7. 24) 'where sin abounded, grace did much more abound' (Rom. 5. 20). 2. The Immanence of Christ. Again there is no more distinctive feature of Paul's epistles than the remarkable emphasis and reiteration found in nearly all of them touching the doctrine of the believer's personal union with the risen Christ through his Spirit. Thus the preposition 'in' is employed, in the novel and unique sense of intimate relationship with a person, more than one hundred and fifty times. Deissmann (*Paulus*, S., 86) has noted that every one of the nineteen functions which Paul ascribes to the Holy Spirit in the life of the human soul, such as the inspiration of faith, righteousness, joy, peace, love, is referred in like manner by Paul to the risen Christ dwelling within. What more authentic autobiographic echoes, therefore, could one hear than in such phraseology as the following: 'He that is joined unto the Lord is one Spirit' (1 Cor. 6. 17); 'I have been crucified with Christ; and it is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me' (Gal. 2. 20); 'I long after you all in the tender mercies of Christ Jesus'? See Phil. 1. 8; Gal. 4. 20; Phil. 2. 5; Rom. 9. 1; 2 Cor. 5. 14; Rom. 8. 35; 1 Cor. 9. 1. The same emphasis upon the immanence of Christ reappears in the unique expression common to the Acts and Paul's epistles 'the Spirit of Jesus.' In Acts 16. 7 Luke says the 'Spirit of Jesus' did not suffer Paul and his companions to go into Bithynia, just as in the previous verse he affirms that 'the Holy Spirit' forbade them to speak the word in Asia. The same identification of the risen Christ with the viewless, omnipresent, manifold and gracious work of the Holy Spirit (so variously delineated in the Old Testament) is the keynote of the whole book, beginning with Peter's declaration at Pentecost: 'This Jesus did God raise up, . . . and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Spirit, he hath poured forth this, which ye see and hear' (Acts 2. 32, 33). As Paul in 2 Cor. 3. 18, when referring to the inner transformation of the soul united to Christ, does not distinguish Christ from the Spirit, but speaks of the

Lord Jesus and the Spirit as one, so Luke represents the risen Jesus as revealing himself and shaping the course of Paul, not only on the Damascus road, but at subsequent critical junctures in his whole career from Damascus to Rome (Acts 22. 21; 16. 7; 18. 9, 10; 19. 21; 20. 22; 23. 11; 27. 24). 3. FAITH IN CHRIST. The third religious passion awakened in the soul of Saul at his conversion, which sounds an autobiographic note one hears in all his correspondence, is the term 'faith' employed in his own peculiar sense of the reaction of the individual soul in response to Christ's revelation of himself as Saviour and Lord (Gal. 1. 16). Indeed the salient features of the Damascus-road experience could be delineated, and not inadequately, in the incidental language of the epistles. Thus it is the epistles that tell us of an initial state of ignorance and unbelief (1 Tim. 1. 13) when the god of this world had blinded his eyes (2 Cor. 4. 4), so that the cross, the token and proof of God's forgiving love, was a stumbling-block to him (1 Cor. 1. 23). They inform us that it pleased God to take away the scales of prejudice, the veil of unbelief upon his heart (2 Cor. 3. 16) and to reveal Christ in him (Gal. 1. 16), and by the renewal of his mind (Rom. 12. 2), endow him with new powers of spiritual vision, even the mind of Christ (1 Cor. 2. 16). Just as the ethereally sensitive antennæ of the wireless apparatus put the modern man in mysterious but immediate touch with a friend far off in the trackless wastes of the sea, so the faith alike of the Damascus road and of the epistles, is that spiritual faculty which makes Christ at home in Paul's heart (Eph. 3. 17), and Paul at home with Christ in the viewless heavenly places (Eph. 2. 6). Here again the author of the Acts shows in whose company he has been. The one thing needful for the blinded, bewildered Saul in the house of Ananias; for the Philippian jailer ready to perish by his own hand; for the barbarians of Lycaonia, sacrificing to false gods; for the Athenians, ignorantly worshiping an unknown god; for the publicans and harlots of Corinth, the proconsul Sergius Paulus, Felix and Drusilla, Festus, King Agrippa, and Bernice was to enter the 'door of faith which God had opened unto the Gentiles' (Acts 14. 27), the faith in 'the Lord Jesus Christ by which they should be saved' (16. 31) and sanctified (26. 18); that faith by which 'every one [Jew or Gentile] that believeth is justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses' (13. 39); that faith which not only 'made the lame man strong' (3. 18), but the faith by which Christ reproduced in fullness of measure his own holy Spirit of courage in the heart of Stephen (5. 5) and his own goodness in the soul of Barnabas (11. 24)." Professor Buell closes with a parting glance at the hypercritical critic, thus: "The German privatdocent, of course, may be expected to go on cultivating 'historic doubts.' It is a way he has for gaining notice. The Lomans, Stecks, and Van Manens will arise and learnedly and boldly declare that the so-called Pauline epistles were written, not by Paul, but by another man in the second century who took the name of Paul, with the same motive of 'love to Paul' professed by that presbyter of Asia Minor who composed the spurious 'Acts of Paul and Thecla,' when he was deposed for his attempted deception."

METHODIST REVIEW

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THE APPROACH TO LIFE THROUGH HISTORY

The past is the true university. Scholarship has as its basis the knowledge of history. The man of learning is the man who knows the past. The man of erudition is the man who is familiar with the past. The man who "sees life steadily and sees it whole" is the man who sees the present as interpreted by the past. This great university of the past has as many departments as there have been avenues of human thought and activity. It can paraphrase the words of the poet Terence and put upon its seal, "All that has concerned humanity is of interest to me." It is the sworn foe of provincialism. It is the creator of a cosmopolitan spirit. Its doctors are men whose interests are as large as the ranges of human life. In the old myth Athena leaped full grown from the brain of Zeus. She had no past. She had only a great, luminous, puissant present. All this may have been practicable for Athena, but it is not feasible for the man of to-day. The apostle of a bustling, provincial, ignorant efficiency, who calls himself a success because he knows how to keep belts on wheels and to keep in motion the throbbing machinery of modern industrial life, is very often a man of pitiably small mental horizon, of a narrow range of interests, of a singular poverty of ideas. He has learned how to acquire money. He does not know how to enjoy or use it in any large or generous or adequate way. He is a sort of expert bookkeeper who keeps life's credits larger than its debits. He is on the point of perishing of an anæmic condition of personality just when his stocks and bonds are most completely under his control. To his shrewd knowledge of affairs, if he is ever to

learn the difference between manipulating securities and actually living, this man must add the range of interests coming from a thousand varied contacts with the great matters of human experience. He needs to enter the university of the past. Edmund Clarence Stedman, the Wall Street poet and critic, is a noble illustration of the fashion in which this may be accomplished. History makes a man's ancestors his contemporaries. He is as old as the experience by which he is willing to profit while he remains as young as the new enterprises on which he is willing to embark. What the quickly moving express does, in a measure, with regard to space history actually accomplishes as regards time. The dweller in one age becomes a citizen of the ages. All their deep, vital meaning is offered for the enrichment of his own life.

Of course the past may be a liability as well as an asset. When John Locke went to Oxford University he found the scholastic method in full power. If he had surrendered to its assumptions he would have become a clever exponent of an outworn system. His life would have been spent in the feats of a mental acrobat instead of in the achievements of constructive thought. The courage to break with the dead past was the basis of all his positive work. This thing has happened again and again in the history of thought. Every mental approach and process of investigation tends to harden into a scholasticism of its own type. That which was once full of freshness and creative energy becomes by a curious transformation a mass of intellectual chains. The ability to distinguish between the dead past and the living past is of cardinal importance to the man who would keep his thought fertile and potent. Then there are some things coming out of the past which have a malignant vitality. No man with any gift of spiritual imagination can view the great Pope Hildebrand's dream of a church supreme over the states of the world without feeling the splendor of the conception, but that very conception has wrought untold havoc in the ecclesiastical life of Christendom. The genuine interests of morals and religion have been sacrificed to that dream. Power has been felt to be more important than moral and spiritual worthiness of power. The only hope for a nobly Christian future for Rome lies in the repudiation of that

dream. Its malignant vitality is the greatest menace to the church in which it is cherished.

While frankly recognizing that the past may be a foe as well as a friend, it is important to see that even when a foe the past may be made extremely useful. The study of the mistakes of the past is one of the most profitable aspects of historical investigation. By a process of criticism a man may be led to turn from those things in the mental and moral life which experience has condemned. By the mental conflicts through which he passes in struggling his way to an understanding of their real significance he comes to his own place of conscious mental strength and power. The battles of the mind bring about the emancipation of the mind, and, in a very genuine sense, in this matter a man is in debt to his foes. It is not as a hostile army to be conquered but as a force of allies to be welcomed, however, that the past has its profoundest significance. So to live that no ancient good shall be lost out of the world is one of the supremest duties of each generation. Every noble intuition, every high aspiration, every true purpose in human life has its vital connections with great things in the past, and from this fact issues the moral continuity of history. Jonathan Edwards planned a great work, which he died leaving incomplete, called, "A History of the Work of Redemption, containing the outlines of a Body of Divinity including a view of Church History entirely new." The essential thought back of the work with this imposing title was that the history of the world may be summed up in three stages: the preparation for redemption, the achievement of redemption, and the effects of redemption. Whatever one may think of details of the interpretation of Edwards, it remains unquestionably true that the Christian comes to historic self-consciousness only as he sees himself and the world as involved in a great process in which the facts of the Christian religion are defining and commanding. It is not simply that he would say with Emerson,

> I am the owner of the sphere,
> Of the seven stars and the solar year,
> Of Cæsar's hand and Plato's brain,
> Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain.

All this he will gladly say. But added to his general heritage is the sense that the secret of history is in the life and death and resurrection of Jesus Christ and all that has flowed from these facts. The past gives us a cause to maintain as well as resources to support that cause. It gives us a country of the soul as well as soldiers to guard it. So a man must come to history with a double attitude. He must welcome its good gifts and refuse its gifts of evil, and in this necessity of choice lies the possibility of growth. A man must find his own way through the mazes of history. So mind and soul awake and develop.

With so much of general observation we may survey more closely some of the particular ways in which life may be approached through the study of the past.

I. The Approach to the Intellectual Life Through History. The past is a bank where an unlimited number of ideas have been deposited to our credit. The currency of the intellectual world is all ready for our use, and however heavily we draw, and whatever the changes in credit, there is no danger of a disastrous run on this great bank of thought. The immediate danger of the present is that a clever man will have thoughts rather than thought, will content himself with ideas and never reach a point of view. One of the great needs of the hour is to bring the busy readers of bright essays to the place where they see that men cannot live by epigrams alone. Intellectual pyrotechnics are wonderfully fascinating, but they never take the place of the fixed stars in the night sky. The man who enriches his mental life by a genuine knowledge of the thought of the past will come to have a passionate desire to see life in large relations, to have a real understanding of the totality of things. If he cares for great poetry Dante will show him how the thoughts of ten centuries were organized into a great poetic interpretation of life. In the interpretation he may find enough which he cannot believe, but the method and the mental ideal will forever haunt and allure him. Thomas Aquinas was more than a thinker of immense astuteness who used the scholastic formulas as a swordsman uses his weapons. He was a thinker who in his own day gathered together all that he knew of the life and thought of man and built it into a marvelous structure

—a palace of thought. Here again it is easy enough to find limitations, but impossible not to find inspiration. You are not satisfied with the palace Thomas Aquinas has built, but he makes you feel that you must build a palace of your own. If all this seems like depending too much on the Middle Ages for inspiration we may go farther back and find the same kind of stimulus in Plato or Aristotle, or we may come forward and catch the contagion of Hegel's desire for a complete and total view of life. The man who moves freely and easily among many systems of thought is constantly benefited by what he learns to avoid as well as by what he learns to welcome. The sterility of that thinking which is mere mental manipulation teaches him the difference between vital and mechanical thought. Some New England theologians suggest that it is possible to offer a perfectly correct and properly arranged corpse of thought instead of a living, potent, creative point of view. The thinker who would use his thought in the life of to-day moves through the past seeking what is vital and kindling. On the basis of what he learns to avoid and what he learns to welcome he builds the structure of his own thought. It is a modern structure he builds, but it is made of materials from many an ancient quarry as well as of materials freshly hewn from the rocky hills.

II. The Approach to the Moral Life Through History. "I do not possess a conscience; my conscience possesses me," is likely to be the observation of a man who is genuinely alive morally. And it may seem that this mastering ethical imperative of the inner life needs no reinforcement from history. It may seem that it speaks in its own name and its own right, or, if we seek a higher source for it, it may seem that this "stern daughter of the voice of God" has a divine authenticity which is more potent and significant than all the movements of ethical theory among men. In a sense this is true. The Categorical Imperative is a maker of history rather than a creature of history. But, while admitting this, it must be added at once that the history of the human response to the moral voice is of the greatest significance for the life of to-day. The anarchy of a mental life like that of the Sophists, who had no definite and universal standards to offer, the moral helplessness of the epicurean philosophy, and the noble

dignity of stoicism at its best have much to teach the men of to-day. The process by which Christianity set morals to music, and changed virtue from a stern behest into a beautiful poem, has a significance too little realized even in the Christian Church. The new birth of the sense of moral values after Immanuel Kant's great work, the sense that morality is structural and elemental in human life, we must never be allowed to forget. And that Hebrew prophet in the nineteenth century, Thomas Carlyle, has taught us how the modern world may be brought into the presence of the bush which is burning but not consumed, how it may feel the earth tremble as the servant of God descends from the mountain with the two tables of the moral law. No man can fail to be a new creature in moral passion and purpose to whom these great matters of the moral life of the past have become real and compelling. And when he includes in his equipment a sympathetic study of the interpretations of the great moral philosophers, of the practical growth of Christian ethics, of the play of ethical influences in Greek and Roman life, and of that moral fire which burns with such heat in the Hebrew prophets, he will be ready to plunge into the ethical battles of to-day with the full impact of the past behind him.

Here again there is warning as well as inspiration in the past. The study of the ethics of the Society of Jesus will remind a man that it is possible to slay ethics in the name of religion and that moral impoverishment always leads to spiritual decay. The political maxims of Machiavelli's Prince are a constant warning of what politics unrestrained by moral principles may become.

III. The Approach to the Spiritual Life Through History. Robert Browning was a portrait painter who made pictures of men's souls. Through the most varied historic scenes he passed, all sorts of people in all sorts of ages he studied, and as a result of it all he covered the canvases which hang in his portrait gallery of souls. The study of history for the sake of discovering the quality and the meaning and the expression of the spiritual life of men is one of the most fascinating employments in all the world. The thing which Browning did with such supreme skill every student of history has an opportunity of doing for himself.

Through the broad avenues of past experience he may approach his own experience of the things of the spirit.

The first thing which the alert student discovers is that the spiritual life is not one experience. It is many experiences. Some of them are wholesome and upbuilding, some of them are disintegrating and destructive. And in the wholesome aspects of spiritual experience there are ranges of usefulness and adequacy. There is the spiritual life represented by Wordsworth's mood in regard to nature. The soul is kindled by the presence of the wonderful world of physical charm and beauty. The heart is drawn out to worship by the subtly interfused divinity which pulsates in Nature's life. But this may not be so noble a thing as it was with Wordsworth. Many an ethnic religion began with a worship kindled by nature, and by worshiping all of nature and losing moral perspective came at last to an emphasis on the mysterious reproductive processes which eventuated in a shameless apotheosis of vice. The spiritual life kindled by nature may rise to noble moral meaning or it may sink to the most beastly sensuality. There is the spiritual life represented by a worship of many varied and fascinating deities. The Greek religion at its best had a spiritual versatility of the most extraordinary character. Life was rich and diverse in its worship because the deities covered the range of possible human interests. There was scarcely a mood or evasive feeling which had not its deity. This type of spirituality gained in resiliency and freshness and wide sympathy by losing in unity and stability and ethical power. And the deities, as the embodiment of evil as well as of good, became a temptation as well as an inspiration to the worshipers. Bacchus was a moral liability to his votaries. There is the spiritual life represented by an ethical monotheism. The religion of Israel has its uniqueness at this point. The one Lord of Righteousness as an object of worship made spiritual life ethical and gave to worship one commanding center of imperial power. How fair a flower the life of the spirit could be under these conditions the greatest Psalms of the Old Testament, the noblest utterances of Isaiah, Micah, and Amos testify. Morality has been set on fire and blazes with noble devotion in the hearts from which these utterances came. There is

the spiritual life represented by a worshipful acceptance of the Incarnation of the Son of God in Jesus Christ. The Greek patristic theology was built about the Incarnation, but it is also true that the worship out of which the Greek theology came was built about the Incarnation. And in many ages individuals and groups of men have built their piety about the thought that the Son of God has come into human life. A new sense of our nearness to God, a new sense of God's nearness to us, a new sense of the dignity of man has enriched such worship. There is the spiritual life represented by those to whom religion is a matter of participation in the spirit of Jesus and in his relation to God. This type of life looks to Jesus not as a source of religion, but as the discoverer of the highest form of religious experience. He had a relation to God which we are to share. He enjoyed an experience in which we may participate. He was a God-filled man, but not the God-man. Along such lines as this much beautiful and noble Unitarian piety has been built. It tends to make Jesus a spiritual comrade rather than a spiritual Lord. There is the type of spiritual life which centers in the cross. Here a man comes not simply for inspiration, but for deliverance. He is glad for a revelation, but what he wants is not revelation, but salvation. It is not as a scholar seeking truth, or as a poet seeking glowing feelings of spiritual beauty, but as a man discouraged by moral incapacity and weighted by sin that he comes to the great deed of the Son of God upon the cross. The sense of forgiveness and of complete dependence on the Son of God who died for him, and of new life as he goes forth to do his will, are the essential characteristics of his spiritual life.

When a man has seen these types of spirituality, and many more which we have not time to discuss, he enters his own sanctuary of the spirit eager to have a religious life as sharp in moral quality as the poignancy of the message of the cross can make it, as confident in its relation to God as the loving deed of the Incarnation can lead it to be, as rich in spiritual serenity as the worship of the Nature poets, as varied in its sympathy as the old Greek religion, as lofty as the ethical monotheism of the Hebrews and as tender and as human as the coming to earth of the Son of God.

He wants to be saved from a piety which is not ethical and a moral earnestness which is not mellowed by the peace of a full and rich religious life. The past comes with warning and with guidance to every man who would enter into the richness of the life of the spirit.

IV. The Approach to the Explanation of Life Through History.

> Into this universe and why not knowing,
> Nor whence, like water, willy nilly flowing,

wails Edward FitzGerald in his translation of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. The sure and satisfactory answer to the questions about why and whence and whither is one of the most important matters in life, and in leading a thinker to a satisfactory explanation of life history has great services to perform.

a. A man may approach an adequate conception of the character of religious certainty through a study of the history of types of religious authority. The authority of a state religion was characteristic of the ancient world. It was a sort of political religious authority. Every battle won added to the prestige of the deity. Every battle lost was a demonstration of the weakness of the national god. The deity in a sense held the place of that brilliant French monarch in a far later age who said, "I am the state." All the sanctions of the national life supported the religion. It was natural that this sort of worship should come to a climax in Rome in the worship of the emperor himself. In the visible center of imperial power was the visible representative of worship. State and religion had become synonymous. There is the religious authority represented by an infallible church. Here again an institution is made the center of religion. In a sense it is a taking over of the Roman conception into the Christian faith. The compulsion is that of a visible, far-reaching, impressive organization. It is external, but it has all the impressiveness of a potent and imperial institution. There is the authority of an infallible literature. The institution is conquered by the book. The church surrenders to the Bible. A message is substituted for a system. A point of view takes the place of a great organization. A revelation takes the place of a closely knit ecclesiastical organization. The

Imperial Book takes the throne once occupied by the Imperial Pope. There is the authority of a mastering personality. Many groups of people whose assent is not commanded by a system or a book are completely won by the potent personality of Jesus Christ. They call him Master because he possesses the secret of mastery. They call him Lord because he possesses the secret of lordship. They find their authority in Jesus Christ himself. There is the authority of an experience of personal transformations through the power of Christ. It takes many forms. It has varied aspects. At its deepest and richest it finds a complete deliverance in the acceptance of the message of the cross and in the consciousness of forgiveness and the joy of the new life it has found a certainty which is deep and abiding. There is the authority of the social solidarity produced by Christian experience. It is not one lonely man who has found a new life, it is a multitude which no man can number which rejoices in the great salvation. And the mutual testimony of the multitude itself assumes an authority more and more significant as the years go by.

The man who studies the historical manifestations of these types of authority, whether in the characteristics of some ancient Oriental religion, in the worship of imperial Rome, in the claims of Innocent III, or in the bold strike for freedom when Luther hurled a book at the pope, will find much of warning and much of inspiration. Taking his own position on the basis of a religion which is authoritative because it is redemptive, he will be able to secure elements of good and turn from elements of evil in the various types of authority claimed both within and without the Christian Church. Echoing through the Christian generations will come words like the words of Peter: "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life," and the words of the man who, joyful in the miracle of healing, cried out, "Once I was blind. Now I see." The deepest consciousness of Christendom and the greatest promise of the future are expressed in such words as these. A church with a vital Christian experience will always have a commanding authority. A church without a vital Christian experience will have no authority worthy the name.

b. The explanation of life should be based upon an experi-

ence and that experience based on a theology. A full and adequate Christian experience and a full and adequate theology are inseparable, and a man may approach theological insight through history. The outstanding defect of Professor William James's discussion of the "Varieties of Religious Experience" is his failure to face the significance of the beliefs back of the experiences. You must believe some things about God if you are going to have some experiences in connection with God. The student of history surveys the past to discover what conceptions have proved most completely morally and spiritually creative in the generations gone. The past is a laboratory where conceptions have been tested and the student is eager to see the results of the experiments. This approach gives an entirely new and fresh entrance to the realm of theology. The logic of history becomes even more impressive than the analysis of the implication of the conceptions themselves. History becomes the great support of an ethical monotheism because only on this basis can a developing ethical life be built. History becomes the great defense for the deity of Christ. For only a God who has broken into history with all the fiery energy of a great compassion can permanently command the allegiance of dwellers in a world so drawn by tragedy and torn by moral weakness. History becomes the great interpreter of the cross. The sin and the guilt of the ages, the history of the race in moral things, lifts a requirement which is met only by the strategy of the cross. The profound student of history comes to see that there is no permanent resting place between a redemptive view of history and a despairing pessimism. More than this, the cross as a deed of suffering rescue on the part of the Son of God has proved morally and spiritually renewing as has no other conception in all the world, and in this fact we find both a defense and an interpretation of the cross. There is no matter of belief on which light is not thrown by the test of history. The theology of the future will doubtless develop beyond that of the past, but a part of that development will consist in a new sense of historic meanings. Progress does not consist in repudiating that which has been nobly vindicated. Progress will consist in a genuine measure in realizing the significance and the implications of the

past. The secure results of the past will be a part of any adequate future.

c. The explanation of life comes at last to be a philosophy of life. Here again the appeal must be to life. The actual experience of the past is more significant than the thought processes of the past, though both are important. The study of the world-views of history will be fertile if it is all the while checked and interpreted by a warm sense of the life of humanity as well as the thought of humanity. Such a study will see the world progressing from formal to vital philosophy until our own day, when we are coming to understand that life itself has the right of way. A personal philosophy, having as its central point of insistence the personality of God and the personality of man, will be approached and secured in many ways. One will be the study of the historic failure of impersonal philosophies and the historic emergence of personality as the most important and vital fact of all. So studied life itself will pronounce the death warrant of some systems. It will reveal the possibilities of others. By a process of constructive elimination a man may reach a philosophic position of personal idealism where the final and determining fact is an ethical God of perfect knowledge and perfect love and infinite power. The potentialities of this philosophy as a support and inspiration in the unfolding life of the race will be seen to be its vindication. The finally dwarfing effect upon life itself of all other philosophic positions will secure their overthrow. Of philosophies as of men it may be said, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

V. Last of all, the men of to-day will best approach life's activities through history. We are constantly tempted to make action a substitute for thought rather than the expression of thought. The study of the activity and of the conceptions of activity of the past, of the life and the ideals of life, will fit a man for activities based upon an adequate program and an adequate ideal.

The word "culture" is in genius an ethnic word, and its deepest meaning is the gift of the Greek life to the world. The word "service" is a Christian word wrought out of the pang and struggle of Christians. The ancient world desired to possess.

Sometimes it desired to possess property. Sometimes it desired to possess power. Sometimes it desired to possess knowledge. But the emphasis was upon getting and not upon giving, upon obtaining and not upon imparting. Greece made the thing sought a rich and noble and full life, but the great desire was still attainment rather than bestowal. The genius of Christianity is the genius of giving. It became an evangel by its very nature. But as the centuries went by the old-world emphasis on possession usurped the place of the Christian emphasis on imparting. Monasticism had a different ideal from that of the Greek life. It desired holiness where Greece desired culture, but it desired to possess holiness rather than to impart it. The ancient world still held it firm in its grasp. With the coming of the Franciscan and Dominican orders the desire to give began to take the place of the desire to get. Service began to come to its own. It was often a service characterized by greatness of heart rather than by clearness of brain. There was a richness of love, but there was no careful scrutiny of the conditions and the causes of suffering. The scientific study of poverty and disease and crime and the attempt to remove causes instead of being content with the alleviation of symptoms is a purely modern product. The passion of the modern propaganda in the name of a society socially renewed must be a part of the equipment of the man who would live adequately in our time. In many regards it is what one must call contemporary history which teaches the most here. The immediate past is full of meaning to the man who would live efficiently as a part of the Christian social organism.

There are two features in the net result of the evolution of the social ideal up to the present which deserve emphasis. One is the sense that in giving fresh air, sanitary surroundings, the opportunity for work, and a genuine life to all men we are not conferring a favor, but are giving just what all men have a right to demand. This is not benevolence. It is mere justice. Second, there is the sense of a further demand for a personal self-giving for the enriching of other lives, the pouring out of personal energy and devotion in the cause of humanity. This is the highest expression of the love of God and the power of Christ. Piety

is to be vindicated by practical activity. The mystic must justify his beatific visions at last by his social passion. He must change heart throbs into self-giving service. He must unite the high-hearted enthusiasm of a Saint Francis with the practical skill of an expert student of social conditions. In all this we come to a conception which regards life as an ellipse with the individual and society as the two foci. Both must be kept in emphasis.

In Alexander Dumas's brilliant romance the man who was called the Count of Monte Cristo climbed to a height, after the discovery of a great treasure, and cried, "The world is mine." In a deeper and more far-reaching sense the man who enters into the meaning of the experience of humanity in centuries gone can cry, "The past is mine," and in that cry will be involved two others: "The present is mine," "The future is mine." As he enters into his heritage he will continually come to a deeper understanding of the fact that the key to the past, and to the present, and to the future is to be found in that Divine human life, that deed of suffering rescue, that triumphant transformation of the heart and the activities of man, which are forever associated with the name of Jesus Christ.

"All things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's."

Lynn Harold Hough

"DID YOU GET ANYTHING?"

On an early morning sown to gladness I was leisuring down a sunny river untouched by any wind, at peace with itself and all besides, and my boat making a narrow ripple, the perfection of artistry, my oars dipping at their will and not at mine, which was seldom enough to suit a boat given to watching its own shadow in the stream, while from the tail end of the boat a fish pole stood up vigilantly with much show of industry, though, so far as I observed, with little of the thing it had a show of, when a bright boy, intent on busy business and rowing right lustily, and coming my way with all the perspiration of fishing in operation, sung out with a hullaballoo voice, "Did you get anything?" It was a cheery morning voice of a lad duly freckled with swimming and fishing, a lad with a hundred promises of achievement as the years should loiter by, and I had not in my heart to dismiss the question with an answer other than the one he expected, so the reply was, "Not yet," though all my machinery of body and soul resented the question as an intrusion, a misnomer, and a heresy.

Not, as the fond reader may naturally opine, that I resented the question because accuracy of speech and veracity of intent prompted a negative rejoinder. No, fond friend. I am not enough of a fisherman to blush at piscatorial inability. I care less than nothing for the jeers of fishy folk who fish to catch. No shame is in me on the exhibit of an empty pole and line. The fewer fish caught the less weight to carry; and I was told by some perambulant know-everything that for a man in middle life to carry heavy burdens was unsanitary—or undignified or unhealthy, I can't quite recall which; nor need I bend my memory to the tax of recalling. It does not matter, for they all run into one. The doctrine announced pleased me. My native indolence found this a convenient bulwark, and I were not the artful man my family has been trained (by me) to think me if I heed not so salutary a suggestion; and so the carrying of a long string of fish seems to me to be running directly in the face of Providence—a thing I design not to do.

No, my irritation, if that be the correct word to characterize my attitude when the bright lad shot his arrow of "Did you get anything?" straight into me, was not a sullen dislike to being caught catchless, but a settled quarrel I have with the malutility of the question "Did you get anything?" which is vilely familiar on all roadways, either of land or water. You are always being stung with that deer fly or punctured by that song bird called the mosquito. Many a day have men who should have known better and women fair to see seriously prodded me with that irritating interrogatory, "Did you get anything?" As if a body ever went anywhere and got nothing! They mean—I know what they mean; I am no lackwit (by my own assertion)—they mean Did I get a fish? This is all they mean. As if I, who once wrote a poem, could be tied down to a wriggling line in the water when the sky is over me and under me—over me dappled with wind clouds vagrant, ethereal, far-voyaging, with blue, more blue, and far-blue, blue down to the land edge, blue to the sky-top; and under me, as I drifted with idle content, an inverted sky drifted with clouds far, free, and a-voyaging between two sky azures and Pacific—and then to have such a celestial voyage broken into by a dull apathy of, "Did you get anything?" What opaque nothing am I not to get anything when heaven engulfs me in its splendor and amplitude? What is a puny bass tugging at my line matched with the sky tugging at my soul and calling softly, ever softly, "Fly to me and fly in me, far, farther, and datelessly"!

I always get something. All days are good for my fishing whether I fish by stream or dry land. All my hooks are baited and some will be bound to catch. If I miss a fish I shall catch a lily, or a cloud, or a spindrift from a wild washed sea-wave, or a stream, or a glimpse into the soul where are horizon bars which push backward very far behind all stars and open for a moment and then close not to be opened again. Shall I not be radiant as June when all sweetness of living exhales odors like white clover and shall I, like blowing wind, grasp, and get nothing? Am I as dreamless as that comes to? I pray the kind God to forbid it. Fishing is not the climax of my life: living is the climax of my life. The highest things beckon at my door and ask a drink from

the living spring that warbles like birds in the hedge-row and I may not shut my door and lock it. I will sit out in front of my tent, like Abraham long ago, and then no angels can pass by without hearing the hail of my invitation. I like lying in wait for angels, for morning and shadows, and the wild fleur-de-lis watching its gentle shadow in the stream, and the foam of maiden's bower, and the sheen of vivid green on the lichens, and the invitation on anything and everything. I will let no angel pass my door unaccosted. I was born for the sootless paths where stars with stars go journeying, and shall I be permitted to knit my soul to earthliness?

And shall I call "getting something" to be getting the unillustrious and the deficient? Is not a poem more to me than a bank account, and the lilt of an unknown bird a fairer Eldorado than a hill of gold? Nor is it that I care not for the cash values of things. Cash buys things folks need. Christmases, and a home that bids the storms defiance, and, in its place and time, a little space in God's acre, above which wander the dusks and daysprings, and where beloveds lie in quietness with all the hopes of resurrections, tearless and tender—these certainly require money—some money. And I break no puny lance with prosperity. I deride no civilization: I mope not where the bats soot the night with sultry and sooty wing. But to be shut in by a pocketbook, or, more aptly, shut in a pocketbook, I resent. I strictly refuse to be bound in by the little—I who am built for the larger and the bewildering.

Did I get anything? That is no question for the likes of me. I always get something. Every rainbow has its pot of gold at either end and every flock of birds its music and every rookery its dissonant melody and every night and every day its summons. If a body have what Walter Savage Landor, speaking of Robert Browning, called the "inquiring eye," all roads shall lead somewhere, and somewhere subtly sublime. I know many of them, having wandered along them, and many I have not loitered on. I make prophecy for the having so often invited my soul to my soul's content. There are no barren ways. I have youth enough to know that. Is it not drearily true that "Did you get anything?" means, with hideous importunity, "Did you get some little thing?"

It is a narrowing of the soul's eyes to slits, a squint of scrutiny to behold the unessential.

Those things the Gentiles seek (recalling the gentle indictment of Jesus) are not bad, but just little scrawny things instead of brawny things. Were I choosing a room in a spacious hotel I should not choose a room overlooking the gables of the city, nor the roofs of the town, but should choose a room overlooking the ravishment of the sea. I have occupied a room that gave full view of the pile of de-vegetabled cans and superannuated rubbish and full-breath garbage cans, nor did I demur. They were necessaries; and the coverlet of the night covered them over. Better empty cans in which wholesome foods have been stored by a ripe civilization than the mussel-shell heaps inside an aboriginal cave. I quarrel not with the patches on the coat of civilization, yet I do not make my holidays inspecting its dilapidated mops and brooms. I would not be inattentive to the lowliest temporalities; but to the things eternal am I knit by kinships everlasting. They hold my dreams by dusk and day and rivet my attention like a pageant of angels. I am heading their way. No tarnishment is on this unfitful firmament of my soul. The longer it lasts the rarer it grows. I know what I am about. I am about with my soul. We are wool-gathering betimes, but it is wool from golden fleeces of yellow flowers, or fields of harvested wheat, or sands of dunes cast up by wind and sea, or desert blazing in the sun, or silver fleeces of water anemones, or early spring stars of flowers, or white souls of praying women shot through and through with the wonder and beauty of sacrifice—they not knowing it is sacrifice; wool-gathering so enriching to the thought beyond raising sheep that nibble pastures to the ground that we may turn them into mutton and to wool. Uncommercial gazers are my soul and I; but then the stars are fitted for such as watch, and the stars are high, and watching them will be bound to give the upward look. I count myself more rich in walking in dew-damp grasses on the porches of the night than in owning an auto driveway of cement. The spring under the foot is like wearing slippers of moss; and a body becomes blood kinsman of the forest and stream.

Did I get anything? When the "morn was dew-pearled,"

when the boat wound in and out loiteringly as the stream, when the vision of the world's countenance was changed by the sunburst of the morning and the song-burst of the birds, when I was going nowhere in particular nor for anything in particular, when a hidden bird on a leaning tree was speaking with the faintest voice, which resembled nothing so much as a silver hammer driving a silver nail to hang a dew-drop on, and another bird volleyed with the small artillery of "switchets, switchets, switchets," and an oriole plunked his syllables like a lot of marbles thrown in the water, and some children were cramming a boat full of hurricanes of voices and blasts of laughter and "Ouches" and "O, don'ts," and "Quit its," and wrigglings like a squirm of fish-worms on a dozen hooks—"Did I get anything?"

I shall be angry ere I am aware. I always get something; always get plenty. I caught no fish; certainly not; but fun and laughter, and free merry-making, and talking back to the children and the birds, and rowing the boat putteringly, and dawdling with the oars, and gazing lingeringly on the vistas of wide water afar, and hearing far off a curlew's call, and seeing a rail lift its clumsy flight of mellow chestnut body and wings or "freezing" along the stream to fool me, I remaining unfooled; and after dallying a while I will row out on the great water and beach my boat and take cheery breakfast with my sweet family—for which the good God be thanked!

William A. Quayle

FAITH, METAPHYSIC, AND INCARNATION

Much must be said in religious thought about the absolute, and it may raise in some a protest against the introduction there of metaphysic—though for faith the absolute is the holy. Stated in the language of religion the absolute is the holy; and the holy is in religion the first interest. Let us, however, examine this protest.

A reaction has long been promoted against the metaphysic involved in the Christology of the church. And since the Anglo-Saxons, like the Jews, are not a metaphysical people, as the Greeks were and the Teutons are, and since it is not comfortably thought among us that God should be more in any land than meets the middle register of thought, where alone we are at home, so, we consider, while he may perhaps "geometrize" he does not philosophize. The philosophers do not think his thoughts after him, they only guess. The positive sciences, in which we are so strong, represent for us the main lines on which any God must move. The middle register marks the limits which we must not pass if we are to think judiciously about him—one wonders how the soul could live if God thought as soberly about his Son or his sinners as we strive to think of him—and the result has been the specifically English philosophy of Agnosticism—now happily asphyxiated as we rise to higher thought and breathe a rarer air. The further result is that, in a crisis of thought which involves the whole mentality of the world, culture is not equal to the spiritual situation of the world, though it was so in the Catholic age or when the Puritans had touch and commerce with the great Reformers. A long isolation within our seas, now ended with results none can forecast, has secluded our religion from some leading movements of the world's thought and has cast some minds upon obsolete patristics and others upon poor pietisms, so we are unready for the modern crisis of faith and vulnerable to rather shallow challenge. Many plod along in a provinciality of thought and an inadequacy of faith which is much more prone to pick up

the thin questions of the dilettantist than to grasp the thorough answers of the master.

> "We yet do taste
> Some subtleties of the isle that will not let us
> Believe things certain."

The two chief mental movements which to-day tend to monopolize the interest of cultural religion and to impair a positive faith in Christianity may be described as Historicism and Psychologism. Historicism tends to dissolve the objective of faith into a handful of facts that will not carry it down the course of time, and psychologism tends to resolve religion into subjective processes or symbols which do not guarantee objective reality, but are, at most, the emergence into conscious action of man's own subliminal resource. Neither the one nor the other can give us a religion, and the tendency of their correction of religion is to correct it out of life. For a religion the first requisite is an objective reality, a reality which is objective to the whole race and which we either reach or receive. According as we receive it we have it as revelation and by way of living faith; according as we reach it we have it by way of discovery, of thought, of metaphysic. But then metaphysic is the movement of thought which historicism and psychologism unite with sentimentalism to reject, and in cases even to despise. Hence, if metaphysics be disallowed in aid, and if religion or faith (which has been described as popular metaphysics) fail, the sense of a real and objective God fails; the note of reality goes out of such religion as we have left, and with that in due course all fails. We become subjective illusionists, surer of mood than of reality. We have more religion than God. We are more occupied with religion than with God, and more influenced by it. We have no stay. We rotate on our own axis, and having no sun we stagger along without an orbit. We are driven to and fro with the hour and its events, with the world and its fashion. Religion itself becomes but another of our vivid interests instead of our vital center. We become unfit, and then palpably unfit, to be leaders of life or to control it. The public, which, after all, needs a reality and an authority more than anything else, passes us by disappointed. To placate it we take up practical social enter-

prises, partly in despair and partly in hot fits, and we are not able to carry them, after a time, as we become disillusioned with their results.

The Anglo-Saxon mind, I say, is not metaphysical. We suspect such a pursuit on the whole. We dislike such words as "the absolute" or as "finality," we distrust people who tell us that if God is not absolute he is no God, and if faith is not final it is not faith, and yet we get up a certain toying interest in things like Monism, which cannot even be discussed without grasping the idea of an absolute, whether it is believed in or not. But mostly we are prone to think we have got on wonderfully well with God as a working hypothesis, or as a tacit assumption, or as an entailed property, when he has ceased to be an object of direct and inexplicable certainty for our living, personal trust. And so far, it is true, we have done fairly well. We do not have our feet on rock, but it is wonderful what can be done by skillful shoring and upheld by clever device. We are hung up with surprising success where we cannot stand. We are floated with almost invisible cords from the flies, so to say, and we are able to go through our part, and to seem to stand, in scenery which would not bear our real weight. Religion may lack footing, but the lack is veiled, so far, by the old traditionalism, constitutionalism, and nationalism which suspend our faith. Faith rests on churches deeply interlaced in the whole fabric of the social order or the national mind, which does not care to inquire too deeply on what the church itself rests. So that the lack of personal faith, in the evangelical sense of the word, and the lack of metaphysical interest or aptitude are veiled, and for a time to some extent made good, by these stays. But we are passing into a time when these cannot strengthen the mast. What is the state of its socket? Is its stump rotting in bilge? Questions are being rapidly raised which cannot be answered by a mere appeal to tradition, nor by a mere young optimism. The mast cannot hang from the shrouds. By the present failure of civilization in a Europe called Christian issues are being stirred which cannot be laid by a mere reference to the way in which religion has become inspissated in our social existence or the soul carried by use and wont. Many of the churches drop

the apparatus of history, institution, or nationality which suspend the average soul and give it security over the abyss. They have not the historic sense. They dismiss it with clap-trap about slavery to tradition. They retain tradition only in the form of the Bible, or of an orthodoxy, or, at the other end, a legacy of liberty—all ill-understood. And now that the critics are exploiting even the halfpenny press it is questionable how much longer the biblical strand of the old cable will hold. It is certain, moreover, that the daily and practical use of the Bible among Christians as a means of either grace or truth is not what it was. Orthodoxy has become a pillar of salt, and liberty, for want of a creative center, turns to mere liberalism and that to credal anarchy, and, accordingly, the sense of the abyss is coming home. Thousands now feel that they are swaying where once, though only suspended, they were safely held. The steadying cords, the guys, are cut; will the carrying cords and cables last? Not only individuals but congregations are in this state of oscillation. They grasp at one device after another to give themselves a reason for existing. They plunge into social interests or social work for that purpose, and sometimes into more work than their degree of faith carries; work which may be an expression of restless energy more than of powerful faith; work, therefore, which produces only the limited effect of mere activity and then leaves the workers disheartened because they do not get the returns that can come only from spiritual conviction and moral power. The effect of detachment from a national past was less marked so long as the old theology lasted, with its philosophic affinities and its metaphysical base. When personal faith felt weak the pious community still had a creed there, unwritten sometimes but understood, which claimed to present reality in ordered and adequate Christian thought, and so beneath them people still felt the everlasting arms and they had a tacit but real base for liberty. But these serious theologies are in popular discredit. We hear how absurd metaphysic is, and especially the metaphysic of Orthodoxy. The Chalcedonian Trinity goes, along with Hellenic thought. We learn not only of the futility of metaphysic, but of its mischief for religion; and we prize much the touch and tone of literary religion, and the reli-

gion of the minor culture and the *petit maître*. The metaphysical contact with reality therefore is rudely broken, on the one hand, and on the other the contact with it by personal faith, in the evangelical sense of the great reformers, is much weakened. So little is the Reformation understood that its principle is described, by its very friends, as the right of private judgment—even when that is no more than opinionated ignorance. This is the *reductio ad absurdum* of religious atomism. It is the necessary outcome of the substitution of religious individualism for personal religion. It is religious atomism (that is, irreligion) working itself out by an innate logic and revealing its paganism in religious chaos; for it is a pagan principle whose source is the Renaissance, the Rationalist Illumination, the Revolution. It is not the principle of the Reformation. That principle is personalism, and not individualism; it is personal faith, which has submission to authority in its very being, since it owes itself and everything to absolute grace, and which has a church lying, inevitable, in its very nature, because it means union with him whose presence dissolves egoism in a common salvation and places the believer in a church by his very act of belief in such an object as a common Redeemer. The principle is not an individual self-sufficiency in love with its own uninstructed views and more jealous for its rights than concerned about truth, which is what private judgment has but too often come to be. Between a rationalist individualism and an evangelical personalism all the churches sooner or later will have to choose. For these live together like acid and oil. It is a misuse of words as well as a failure of insight which calls it mere polemic to make this issue clear to the easygoing, and sure to the shallow optimist, who is the happier the less he knows, and the more hopeful the less imagination he has to pierce the present and gauge the future. The greater the originality the keener also may be its polemic with the actual situation. There is no such polemical power as Christianity. There is nothing that wars with the world, and with the church as it settles in and enjoys itself in the world, like God's holy love. The New Testament is the most polemical of all books. It is occupied with the most polemical figures in the world—Christ, Paul, and the church. It is polemical and

dogmatic. Therefore it begins and ends in the Cross and its holy war. And it has nothing of the degenerate charity which is so easy to the sciolist who believes himself to have already apprehended, who cultivates a thin judiciousness, and thinks that sharp issues are but sharp tempers striking fire.

But, though not metaphysical, Anglo-Saxondom is in its own way deeply religious, and its faith has all along protested against its native agnostic thought. Its Christianity has at heart always protested against its philosophy, or rather, if one may coin a word, its misosophy. And the churches have, at the deep core of their practical limitations, cherished a general faith which finds the mental habit of the positive sciences too strait for it and which now seeks in Idealism or in Mysticism a place where it may dwell. The metaphysical instinct so deep in faith runs wild, when its satisfaction is denied it by agnosticism, in a grandiose Idealism, on the one side, and on the other in a mystic Monism which will not bear thorough thinking and is, after all, but a spurious or belated metaphysic served often in warm milk with nutmeg. The faith of Christianity reacts against a meager Monism as much as against a dark Gnosticism—which after all Agnosticism is. It is Gnosticism with the current turned off. Certainly the faith of the Church Universal does so react, and, while protest against the Athanasian Creed grows, it is not so much protest against its metaphysics as against its freezing of metaphysic and its condemnation of those whose metaphysics advance upon its own. Not only does the metaphysic in that creed represent at bottom an element essential to Christian faith, and inevitable in its development, but historical relativism especially should remember that it was the high-water mark of the thinking of the world at that age and stage. It is not to metaphysic that we need ever object, but to archaic metaphysic made final and compulsory. When thus abused that Creed ignores history both backward and forward. It ignores the historic Jesus and it ignores the moving church. But whenever intelligent Christianity again reaches any philosophy parallel to that of the Athanasian age it will produce another Athanasian Creed as metaphysical—or more so, as being more adequate to the empire of thought and access to reality

opened since that time. But it will not be enforced with penalties, and it will not be Greek metaphysic. It will not be so intellectualist, but far more voluntarist. Since Kant opened the new age must it not be a metaphysic of ethic? And since the discoveries of recent science about the contribution of matter must it not be a metaphysic of energy rather than of substance? And especially now, since Wundt and his peers, must it not be a metaphysic of psychology, of the moral psychology, and of the psychology of active and positive faith in particular? And it will be neither compulsory nor damnatory, because it will not be the church's faith, but the science of its faith. And it will not be without its mystic note, only it will be the mysticism of the conscience and that of imagination, investing personality rather than nature, history rather than thought, and action rather than essence. But the historic Christ, who was submerged by ancient metaphysic, suffers but little less at the hands of the modern Idealism—a fabric more fine and stately than anything outside Plato. It occupies mighty minds, but also descends to the public as theological liberalism, or a religion of general ideas which are made the criterion of all positive and historic faith and become the popular substitute for metaphysic thorough and scientific. In the critical camp the historic Christ is dissolved, under this influence, where in the orthodox he was buried. And it is a question, which they may discuss who have the data and the leisure, whether it is better to be immured in a great, elaborate, and artistic tomb or to decay under a solvent which destroys the possibility of resurrection. What we have from a despotic metaphysic, or an inadequate metaphysic, or a vague warm metaphysic, or the denunciation of all metaphysic, in a reduction of religious weight and the impoverishment of public faith. Popular belief of course cannot be a belief in metaphysic, unless it is very implicit. But a church whose ministerial belief and teaching reject it with contempt must lose weight and grasp in the long run, and must starve the religious intelligence of the public and its own effect on a world scale. As with the sacraments so with metaphysics—the deadly thing is not the omission of them but their scorn.

Why does Christianity cherish this pertinacious gravitation

to metaphysical belief? The tendency is incorrigible, especially, for instance, in connection with the person of Christ. Why is it that faith, as soon as it has served the more near and urgent uses of the soul, will not consent to be denied access to questions and convictions about the essential nature of Christ and his relation to Godhead? Why does it shrink so passionately from agnosticism about the Incarnation? Is it because the genius of the church is metaphysical and she finds "a higher gift than grace" in "God's essence all divine"? Is it because she has drawn into her communion chiefly those who have philosophical interests and metaphysical tastes? Quite the other way. The great mass both of her members and ministers are nothing of the kind. Most of them, indeed, are people of the other kind, bewildered by metaphysic as such, skeptical of it chiefly, impatient and even angry with it, as involving a kind of effort to which their energies and interests do not naturally run, even in their supernatural consecration—to say nothing of those who regard such interests as no energy at all, but a way of wasting time—while, on the other hand, the philosophers are mostly against the church, or outside. No, the church does not cling so tenaciously to profound conviction about the Godhead of Christ because that doctrine gives popular shape to speculative principles or general ideas, but because it is a prime necessity for the collective (though not always for the individual) faith which makes a church what it is. It is the nature of Christian faith that urges the church, more, indeed, than it consciously knows, upon thought and statement, even of a metaphysical kind, about the absolute nature of the Christ it absolutely trusts. Christian faith, in those classic types which give the true normality, is the sinful soul's committal to Christ for ever and ever. It concerns the undying soul's eternal rock and rest. It is not a matter of aspiration, nor of spirituality, nor of love, nor of ideal humanity. It is the redeemed soul's absolute trust and total self-disposal to its Redeemer for eternity, so that it is a case of more than loyalty—of property. It is the peculiar, the characteristic act of an eternal soul and will. And to belittle it is to belittle the soul and to reduce religion from its place as the life total and eternal to be but one of the leading interests of life. Christian

faith is such absolute faith in Christ. The soul intrusts itself to God-in-Christ for ever. But what ground or stay is there for such an unshakable faith unless we have an unshakable Christ? And how can we have an unshakable Christ for an eternal soul if we have not in him our soul's eternal God? And how can we really have God in him without some suggestion of ontological continuity, however defined? A voluntarist union of will and will is not enough, and we press for something that makes a divergence between them impossible. What is the truth in *non potuit peccare?* We have God in Christ, not simply through him. And in Christ's essential unity with God we have the only condition of that absolute trust in him which is true Christian faith, however loosely the word faith is used for lower levels of religion. A man might pray to Christ as many pray to saints. But that is not Christian faith except at an early stage, perhaps a morning twilight. It is another and a greater thing; it is the supreme Christian thing to "roll the soul on Christ," to make him responsible for it forever, to commit the soul to Christ's salvation and keeping as its committal to a saving God. The soul then finds Christ to be its universe. It finds all the world in Christ, as well as its own eternal destiny of communion with God. What is the real nature of that world?

The necessity, therefore, is not speculative but practical. It is a necessity of the personal and experimental religion of the conscience to treat Christ as God reconciling, redeeming, guaranteeing our eternity. It is a necessity which is but another expression of the finality of Christ's salvation.

I would here repeat that it is not so much the challenge of some revelation in Christ that makes the great religious crisis of the hour, now that agnosticism is dead, and materialism; but it is the challenge of his *finality* as a revelation, of his note of eternal crisis and redemption. Many own a revelation in Christ who do not admit its absolute nature. It is this note of ultimacy and of reality that favors metaphysic. You cannot hold to this finality of Christ's revelation without a faith in the Godhead of Christ which hankers for some metaphysic of it in the church's schools. Other and more sectional religions put a halo about the

founder's head as a mighty saint; but faith in Christ is universal and final because the prodigal soul comes home and finds its Father and heaven in him, and invokes him not as divine but as God—which the New Testament does. It is a religious interest, a practical and not a rationalist, not a philosophic, that urges the church into the deep interior of Christ's person, even to the metaphysic of it. For religion would not be Christian if it did not rouse thought also in the stirring up of *all* within us to bless his holy name. And to think as thoroughly as we are saved is to become metaphysical in spite of ourselves. I know that the impulse of many who denounce metaphysics is religious also. They think metaphysic starves, deflects, and distorts religion. And no doubt they have some ground in history for this, but they have none in reality. The church has certainly suffered from metaphysic. It has persecuted for metaphysic. But so, and more so (it is now said much more so), the State has persecuted thought, and penalized certain political opinions, without therefore dooming political or constitutional science. It is a poor and negative campaign to fight an inadequate metaphysic with none, to meet misuse here with total abstention, or to seek in monistic meditation a stay which can come only from energetic thought. In special connection with the preexistence of Christ the interest became metaphysical only in a secondary way. It is not mere love of dogma (except as dogma means depth, footing, and clarity) that leads Christian thought to pierce the interior of Christ and to find in him not only the key but the Creator of the world. If we read the New Testament with the eye of the biblical theologian we discover that it was not an intense but doctrinaire belief in Christ as the organ of creation which led to a faith in him as Saviour. It was the other way. The faith that found in him the eternal secret and security of its soul found in his vast personality also the key and crown of all souls. It found in him, therefore, the destiny of all history, and so the consummation of the whole world. But it could not stop there. It made then an inevitable step forward by thinking backward, and by finding that the world which was made for him must have been made by him, that he could not issue supreme from the world's close unless

he had been supreme when the world rose. *Nihil in eventu quod non prius in proventu.* The Christ who had become Lord to the first Christian age, and who would be Lord to all ages when history was wound up in the Kingdom, must be the Lord before all ages and before the foundation of the world. And the same thought has been forced on the church from its sense of God's love. The eternal love needs an eternal Son. Could that love find itself again in an idea of its own? Could the living God love an idea as his Son? The lover of an idea might be a philosophic God, but not the Holy Father. And if an eternal Son was a necessity for an eternal love was Jesus Christ not he? Or had the eternal Father two in whom he was perfectly well pleased—one in heaven and another upon earth? If God loved but his world it was only a cosmic emotion. Or was it humanity he loved? Was humanity the eternal Son, with Christ for its most representative and illustrious unit but a unit still? In that case humanity was increate. But if we shrink from that, if God loved a created and manifold humanity, ungathered into one person, loved it not philosophically, as an idea, but heartily, as a race of hearts and souls, then it was a love distracted and dissipated into millions of points without concentration or unity. Therefore his love was without a passion corresponding to his divine unity; it was mere discrete benevolence. It was a love infinitely vagrant, passing from individual to individual, upon some detained and brief upon some, a love merely preferential, so that Jesus was but his best beloved, but it would have nothing in the object of it corresponding to the unity, power, or eternity of God as its subject and source. Love would then not be divine enough to rise above individualism on a larger or smaller scale, and election would not be the whole action and economy of love, the providential order of love, so to say, but would come too near the caprice of favor and the volatility of taste. The eternal Son alone gives to the moral element in love the priority over the natural and the capricious. We have a divine love of humanity only in the eternal Son, only if we are loved in the Father's holy love of the Son. For it would be but a sanguine and amiable surmise of ours that human nature, in itself and as we find it, was so divine as to be the worthy object of God's love, to

say nothing of his habitation. But if the eternal Son made man his "tent," on his way to making the church his body and all men the church, then humanity was such a nature still as could receive and house him (though not express him) without his being either lost in it or soiled. Its constitution remained divine enough for that, even if its moral state had become hopeless and as impotent of itself to draw him by an affinity from heaven as to rise boldly to his side.

All the metaphysic of the Trinity, therefore, is at bottom but the church's effort to express in thought the incomparable reality and absolute glory of the Saviour whom faith saw sitting by the Father as man's redeeming and eternal Lord, to engage the whole and present God directly in our salvation, and found the soul in Christ on the eternal Rock. It is a metaphysic of personality that is involved and of personal action. Also in so far as the doctrine of the Trinity is metaphysic it is not the property of individuals; nor is the belief in it the measure of individual faith. It is a belief so great that it is at home but in the range of the collective faith. It is, first, the matter and property of the collective church; second, of the competent representatives of the church; but, third, it is active in its power with many who are not competent nor forward to discuss it, but are in living relation by evangelical faith with the reality of the saving God it enshrines. A doctrine of the Trinity may be, so far as the crude individual goes, a piece of theological science, but for the church it is a part of its essential faith. It could not renounce it and remain a church. Its power would decay. For the individual it can be implicit, but it must from time to time become explicit for the church in some form corresponding to the age and stage of thought, if the church's great Word is to survive and its general faith is to meet the greatness of its Word. The whole fabric of belief round such a doctrine is an indication that faith which works out in love works out, by the very kindling, subduing, and universal power of love, also in thought. It is all an effort by some of the best minds of the race to take in thinking earnest the church's faith that Christ is Lord, and that he is throned with God because he does for practical experience what God alone can do for the soul. With the experi-

ence of the first church, and its worship of Christ, there was only one choice—the choice of his displacing the Father in the church's religion, or of his becoming the Son in having whom we have the Father also, and forever must have him. And the creeds of the church have all along been in heart and intent its formal expressions of its infinite faith that when God gave his Son he gave himself, that in his Son he *came,* that he dealt with men so closely as he never did before and so finally that he can never do it again, that he gave them not a messenger but his own heart, and not an opportunity of being saved but an achieved salvation. When that faith is raised from popular language and thought out, it means a doctrine of the Trinity, finding in the historic Son the Father's real gift of himself and his achieved purpose, and not a mere intimation nor a movement of willingness toward us. In Christ God did not send a message of his love which cost the messenger his life, but himself loved us to the death, and to our eternal redemption. The revelation of God's love could only be God loving. God alone could reveal God. The Godhead of Christ is therefore much more an element of the gospel of experienced grace than a result of philosophic thought. This is shown by the fate of that modern philosophy which promised to do most by philosophical ideas for the Trinitarian truth. Hegelianism split into two streams, of which the left has carried the day and become the chief motor in those who not only deny a divine Christ but dissolve an historic. It is by no metaphysic that we come to the faith of Christ's Godhead; but, having come there, some metaphysic of it is inevitable wherever religion does not mean mental poverty, the loss of spiritual majesty, and a decayed sense of the price of the soul and the cost of its sin. It is not possible, indeed, to adjust to any category of thought faith's certainty of the absolute union of the sinner and the sinless, of man in his struggle and God in his calm. The Incarnation is a peace that passes understanding. But faith would be so far dead if it did not compel the mind to revolve the theme, explore the gift, and swell the praise.

The reasoning from faith, therefore, would be in this wise: God's love as we have it in Christ his Son must be taken with

infinite seriousness and reality. It is not a partial mood or a passing fancy of God for us; it is God's eternal nature, relation, and purpose to us. If God be there at all, that is what is there. You may of course deny that God is there, or that he does love; but, if he does, that is how he loves—altogether or not at all. The absolute God, the holy, knows nothing of half measures with the world, or half gospels. Christ may have been wrong in speaking of such a God or in believing in him, or we may be wrong in so construing what Christ did believe or say, but if Christ was not wrong, and we are not wrong about him, God's love in Christ was that absolute and eternal love for all mankind which involved the whole and holy God forever, from which love no power can separate us. About this absolute love we need something more than assurance from a third party. When it is the last issue between the soul and God no third party can intervene. Certainty is not to be had by stationing the most luminous and piercing religious genius at some point where he can see both God and man, each being invisible to the other, and where he can report to either hand that the other part is satisfactory and trusty. What we need in Christ is not an external ground for God to trust our faith, or for us to trust God's love. We need to have in Christ God's love itself; God loving; not an effect of God's love, but that love in immediate action and contact with us. Christ's love is really God's love, not the sublimest testimony to it. Christ is not God's love-letter to the world. It is the church that is God's epistle. Christ is God writing it. That is Revelation. It is Redemption. How far we have traveled in this beyond the idea of Revelation as something emitted from God! It is God coming as something and doing something. It is not something given by God, it is God giving himself. When we truly pray we pray *for* God, for God's gift of himself, more than *from* God, more than for gifts from God. Revelation is not a word from God, it is God the Word. It is not a man from God, it is God as man. It is not man doing something for God. That is not the essence of Christianity. It is God doing something in man and for him. It is the real action of God's person—direct, yet in the Son. It is the real presence in Humanity of God's being—immediate, yet not unmediated.

Some may hesitate, perhaps, about that phrase—immediate, yet not unmediated. Well, it is much worth hesitation; it is worth lingering on it. It is a stumblingblock to many. It is either nonsense or it covers something so true that nothing but a paradox can express it. The latter is our alternative. It is strange in terms but it is all the more true. It corresponds to a real process. It is even psychological. May I illustrate? Nothing, I suppose, could be more direct and immediate than your sight of me or mine of you. But in fact neither of us sees the other at all. All we see directly is an image on the retina. Indeed, I, sitting at my remote center, may not see even that directly. There may be several processes between that image and my perception of you. Before I could interpret that image as you, and realize that it was a solid weight of body with which I could collide, and a resisting power of will with which mine must deal—before I could develop the image on my retinal film into a real you—I had to go through a long but totally forgotten process of visual education by the aid of touch, by what used to be called the muscular sense, and by much other similar discipline during the first stage of life. That immediate perception we have of each other is condensed and crystallized mediation. It is a vast abbreviation. It is a portmanteau act. It is mediation become habitual, automatic, unconscious of itself. It has mediation embedded in it, subliminal to it. It is mediation become immediate. It is immediate but not unmediated. This is only meant to show that the phrase is not philosophic nonsense, but good science in the region of psychology. It is no less sound in the region of theology. We all admit that our faith in the Father is mediated by history, by Christ's presence in history. But that fact—Christ—might be quite empirical. Christ might be but the first link in a chain, the first medium instead of the standing Mediator. We are not such positivists as to stop there, with that piece of historicism. He is to us all that he was to the first century, or more. Our faith is mediated through Christ in the way of spiritual process as well as part transmission, in the region of the spiritual world no less than the historic, by the present sacramental value of tradition and of the world in the action of God him-

self on us thereby. The historic fact becomes a spiritual sacrament on which God glides into our soul. Indeed, in Christ we have the Word which makes all sacrament. In Christ we feel we have the action of God direct, yet mediated. The mediation does not impair the directness. It did not precede it; it is always acting in it. We have God in Christ at first hand, and seeing him we see the Father. So that the sacramental relation between God and man in Christian history and experience is but the correlate of an essential relation within the Godhead itself. The relation between God and man is not identical with that between Father and Son (as those say who promulgate the doctrine of humanity as eternal in God), but it is parallel, it is correlate. "I in you as the Father in me." And God's love to man in historic revelation has under and behind it God's love to the Eternal Son, for whose sake the Father loves man, as Christ himself loved mankind not for its own amiable sake but for the sake of God and of his miraculous grace in loving us. What we possess in Christ is so much God's love that it is the love eternally directed upon Christ. God in his grace loves us with the same love as he bestows without grace on Christ. By grace we are caught up into the Father's love of the Son. It is not a case of the natural love of offspring transferred by us to God, but it is the action of a more eternal and holy love transferred by God to us in Christ. Christ transmits it vitally, as its eternal living object and not as its mirror; not as a medium, but as a mediator; he does not even testify to it as an historic genius or a prophet with splendid insight into it might do. Now the eternal object of God's love could not be an idea unless God were an idea and no more. It must be in a parity. It must be as real as the living God. God the beloved must be as real, personal, and eternal as the loving God. The beloved Son must be a constituent of the divine nature and personality. For, if not, God was determined into loving by something outside of himself, and something therefore less eternal, which would leave him not absolute and holy God. Only if the beloved Son was God was God self-determined, and eternally determined, into love. By the very nature of God as love we are moved to the belief in an eternally preexistent Christ—and to his real preexistence, not

merely to an ideal. Christ is the object of God's love; not as if that were an intellectual love for the intellectual beauty, not in the sense of the Son's having an ideal preexistence in God's thought or purpose, as if God were an eternal dreamer or infinite speculator enamored of his own thought, but in the sense that he had a real preexistence as personal as the love bestowed. The divine thing in Jesus was eternal in God. And what was the divine thing in Jesus? Some nucleus or core in the historic personality? Some astral entity, as it were, which could be drawn out of the deciduous man Jesus as a finer soul in soul? No; neither real history nor scientific psychology will let us think like that. The divine thing in Jesus covers, and indeed constitutes, the whole historic personality, that whole moral entity, which Peter, James, John, Judas, Caiaphas, and Pilate all knew as Jesus. The divine thing was Jesus Christ. The actual, historic, personal Jesus was no mere temporary correlate of God's love, or of its ideal object. The divine thing that came to us was not a message nor an influence, nor a spirit, but a person, and not a prophet's person but the divine presence. He, his person, *was* the divine thing. He did not contain it. He was not simply its tenement. He was not a prodigious human personality completely filled by the (less personal?) Spirit of God. That were in the end quite docetic. It would mean that the more we developed the divine element the more thin we wore the finite receptacle to give it room. The Son of God as the Son of man was not the divine wine in a goblet of flawless crystal. The divine thing in him was that which made his person, and did not simply fill it. The same personality must be both God and man. Else which redeemed? If it was the indwelling Spirit, then was the personality of Jesus redeemed? Or shall we give up an idea so embarrassing as Redemption? Even human personality is no mere receptacle; it is a power. And God can only be in it by some mutual involution, as power interpenetrates power, or, even more intimately than that, as person lives in person, as the Father dwells in the Son of his love. Jesus, in fashion and person as he moved among us, was the eternal object, peer, and polar continuity of God's love, else we cannot cross the gulf between Christ's conviction and God's reality. If

Christianity is absolute faith (and we cannot trust for eternity the merely probable), the real personal Father had the real and personal Son who is our life for his love to rest on in the depth and mystery of eternity. All the analytic objections or impossibilities which can be raised against such a faith by the lower rational man are our old familiar friends, who disagree in the basement while worship goes on in the church above them. And this Son, as a constituent element of Godhead and not a mere phase of God, was not only sent by the Father but himself came with equal spontaneity into the world to save it. He came *ex proprio motu,* through his own free responsive obedience to his Father's saving will, and through his love to both God and man, in some form of self-emptying and self-renunciation. The Son willed our salvation as surely, as creatively, as the Father, and willed his own work for it. All the acts of Christ's self-sacrifice here were but the explication of the one compendious, renunciatory act of his person in coming here. He came to save God's holy name and purpose by saving man's forfeit soul—first to gratify and delight the Father, then to save God among men, and then (and thereby) to save men for God. God spared not his Son, and the Son spared not himself. So that we may say that, while a personal Humanity is the product of God's love in creation, a personal Christ is the object of God's love in eternity. Humanity is personality in finite detail; Christ is personality in its infinite but compendious and holy power. And we are loved for Christ's sake.

We may, therefore, perhaps, sum up thus:

Christ reveals to us God's holy love. He does so not as a prophet with its message, but as the Son with its presence. His work was God's work, not in report, nor in effect merely, but in action. What, then, does Son here mean? It means that the revelation, as taken home by the faith it creates, is final. Nothing in God was dearer or higher than his Son. When the Son came there was no more to do, and no higher revelation possible. No future revelation can separate us from the love it reveals—that is, can transcend it by a greater and leave it behind. It is absolute and eternal. Christ is the real revelation of God's being, in the sense of its self-communication. He is the one supreme visitation

of God. God's being as love was eternally resting on the Christ who came to us, upon no Christ with an existence merely ideal, as if the earthly Jesus were but an historical avatar of an idea capable of various other visits. But upon this personality the personal love of the Father forever rested, well pleased, in the depth and mystery of Godhead's eternal life. It was a real pre-existence—though here formal thought is soon obliged to stop, and we believe by experience what we cannot construe in scheme.

I am well aware, I have hinted, of the difficulties on either side of such an idea as Christ's preexistence. Both the man who ignores these and the man who treats the belief as nothing but fantastic theology discount their own right to a weighty opinion because they do not show that they have gone into the subject far enough to discover the difficulties of dispensing with such a thought. It is what the Germans describe, by an untranslatable but useful word, as a *Grenzbegriff*. A *Grenzbegriff* is a notion of which we can form no explicit conception, but which is forced upon our total thought as inevitable. It is an idea which contains the necessity of something transcendent without being able to describe its processes, movements, qualities, or colors. One side of it is known, the other is unknown. Such is matter, for instance, in the region of natural science. It is a notion that carries us over the limit of our sensible or scientific knowledge, but it is indispensable for the reality both of me, who know, and of anything to be known. A *Grenzbegriff* is an impenetrable but luminous reality against which all our thinking is brought up, or rather to which all our thought moves, but which, if it cannot be construed, is yet so rational that it cannot be denied without giving thought the lie and making the conceivable, the formally rational, the test of reality. To admit such an idea is much more rational than to deny it. The necessity is rational, however illogical. It was thought that forced us to it, though it be not amenable to a rational scheme, and it is inaccessible to the processes of conceptual thought. It cannot be thought, and yet it must be owned. Our thought cannot go here, but we do, our soul does. For our thought is but one function of our personality, which has a larger projection and intent. We commit ourselves, by an act in which the whole

person disposes of itself in faith, to a region where, though we cannot see our way, we yet hear a call and feel an outstretched hand. It is a leap in the dark, but it is a vocal dark. The eye fails us, but from the cloud there is a voice, which does not fail, saying, "This is My Eternal Son." So for our Christian faith the eternal preexistence of Christ is as indispensable as it is inexplicable. *How* the Eternal Son could empty himself to the historic Jesus Christ is quite inexplicable, though we may trace analogies, but religion taken seriously, thoroughly, makes the faith eternally inevitable. Our inability to conceive the "how" of a kenosis need not make us renounce the fact. And most of the difficulties about a kenosis turn upon the method rather than the principle.

The difficulty of the Antiochene view, which regards Christ as a human personality specially prepared, and then filled, at a certain time or by a certain development, with the Divine Spirit, is this (and it is what drives one on some form of kenosis): In such a theory the divine is not the element which forms the personality. It fills it when formed, but it does not constitute the personality—where, however, the modern accent falls. It is not compatible with modern views of the historic personality of Jesus as the acting and effectual power. That historic personality, with which we start as a thing so real, becomes a thing less and less real as we ascribe the ruling action to a divine content which is not personal in the same sense, while, on the other hand, if we throw all the personal action on the human tenement we reduce the divine factor to a mere influence. For there could not be two persons in the one man Jesus Christ. Also, on this view we do not secure the divine initiative for the work that engrossed the personality of Jesus. The Divine Spirit is reduced from the doer to the suggester, and God does not redeem so much as inspire redemption. Besides, if human nature must be redeemed to receive the Spirit how can the Spirit fill even the greatest human personality before proceeding to redeem? And could a Spirit that only fills a person, and does not act as a person, redeem human personality? It is such difficulties as these that forbid us to speak of "the Deity residing in that man in transcendent fullness, but in the same way as in the souls of other men." That sounds pious and modest, but it

is inadequate to a situation so serious as to be soluble only by redemption. It is beneath the classic Christian experience, where redemption is the central need. Faith is humble, but it is not modest. It is very bold and daring. And we are therefore led on to think less of a man with a measureless gift of the Spirit than of Godhead becoming man by a kenotic and renunciatory act. This leaves possible the idea of Redemption; the former discourages it.

It cannot be too often emphasized that the chief breach with traditional dogma is partly in the method and partly in the use of it. This appears especially in connection with the doctrine of Christ's deity. In the old dogma the admission of this deity was necessary to make a man a Christian; in the new it is believed because the man is a Christian. We apply the modern principle of belief in miracles to a special and crucial case. The miracles used to be viewed as a help to faith; now it takes all our faith to believe in the miracles. So with the great miracle of the Incarnation. You must be a Christian to believe it instead of believing it to be a Christian. We need all our Christianity to believe it as it took all Godhead to effect it. The incarnation is the ultimate doctrine of Christianity, but it is not the first in the order of individual experience, which is justification. So far the pragmatists are right. We work from results; but backward. Our theology rises out of our religion. We must pass through a certain experience of faith, in which Christ does on man the work of God, ere we can believe him to be God. Without the experimental faith of redemption that belief is impossible, but with it it is inevitable. I have already suggested that the metaphysic of the future seems to be indicated as a metaphysic of the ethic and psychology of the soul in its moral experience. The metaphysic involved is the metaphysic of personal faith as life's life, the metaphysic which that faith implies (though it can produce no faith), the metaphysic not of substance but of energy, of spiritual energy especially, and most especially of redemption, through the faith which answers redemption. It is the metaphysic not of Being but of the Holy Spirit. It is not the condition of faith but the conclusion from it. We must experience Christ in order to realize that

in so doing it is God we experience; we can then go into the metaphysic of that moral fact. The traditional method constantly tends to put formulæ over faith, and to set theology in the place of religion instead of at its heart. Men may and do define Christ's deity to the practical neglect of his person, and without any communion with himself. We may come to lay more stress on the Virgin Birth or on the Christology of the Logos than upon Christ as our living God and Saviour. We may see more clearly the truths that underlie Christ than we feel and confess him to be the grand fact of God's intervention underlying our life. But it is as such an intervention that we must feel him for New Testament faith. To treat him only as the *beau ideal* of aspiring faith is to do him even more injustice than to treat him as the incarnation of certain eternal ideas. To regard his faith but as the classic case of our own faith is to be no more fair to him than when we try to reach him by metaphysical formulæ. To regard God's presence with him as but the purest nearest case of his presence with every soul is to treat him more as our superlative than as our Saviour. He is the fact and act in which God the Saviour comes to us, and not the great instance of our coming to God. His gospel is one of God visiting us; and he is the visitation of God which he declares. We can never have the same relation to God as Christ had. We can never realize his relation to God as he did. Even religious psychology here comes to a standstill. We cannot follow the spiritual process between him and the Father. He never told that love. It was his own secret. He died before his disciples knew it. He had to die that they might know it. And when they knew it they could express it only in their personal and practical faith as a church. Their theology of it was mainly allusive—as in the great kenotic passage of Philippians.

By such an experience and such a belief he is the foundation of our experienced faith and not simply its historic source. It did not simply begin with him long ago; it rests on him now. It is his gift now. What rests on him is not simply the other end of the historic chain, but the weight of our present souls in every age. His function does not cease, nor does he disappear, when he has introduced us to God, but in him God always descends on us,

emerges in us, seizes us, forgives us, changes us, creates us anew. It is this experience of the new creation that has really demanded from thought the metaphysic associated with Christ's deity—but demanded it from faith's thought and not from thought's faith. For God is will with thought in it, not thought with will in it. The ontological deity of Christ is a necessary condition of the new creation, but my belief in any formula of that deity is not a necessary condition of my being created anew; it is only an inevitable corollary or expression thereof. It is one thing to feel secure before God, but the sense of security (guaranteed, say, by a church) is not the experience of salvation; and it is another thing to desire and possess God, the living God. The deity of Christ is the real means whereby this possession is possible; it is not a matter of assent for attaining the security without personal certainty. The redeemed do not see how they could be redeemed if the redeemer is not God; but no man is redeemed by simply believing that he is. Redemption is so great a miracle that we cannot be surprised that its great thinkers, the theologians, should have put in the forefront the Incarnation as the miracle of miracles. It made redemption possible. But that is not the same as to say that its admission must precede our experience of redemption as a reality. We do not infer the redemption in Christ, deducing from his deity, but we move to his deity regressively from our redemption with its quickening of all our power and insight. It is the experienced power of the Redeemer that forces on us, that has forced on the church, his deity. It is our new creation in Christ Jesus that makes us seat him on the Creator's throne. None but the Holiest could offer the Holiest that which our sin owed; and it is that sense that makes us find our God in him who is our atoning peace. It is because we are overwhelmed thus with God's visitation in him that with all our heart and soul and mind we begin to ask how it is possible. If indeed we could *fathom* that we should be looking down over the God before whom we ought to bend. But we may at least discern some vital things about Christ's relation to God which do not presume to fathom it, and when we find God actually reconciling us in him we cannot help inferring some more substantial unity between him and God

than between God and ourselves. The inner life of Jesus could not really reveal to man the inner life of God if at his center he was not more God than man, and doing the redeeming thing which God alone can do. But it is in Christ's person, and not behind it, that we must look for the secret; in its historic act and not in its putative essence; in an act of his person (even though that act was begun before the world was) and not in the process or mutual behavior of two natures in that person about whose qualities we have no sure information except in the revelation in him. Through his work alone the Godhead of Jesus reaches us and finds us. But it is a work which the great experience of the church finds not only to impress us but to recreate us, it is a work that it finds begun before the foundation of the world. And if it be metaphysical to venture anything about what transpired in such an eternity then metaphysical we must be.

SEVEN AMERICAN NOVELS[1]

Although it is true that there are more high-power writers of fiction in Great Britain at the present moment than we can discover in America, our standard of production is not altogether contemptible. Writers and readers have both pushed on to more elevated ground than was common twenty years ago, and while the heart of the reading public has become a more difficult target the aim of our authors has much improved. During the past year seven works of fiction have appeared—among others of no doubt equal merit—which repay the reader richly in entertainment, instruction, and ethical stimulus. For the most part our contemporary American novelists of the better sort grapple resolutely with purely American material, not merely with the aim of drawing a correct and artistic picture, but with the clearly discernible object of making their readers better men and women; saving their own souls by a productive use of their talents. In every one of these novels there is the clear call to higher and nobler living.

Booth Tarkington has never written an unattractive book, probably could not if he tried; there is a charm in his pages as compelling as sunshine. I am inclined to rank his latest novel as his best because, while it has the agreeable humor and lightness of touch manifest in his other works, it is an illuminating commentary on one of the grossest evils in modern American life—our zeal for bigness; our measurement of prosperity by the increase in population without stopping to inquire whether the *quality* of the population has improved, or even whether it is desirable that the population should increase at all. Why should we brag that our "home town" has doubled its population in ten

[1] 1 The Turmoil. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Harper & Brothers.
2 The Rosie World. By Parker Fillmore. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
3 Angela's Business. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.
4 Pierre Vinton. By Edward Venable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
5 A Far Country. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Company.
6 Hillsboro People. By Dorothy Canfield (Mrs. J. R. Fisher). New York: Henry Holt & Co.
7 The Encounter. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Mrs. Basil de Sélincourt). New York: The Century Company.

years? We do not feel particularly happy in a trolley car when its population doubles in three minutes. Instead of all hustling along in a mad endeavor to keep up with the works of man Mr. Tarkington would have us stand still and behold the wonderful works of God—the greatest of which is the human soul; and small chance it has in the hurly-burly of modern business. Specifically, The Turmoil is a protest against three evils of bigness: smoke, dirt, noise. To me noise seems to be one of the arch-villains in the modern human comedy, and I rejoice that so skillful a novelist has echoed so accurately its discordant and nerve-shattering racket. The time will come, I think, when an unnecessary noise will be a penal offense, just as it is now considered wrong—except in time of war—to poison wells. In the residence streets of many American cities the quiet is constantly broken by enormous motor trucks running at any hour of the night their owner chooses for his particular profits, shaking the walls of houses and murdering sleep. These monstrosities are as much out of place in certain localities as a steam calliope in the center aisle of a church. What these noise-germs do to nervous people—which means nearly all Americans—can only be imagined. Noise is a health-wrecker, a positive nuisance of the first class, and those who are paying strict attention to hygiene cannot long overlook its disastrous effects. (Schopenhauer said that a person who slammed a door revealed a total lack of intelligence.) Mr. Tarkington's account of his particular big city is a small epic of Paradise Lost, and noise is the very devil.

The Rosie World is a slum novel with dynamics reversed. We all know what the expression "slum novel" connotes—squalor, crime, bestiality, sodden despair. Mr. Fillmore, who seems to know exactly what he is talking about, gives us a picture of city life among the lowly which is full of brightness and good cheer. "God plants us where we grow," said Pompilia; and Rosie produces the fruits of the Spirit. She is a ubiquitous and multitudinous blessing, an active principle of amelioration. The absolute democracy of the poor is well shown: the happiness that comes from absence of social responsibilities, the cheerful neighborly helpfulness, the intense and friendly interest taken in each other's joys and woes. The sorrows of the very poor are not slurred, but

laughter is just as true a fact in human life as tears, and this book resounds with honest mirth. A New York millionaire, returning to his expensive mansion after a terribly exhausting day of big business, found four men servants near the front door. He wearily remarked, "I have to work hard all day to keep these gentlemen in idleness." No such tragedy as this in the Rosie World. The father of the family smokes his evening pipe in absolute calm of mind while the star boarder narrates the daily incidents that happen on the street car of which he is the conductor. The point to notice in this work is that the representation of happiness is just as "true to life" in a slum story as the depiction of misery, and the artistic painting of it has every whit as much dignity as the analysis of filth. Already one fine novel has appeared in Rosie's wake—this is St. John Ervine's irresistibly humorous story, published in England a month or so ago, called Alice and a Family. To readers of Mr. Fillmore's book Alice will infallibly recall Rosie—I wonder if the resemblance is an accident? The workmanship of the London book is of an even higher grade, the conversation being surprisingly brilliant.

Angela's Business will surely disappoint most readers of Queed and V V's Eyes, for two simple reasons: the fable is nothing like so interesting and the persons cannot make so deep an impression. Possibly Mr. Harrison needs a hero rather than a heroine as protagonist. Yet in sheer cleverness this novel is superior to its two predecessors. It is beyond all doubt the best discussion that I have read of the woman question—the conclusion being that what really counts in a woman is not her opinions, nor what she attempts to accomplish, but simply what she is herself. We relearn what ought to be axiomatic, and is not, that a woman may be a suffragette and yet sweet, gentle, modest, and womanly; and that a woman may take not the slightest interest in politics, social work, education, and yet, under this guileless exterior, be a most determined, grasping, and otherwise totally uninteresting female. The amazing twist in the middle of the book, when we discover that the leading lady is not the heroine, is managed with consummate art. After finishing the novel one should immediately reread the first two chapters to realize how completely they throw the

reader off the scent. A crying sin in most works of art, whether drama or novel, is simply this. How is it possible for a person to deceive her most intimate friends completely when her shallowness, selfishness, and duplicity are so broadly evident to the mere spectator or reader? We all read novels and see plays where the villain's villainy is instantly and constantly manifest to *us*, and yet the very bosom of the villain's family never has a suspicion. M. Bernstein solved this difficulty most notably in The Secret, where during the entire first act the spectators are as completely hoodwinked as the husband. Mr. Harrison likewise satisfies our artistic sense by Angela's fooling the reader as completely as she fooled her intimate acquaintances. It was not until the incident of the ashtray that I began to suspect what Angela's real business was. What a fearful warning to young maids, what a violent danger signal to young bachelors is that same ashtray!

Pierre Vinton is a novel that everybody ought to be talking about. There is such a thing as monotonous brilliance, brilliance that first palls, then gets altogether on one's nerves. This book is steadily brilliant without ever becoming monotonously so. Who the author is beyond his name—if Venable be his name—I have not the slightest idea; but not since reading "Joseph Vance by William De Morgan" have I had the particular and wholly delightful experience of taking up a book whose title and whose author meant no more to me than a sheet of blank paper, and yet which aroused such enthusiasm after the first chapter. Pierre Vinton is a novel aflame with intelligence, with wise and tolerant and humorous knowledge of life; the style is full of distinction, of original, personal, anti-conventional phrasing; against the dull background of most contemporary fiction it gleams and glitters, beckons, too, like a star. It is a love story beginning with a divorce; a love story full of wit, passion, and tenderness, showing that people whose clothes and manners are alike immaculate are human for all that, and suffer from elemental feeling. The man's interview with his divorced wife before his departure for Switzerland brings in a new and tremendous argument for virtue.

> Clean for the church, and dead against the world,
> The flesh and the devil does it tell for once.

If I am mistaken about the beauty, charm, and artistic value of this book may I never read a novel again.

A Far Country is not primarily a work of art; it is a political and social history of our time and should therefore be read for information rather than for pleasure. Without any true gift of style, without a suspicion of humor, without any charm, Mr. Churchill has the flair of the great journalist. He seems to know exactly what subject and what treatment of it will most keenly interest the vast American public. To me the prodigious excitement aroused by The Inside of the Cup was more interesting than anything in the book itself. For months after its initial appearance five hundred copies were sold daily; ministers preached sermons about it, and even so thoughtful a man as the late Admiral Mahan was moved to write an article condemning it. The enormous number of letters received by the author forced him to speak out his religious views in a magazine, this time without the diaphanous disguise of fiction. Mr. Churchill is a reformer with a reformer's temperament. In Coniston, which is, on the whole, I think, his best book, and in Mr. Crewe's Career he showed modern political abuses as they affected local communities; The Inside of the Cup was an attempt to reform the organized Christian Church—if he had succeeded the church would be as devoid of charm as is his novel—and in A Far Country Mr. Churchill plays the role of diagnostician and lays his finger on the diseased place in the great body politic. There is an immense convincing power in our author's mere accumulation of detail, in the gradual but steady deterioration of the hero; it is, in very truth, like the subtly slow, insidious, and deadly power of an obscure disease. The novel seems to be documented all through, like a doctor's thesis; I feel certain that its author could give plenty of specific illustration for every supposedly fictitious chapter. It is a book that every American ought to read because it deals so definitely with our modern political and social life and gives such a mass of useful information. Yet its very up-to-dateness smells of mortality, and one feels its wholly ephemeral nature in the field of art, much as one feels it in the novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose manner and whose fate Mr. Churchill is in great danger

of resembling. For, while Mrs. Ward has had an enormous audience in her day, will future generations know her name?

To turn from A Far Country to Hillsboro People is like changing from the husks that the swine did eat to the wholesome fare of our Father's house. From the congestion of crowds we gladly flee to open space; and Hillsboro People is the real New England country, which our author would have us visit, not for change, novelty, or recreation, but come to it as permanently as we all ultimately visit the churchyard. The young woman who wrote this collection of chapters is the daughter of the late librarian of Columbia University, a man of extraordinary power of personality. She was swept by the centripetal force of the university into the pursuit of technical book-learning, and it must make her laugh when she remembers the day she took her doctor's degree in Old French. *Quel métier, quelle vie!* What a change from the purlieus of linguistic pedantry to writing modern novels in a lovely village! "God plants us where we grow," let me quote again. The Rosie World could not have been produced on a lonely hillside, and Dorothy Canfield could not grow in an urban university. Three years ago appeared her first novel, The Squirrel Cage, a forcible and accurate indictment of the manner in which American daughters are carefully trained for a career of nervous prostration. Hillsboro People is a study of country folk by one who loves them. Many novels in French and English have been written about rural communities where the attitude of the author—as in Madame Bovary—was one of icy scorn, where the awful dullness of village life was represented as the quintessence of tragedy. Indeed, one need not go to Flaubert for this picture. If one should compare Mrs. Wharton's Ethan Frome with Mrs. Fisher's Hillsboro People one would find a fresh illustration of how elusive truth really is, since two flatly contradictory accounts of the same thing may both be veridical. For my part, I like Hillsboro People better—because this aspect of the truth has not usually been sufficiently emphasized. Mr. Fillmore speaks the truth when he represents the pleasures of city poverty, Mrs. Fisher speaks the truth when she represents the happiness of life in a remote country district. Her real thesis—for owing to her early scholastic train-

ing she cannot write a novel without a thesis—is that one can study life much more deeply in the country than in the city. She makes out a good case. Between the chapters of her book a friend has contributed lyrics that sound "like linnets in the pauses of the wind." Some are beautiful, and all are original.

Of the seven novels the only one that does not deal directly with American life is The Encounter, although the heroine and her remarkable mother are Americans traveling in Europe in a setting that recalls the international novels of Henry James. The girl, whose disillusioned frankness is more startling than any bizarre manner could possibly be, is brought into a close encounter with three men who represent three different philosophies of life. The first is no more and no less than Nietzsche himself, who taught a superman doctrine which no one, least of all its author, has ever been able to follow; the second, Graf von Lüdenstein, is simply the incarnation of the sensual instinct; the third is a cripple, Conrad Sachs, who represents Christianity. In his person love triumphs over pride, strength, and lust. The changing attitude of the girl toward Sachs is portrayed in the most subtle manner. The various phases are indifference, contempt, surprise, curiosity, admiration, adoration. The conversations between the imperious Beauty and the gentle Beast are so interesting, and what Sachs says is so beautiful, that the reader unconsciously awaits his replies to her eager questions, not merely with intense curiosity, but with much the same feeling that a man adrift observes the approach of rescue. For Sachs really seems to have the key to life's riddle. Nothing arouses more actual interest in the minds of the children of this world than an exhibition of sincere unselfishness. They wonder what manner of man it is that can do such things and do them cheerfully; he seems serene and at rest where they are tortured by fever. One would have to search the novels of Dostoevski to find a better illustration of the compelling power of Love, which is stronger than anything else on earth. *If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me.* Sachs insists that Ludwig (who represents Nietzsche) is really not far from the kingdom of God. Ludwig says that strength is the highest good: Conrad says that Goodness is the highest strength.

The young girl remarks, "But you believe in goodness . . . in sacrifice; in selflessness; all the things that Ludwig hates." He answers, "I hate them when they mean impotence and subterfuge, Fräulein. Goodness is what the highest strength desires and chooses. If only strength is good yet it is still more true to say that only goodness is strong. That is all my creed. . . . When you understand Ludwig's creed you will find that it is not so different a one from mine. No. It is not. Whatever he may say." As a cure for her despair he suggests, to her astonishment, that she try prayer. She queries resentfully, "What happens when you pray?" "In that deadness, that apathy you speak of, a breath blows upon us, we may not know from where, when we pray. It is the spirit of life answering our spirit. We feel this breath, and the desire for life again arises in us—we will to will, to be, to love. You do not know it yet, Fräulein, nor believe in it; but it is the world's great reality, this breath of the spirit."

As I finish for the moment my contemplation of these seven novels, so utterly different as they are in characterization and in plot, I seem to see them all resting on one foundation—the Moral Law. Just as a scientific work assumes without mentioning it that the law of gravitation is true, so these seven works of fiction attain verisimilitude mainly because their structures are built on the universal moral law. Persons who spend their lives fighting moral truths only injure themselves in the struggle: the law is immovable, unshakable, and in the end must be reckoned with. The moment any one of the characters in these seven stories ceases the hopeless fight, and submits to the law of unselfishness, it is as though harsh discords yielded to perfect harmony. These books give the reader moral stimulation; they strengthen our faith that this is God's world, and that the gospel of Christ is man's only way not only to real usefulness, but to peace of mind.

Wm Lyon Phelps

WOODROW WILSON'S OPINION OF JOHN WESLEY

On Tuesday evening, June 30, 1903, Woodrow Wilson, then President of Princeton University, delivered an address in connection with the Wesley Bicentennial at Middletown, Conn., as did other speakers of note during commencement week. Mr. Wilson's subject was "John Wesley's Place in History," and it is printed in the Wesley Bicentennial Volume issued by Wesleyan University in 1904. It was a masterly production and made a deep impression upon all who heard it. It revealed the scholar and the historian dealing with a congenial theme, and the result is a production that will materially assist to perpetuate not only the name and work of John Wesley but that of its author as well. Delivered at a time before he entered the political arena, it is in some respects a mirror of the man and a reflection of the mind of this new apostle of progress, who has been lifted to the summits of power and influence. The Wesleyan University, which enjoyed for a brief season his teaching abilities, honored herself in placing him upon the program of that commencement week, and perhaps did much thereby in summoning him to a larger service.

The address opens with a review of the eighteenth century, first from a political, then from a literary, industrial, and religious standpoint, and is an analysis, clear and forceful, of one of the most interesting and important epochs in history. On this broad platform he brings forward, as among the most powerful single influences for betterment, the life and work of John Wesley, of whom he speaks as being "a sort of spiritual statesman, a politician of God, speaking the policy of a kingdom unseen, but real, and destined to prevail over all kingdoms else." The explanation of the success of the Wesleyan movement he finds not only in its facility for organization, but, deeper than this, in its human sympathies. Hence its virility then and now. Hence its past and present interest in all genuine reform movements, moral or intellectual. Its fountain is, and was, the heart; and it overflowed into the prison and palace alike, and attacked as well as attached—

for its aim was to cleanse as well as to create and conserve. It was love organized into efficiency; it was grace put to work. And so, speaking of the leader of this movement, he says: "History is inexorable with men who isolate themselves. They are suffered ofttimes to find a place in literature, but never in the history of events or any serious reckoning of cause and effect. They may be interesting, but they are not important. The mere revolutionist looks small enough when his day is passed; the mere agitator struts but a little while and without applause amidst the scenes and events which men remember. It is the men who make as well as destroy who really serve their race, and it is noteworthy how action predominated in Wesley from the first. The little coterie at Oxford, to which we look back as to the first associates in the movement which John Wesley dominated, were as fervent in their prayers, in their musings upon the Scripture, in their visits to the poor and outcast, before John Wesley joined them as afterward. Their zeal had its roots in the divine pity which must lie at the heart of every evangelistic movement—pity for those to whom the gospel is not preached, whom no light of Christian guidance has reached, the men in the jails and in the purlieus of the towns whom the church does not seek or touch; but he gave them leadership and the spirit of achievement. His genius for action touched everything he was associated with; every enterprise took from him an impulse of efficiency."

He shows how Wesley, like Lincoln, came to his mission gradually, and learned its meaning as the events and experiences of each day revealed it to him. He adds, "The sober passion of the task grew upon him as it unfolded itself in his hands from month to month and year to year." Comparing him with Mr. Whitefield he says: "There was no magic of oratory in Wesley's tone or presence. There was something more singular, more intimate, more searching. He commanded so quietly, wore so subtle an air of gentle majesty, attached men to himself so like a party leader whose coming draws together a company of partisans and whose going leaves an organized band of adherents, that cautious men were uneasy and suspicious concerning him. He seemed a sort of revolutionist, left no community as he found it, but set

men by the ears." Speaking of the influence of his personal presence, especially upon those who came to oppose him and sometimes to mob him, he says: "Something issued forth from him which penetrated and subdued his hearers, some suggestion of purity, some intimation of love, some sign of innocence and nobility, some power at once of rebuke and attraction, which he must have caught from his Master."

President Wilson especially names Wesley's talent for statesmanship as that which gives him his precedence in the annals of his day. He says: "It was not merely that he came and went so constantly, and moved every countryside with his preaching; something remained after he was gone: the touch of the statesman men had at first taken him to be. . . . He was a born leader of men. The conferences he held with the friends he loved and trusted were councils of campaign; and he did hold long plans in view, as his enemies suspected. They have a high and honorable place in the history of the statesmanship of salvation. It was a chief part of Wesley's singular power that everything he touched took shape as if with a sort of institutional life." In speaking of the effect and result of his labors he adds: "The great impulse of human feeling which marked the closing years of the eighteenth century seemed in no small measure to spring from him; as the reform of prisons, the agitation for the abolition of slavery, the establishment of missionary societies and Bible societies, the introduction of reforms in law and legislation for the relief of the poor; and many of the noble philanthropies and reforms which brighten the annals of the nineteenth century had their spiritual birth in the eighteenth. Wesley renewed the mission of Christ himself." In seeking for the cause of Wesley's individual success he says, "It was genius, no doubt, and the gift of a leader of men, but also something less singular, though perhaps not less individual: a clear conviction of revealed truth and its power to save."

Arthur Copeland

LUTHER AS A TABLE COMPANION

Interest in Luther is perennial. The four hundredth anniversary of his birth was celebrated more widely and with greater enthusiasm than any earlier centennial. Statues in his honor were then erected in all the towns associated with his life, and in several other German cities as well. In fact, it may be said that the restoration of the power of Germany under the hegemony of Prussia has been accompanied by a renewal of Luther's leadership in German thought. Professor Harnack is authority for the statement that practically every Protestant theological party in Germany to-day claims Luther as its champion. And the highest praise that could be given Bismarck was to describe him as "the greatest German since Luther." But interest in the great Reformer is not confined to his native land or to the influential church that bears his name. It has become cosmopolite. One would find it difficult to name another historical character whose face and the outline of whose career are equally familiar Recently, in a single year, a popular life of Luther was published in one of our leading magazines, an exhaustive biography of him was issued by a professor in one of our prominent colleges, and an historical novel entitled The Monk of Wittenberg contended for a position among our best-sellers. Evidently there is no decline in Luther's hold on the popular attention. His shadow lies across the whole path of the world's modern progress. The century in which he lived was prodigal in its gift of great men, but two alone of all his distinguished contemporaries deserve to be mentioned with him as having founded institutions and set in motion moral forces which continue until this present and give promise of future permanence. Ignatius Loyola and John Calvin are still potent forces in the intellectual and spiritual world, but, in a sense, Luther created the environment which made their careers possible, and the circle of his intenser influence still includes that of these noble contemporaries. It is inevitable that such a man should suffer idealization at the hands of his admirers. His students and im-

mediate followers regarded him with almost idolatrous veneration. Even the usually judicious Melanchthon, who lived with him in a life-long friendship so intimate as to dispel the illusions of hero-worship, writes of him: "Luther is too great, too wonderful, for me to depict in words. He is a miracle among men." The artist, Albrecht Dürer, called him a theopneustic; and there were other contemporaries who regarded him as the fulfillment of ancient prophecy. His earliest biographers, Spangenberg and Mathesius, though not wholly blind to his faults, yet wrote in a strain of uncritical laudation and fixed the type for succeeding Lutheran biographies. The Pietists departed somewhat from this attitude toward Luther, and the writers of the Period of Illumination went so far as to describe him, as did Frederick the Great, as a "raging monk" and a "barbaric writer." But the Romanticists, who glorified the power and originality of genius, expressed enthusiastic appreciation of these qualities in Luther, though some of them cared very little for his religious teachings. Goethe, for example, said that the personality of Luther was the only feature of the Reformation that made any appeal to him. But it was in the hands of his adversaries that the figure of Luther underwent the most remarkable metamorphosis. They pictured him as a monster, and related most incredible tales to illustrate his utter depravity. Even the early period of his life, when he held positions of honor and influence in the Catholic Church, was so distorted as to show mainly a growing intellectual and moral perversity, while his last sickness and death were represented as attended by terrible supernatural portents. It was not until the nineteenth century, and the latter part of that century, that an attempt was made to set forth the character and work of Luther with impartial and scientific accuracy. The data for such a presentation are now more abundant than ever before. Each generation brings new material to light, and the latest finds have been the most valuable, since they have enabled us to study Luther's religious development during the critical years between 1505 and 1519; years concerning which there had hitherto been a dearth of original material. With all this new data at hand, and with the modern spirit of scientific and impartial historical criticism, we may expect from all parties a

more correct and comprehensible presentation of the great Reformer. Even the less important aspects of such a character as Luther derive interest from the greatness of his life as a whole. Superlative genius lifts the common things of life out of the realm of the commonplace and imparts significance to them, and it is usually in the common, everyday occurrences of a man's life that his real nature is best discovered. Fortunately we possess two records of Luther's most intimate thought and feeling: his Letters to his confidential friends and his so-called Table Talk. Each constitutes an example of unconscious self-portraiture.

It was impossible that Luther should have been unaware of the unique distinction that he had won. He knew that the attention of the world was focussed upon him. He did not wholly escape self-consciousness. With a Pauline sense of the reality of the unseen world, he thought of himself as the object of celestial and of demoniac interest. To this consciousness he gave characteristic expression in a remarkable passage in his will in which he refers to himself as "a man known openly in heaven and on earth and in hell also." But in his personal letters and in his table-talk there is not a trace of self-consciousness. It is the man who speaks, and not the Reformer. Especially is this true of the casual and utterly informal remarks which he made to those at table with him. Here, in his home, with his family and his friends about him, he speaks with perfect freedom and unreserve. It is easy to reconstruct the setting for these Table Talks. During his married life Luther occupied one wing of the huge stone building, formerly an Augustinian monastery, now known as the Luther House. It is visited by all pilgrims to Wittenberg, and its large, well-lighted rooms still remain substantially as they were when occupied by the Luther family. It is not difficult to imagine the group that gathered about the table in the commodious dining-room. At its head is the strikingly erect form of Luther, opposite him sits Mistress Katherine, while ranged on either side are their children and guests. It is a home of generous hospitality. At the table were always to be found some of Luther's favorite students and intimate friends. At times there were more distinguished guests. The Protestant princes of Germany felt

honored by the hospitality of his humble home. Foreign travelers, noted scholars, Jewish rabbis, and other distinguished visitors to Wittenberg were welcomed at his table. Perhaps this variety in his guests will explain the wide range of subjects touched upon in his free unpremeditated talk at the table. Sometimes, we are told, he sat silent, apparently engrossed in thought, but usually he put aside his many cares and appeared light-hearted, with ready flow of conversation and flash of wit. No doubt many another man has given expression to some of his best thoughts in the good fellowship and unrestrained intercourse of the table, but they have perished with the pleasant hour that called them forth. That this did not befall the table conversation of Luther was due to the retentive memories and convenient notebooks of the students most frequently at his table. Two of these, Antony Lauterbach, and John Goldschmidt, most deserve our gratitude. These, with the same reverent care that enabled Boswell to preserve his matchless picture of Dr. Johnson, kept a record of much that fell from Luther's lips in the familiar conversation of the table. The notes thus taken—probably without any thought of their publication—were collected, edited, and published by Goldschmidt, twenty years after Luther's death, with the title, The Table Talk of Martin Luther. There was such a demand for the book that in two years it ran into four editions, and in the third year it appeared in a revised and enlarged form. Since then it has appeared in innumerable editions and translations. The most available English version is that of Hazlitt, published in the Bohn Library. In it the matter of the Table Talk covers about four hundred pages, loosely classified under fifty subjects and divided into nearly a thousand unconnected paragraphs. It has a good index. A fair idea of the character of the subjects dealt with may be formed from the following chapter-headings taken in order from the latter part of the book: The Christian Life, Marriage and Celibacy, Princes and Potentates, Discord, Sickness and Its Causes, Death, The Resurrection, Allegories, Spiritual and Church Livings, Constrained Defense, Lawyers, Universities and Arts, Astronomy and Astrology.

The first impression made by these conversations of Luther

is that of a noble seriousness. There are occasional flashes of wit, and many a passage is lighted up by the glow of a genial humor, but Luther took life with a wholesome seriousness and despised trivial small-talk or frivolous or spiteful gossip. While remarks occasionally fell from Luther's lips, both in public discourse and in private conversation, which to modern ears sound uncouth and even coarse—for something of the peasant rudeness of his forefathers clung to him to the end—yet nothing irreverent or impure, in word or suggestion, mars the record of these table-talks. One of the most frequent guests at the Luther home testifies that the loose and questionable talk, so common at the time even among respectable people, was there always frowned upon. Second only to their seriousness is one's impression of the wide range of subjects discussed in these familiar talks. No doubt the topics were somewhat determined by the guests present, but Luther had the world-outlook, and his was a world full of life and movement. Any person or event that appeared upon the horizon might become a subject of discussion. No doubt the constant presence of some of his students explains his frequent comments on such subjects as were under discussion in the universities, but current politics also have a large place and afford him an opportunity to express his opinion of the prominent men of his time. In his writings Luther appears as theologian, controversialist, preacher, sacred poet; but in these talks at his table a more ample learning and a wider sympathy are revealed. Here is manifest that many-sidedness of nature which has won him the following of such diverse men and has warranted Heine and others in characterizing him as the fittest representative of his race, the embodiment of the Teutonic genius. Here also we see the breadth of his intellectual sympathy. If Luther had been less religious he would have come to distinction as a Humanist. That was what Erasmus expected. For the life and the literature of the classic age made a strong appeal to Luther. He was not disposed to disparage the classic heroes nor belittle the pagan virtues. If he was not ready to go so far as did Zwingli, and express the assurance that the noblest of the heathen would find their place with the patriarchs, yet he does not hesitate to express the hope that it may be so.

Luther stood at the end of the mediæval and the beginning of the modern age. In him the old and the new met and mingled in strange combination—sometimes in grotesque contradiction. We have been taught to think of him as an innovator and an iconoclast. But there are aspects of his character which abundantly justify Von Ranke in speaking of him as "one of the greatest conservatives that ever lived." In most respects Luther remained the child of his age, with purely mediæval consciousness. He lived in the narrow world of the Middle Ages. The discoveries of Columbus and Vasco da Gama and the other great adventurers of his century do not appear to have enlarged in the least his thought of the world. To him Europe and those parts of Asia and Africa touching the Mediterranean and known to the ancients constituted the entire stage of the drama of human life. His cosmology and physical science were also mediæval. His universe was geocentric, and he regarded the revolutionary theories of his great contemporary, Copernicus, as contrary to both Scripture and reason. He preferred to believe that the revolution of the firmament about the earth was accomplished by some great angel to whom God had given that task. His strong common sense and conviction of divine predestination led him to reject the absurd claims of the astrologists—which Melanchthon partly admitted—and he attributed their pseudo-science to the devil. Nevertheless he entertained most of the scientific superstitions of his day. The physician's art has always, in popular conception, been closely related to that of the magician. The astonishing theories as to the cure of disease held in our own day by intelligent people afford a survival of this ancient tendency to associate with magic the practice of healing. We need not be surprised that Luther asserts that "experience has proven that if three toads be impaled upon a stick and thoroughly dried in the sun they will be found a certain cure for tumors." For some other ailments he recommends doses less appetizing in their ingredients than if they had been dipped out of the witches' caldron. They suggest the old Chinese materia medica. The superstition of the king's touch existed in Saxony in a modified form. The Saxon ruler was not a real king, only a kinglet, an Elector, and so his medical virtues were limited to the application

of an infallible eye-lotion. This lotion, however, lost its virtue if it were applied by any other hand than that of the Elector. This Luther soberly relates. He also repeats with childlike credulity many a classic marvel like that of the resurrection of the Phœnix from its ashes, and he does not hesitate to affirm that "when the branch of a vine is grafted on an olive tree, it bears both grapes and olives."

Luther used to wax indignant over the superstitions of the Romanists with regard to their relics, but he accepted most of the other current superstitions. He repeats the absurd stories of demon changelings, and refers to a prominent German family as thus descended from the devil. That he should have believed in witchcraft and advocated its punishment by burning was to be expected, as that was the all-but-universal position of the learned men of his day. He also believed in magic, and tells of a magician who, in retaliation for a practical joke, clapped a pair of stags' horns on the head of the Emperor. He relates another instance of a magician who, in Neuberg, diverted the bystanders by swallowing a countryman and his horse and cart.

Scarcely less remarkable is Luther's belief in demoniac agency in nature. He says in one place, "Many demons are in the woods and in the waters and in the wilderness and in the dark pooly places, ready to hurt and prejudice people. Some are also in the thick black clouds, which cause hail and lightning and thunder, and poison the air and the pastures and the ground." Luther lived in the mediæval world of supernatural agency. But in other matters we catch at times a singularly modern accent: and not only in those great matters in which he fixed the type of modern thinking, but in less important affairs. He discriminates as sharply between faith-cure and mind-cure as if he had had a séance with a modern healer, or had read the latest book on the influence of the mind on the body. He complains that, of those who come to church, few care to listen to the sermon. The servant question was as perplexing a problem then as now. Mistress Katherine had her own troubles with her domestics, and her husband could give her no better comfort than to assure her that everybody was having the same difficulty, and that a faithful

servant was a genuine "god-send" but had long been "a rare bird in the land." If the modern book-reviewer is tempted to repeat with a sigh the Hebrew Wise Man's remark concerning "the making of many books," he may find solace in Luther's complaint, made scarcely a century after the invention of the press. He laments: "This multitude of books is a great evil, and there is no limit to the fever for writing." Nothing, however, is more indicative of Luther's independence of spirit than is his free treatment of the Scriptures. In this the most modern schools of Biblical Criticism claim him as their champion and pioneer. Luther venerated the Bible as the Word of God; he insisted that it was the only absolute authority in matters of faith. His confidence in the truth of his own teachings grew out of his knowledge that they were based on Scripture. He also showed the highest respect and truest allegiance to the Scriptures in that he gave himself with lifelong patience and labor to ascertain their meaning for himself and the age in which he lived. This began with oft-repeated reading. He says: "When I was young I read the Bible over and over and over again, and was so perfectly acquainted with it that I could, in an instant, have pointed to any verse that might have been mentioned." He was himself to become one of the greatest of commentators, but he always disparaged the value of commentaries, even those of the Fathers. He said that he hoped that no one would take time from the reading of the Bible to read any of his books upon it. But despite Luther's great love of the Bible, or perhaps because of it, he often handled it with startling freedom. He had little respect for traditional views concerning it, whether derived from the Scholastics or the Early Fathers. Even in the New Testament he made sharp discrimination between the different books according as they seemed to him to possess evangelical purity and force. The Epistle of James he characterized as "straw," that of Jude he calls "unnecessary," and the Apocalypse he declares to be neither apostolic nor prophetic. He frankly admits his difficulty in accepting the stories of Jonah and Elijah as historical, and Judith he declares to be a legendary poem to be compared with the writings of Homer. He so disliked Esther and the Second Book of Maccabees that he wished that

they had not been preserved, and parts of Esdras he says he would like to throw into the Elbe. The books of Kings were to him "a hundred times better" than the Chronicles; Solomon was not the author of the Proverbs; and the Pentateuch might still be called the books of Moses though it were shown that he did not write them himself. The Prophets he believed to be compilations, so were the Proverbs. Such a conception of the sacred books is in accord with his theory of inspiration, which left the inspired man great freedom in expressing his truth. "God," he says, "chose holy and spiritually minded men and spoke with them in their consciences." So free were the biblical writers as to the form in which they present their message that they were not exempt from unimportant errors. Luther does not hesitate to say, concerning one of the rabbinical arguments of his favorite apostle, "My dear brother Paul, this argument will not stick." He also frequently institutes comparisons between biblical writings and the masterpieces of heathen literature, for he admits "that the strength and grandeur of the soul of the heathen was also an inspiration and a work of God." It may be admitted that Luther was sometimes unduly subjective and arbitrary in his treatment of Scripture. Books in which he could not find the great doctrine of justification by faith, or into which he could not read it, were not likely to commend themselves to him. Nevertheless his earnest effort to ascertain the meaning of Holy Scripture, and apply it to his own life and to the world of his day, resulted in a new revelation of its divine energy. Again the Word became spirit and life.

It was to be expected that Luther would have much to say about preachers and preaching, and some of his remarks on this subject sound like echoes from class-room lectures on Homiletics. A hint of the character of mediæval preaching in Germany is afforded by his casual statement, "In all my youth I never heard any preaching either of the Ten Commandments or of the Lord's Prayer." Luther well knew that the success of his movement depended upon the effective preaching of his followers, and the counsel that he gave them was calculated to establish a new standard of pulpit efficiency. One can get a glimpse of his ideal

preacher from the following summary of ministerial excellencies: "A good preacher should have these properties and virtues: first, to teach systematically; second, he should have a ready wit; third, he should be eloquent; fourth, he should have a good voice; fifth, a good memory; sixth, he should know when to make an end; seventh, he should be sure of his doctrine; eighth, he should venture and engage body and blood, wealth and honor in the word; ninth, he should suffer himself to be mocked and jeered of every one." This combination of qualities is not often to be found, and it is interesting to notice that a substitute is elsewhere offered for the meekness with which the catalogue ends. For again he says, "A preacher must be both shepherd and soldier. He must nourish, defend, and teach, and he must also have teeth in his mouth, and be able to bite and to fight." Apparently Luther had seen examples of the fly in the ministerial ointment, for he says: "The defects in a preacher are soon spied; if he be endued with ten virtues, and has one fault, this one fault will eclipse and darken all his virtues and gifts, so evil is the world in these times." For the preacher who departs from his text and treats his hearers to whatever he may happen to shake out of his sleeve he has scant patience. He thus describes him: "A preacher that will speak everything that comes into his mind is like a maid that goes to market, and meeting another maid makes a stand, and together they hold a goose-market." Pulpit pedantry Luther could not endure. He says: "Cursed are all preachers, that, neglecting the saving health of the poor unlearned people, aim at high and hard things. To sprinkle out Hebrew and Greek and Latin in a sermon savors only of ostentation."

Perhaps no characteristic of Luther is more clearly indicated in the Table Talk than is his hearty hatred of his adversaries. He believed that his enemies were the enemies of God, and in the spirit of the Psalmist he could have said: "Do not I hate them that hate thee?" Luther was a good fighter. He scorned the doctrine of nonresistance, and made no pretense of loving his enemies. That he would have regarded as an amiable weakness, unworthy a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Dealing with this matter he says: "They who condemn anger against antagonists

are theologians who deal in mere speculations and play with words; when they are once aroused and take a real interest in the matter then they are sensibly touched." This hatred of his enemies was simply the reverse side of his love for his friends. He was a typical warm-hearted German, with antipathies as strong as his affections. These talks about his table abound in simple, unaffected expressions of his tender regard for his family and his fellow-reformers, especially Melanchthon, and for his many friends. It is easy to understand how he was able to grapple men to his heart as with hoops of steel. It is equally easy to understand, as one reads his references to his theological opponents, why he was so heartily hated by them. He never tires of relating incidents that illustrate the stupidity of the monks, or the ignorance and hypocrisy of the priests, or the venality of the higher ecclesiastics. The Pope, whom he naturally regarded as his arch enemy, he repeatedly declares to be anti-Christ, and the devil incarnate. In this he defends himself thus: "There are many who say that I am too fierce against Popedom; on the contrary, I complain that I am, alas, too mild. I wish that I could breathe out lightnings against Pope and Popedom, and that every word were a thunderbolt." It is interesting to notice that while he has severe words for most of his theological antagonists, calling them knaves or fools or accusing them of being prompted by the devil, yet it is upon the one man who did most in preparation for the Reformation that Luther pours the fullest vials of his wrath. Erasmus, his senior by half a generation, had broken the soil upon which Luther sowed the seed of evangelical truth. The foremost scholar of his age, he had excited popular interest in the very studies which had led Luther and a multitude of others to renounce the claims of Rome. By his stinging satire he had made many of the abuses in the church seem so utterly ridiculous that their removal could not long be postponed. At first Erasmus had hailed Luther as a disciple, and had encouraged him in his attack upon the errors and abuses which he himself had been content merely to ridicule. He had no taste for the difficult and dangerous role of Reformer. He loved scholarly ease and the patronage of princes and prelates, and frankly admits that he has no inclination

to be a martyr for the sake of the truth. It was this lack of courage, this refusal to come to the help of the Lord, that caused Luther's bitter disappointment and excited his flaming indignation. Erasmus, he said, had started toward Canaan but would die miserably in Haran; he had put his hand to the plow and had looked back. He made no attempt to conceal his hatred of him. "Erasmus of Rotterdam," he says, "is the vilest miscreant that ever disgraced the earth"; and in another connection he calls him "an enemy of true religion and an adversary of Christ." "Erasmus," he says, "was a mere Epicurean, a time-server, whose chief doctrine was 'Hang your coat according to the wind.'" It is to be noticed that Luther never apologizes for his enmity to his foes. He felt it to be a virtue. Not to hate what was hateful he regarded as culpable moral indifference. Righteous anger he believed to be his best inspiration. "I never work better," he says, "than when I am inspired by anger. Then I can write and preach and pray well, for my whole temperament is quickened, my understanding is sharpened, and all mundane vexations and temptations depart." No reference to Luther's treatment of his enemies would be complete that omitted a notice of his attitude toward his arch-enemy, the devil. In his religious consciousness Satan certainly held a very prominent place. To him he was no mere figure of speech, no convenient personification of evil. He was as real a person as the Pope or the Emperor. And his presence was as much a reality to him as was that of any of the shadow-casting mortals with whom he held daily intercourse. He believed that he had had various personal encounters with him, and had driven him off, not only by throwing an ink-bottle at him as in the Wartburg, but by taunts and jeers and by uttering the name of Christ. Most of us, no doubt, take the devil too lightly, but one cannot escape the feeling that Luther took the devil altogether too seriously. He amounted practically to an obsession. In these Table Talks he is spoken of almost as frequently as is God, and certainly with a greater degree of personal familiarity. From a collation of the numerous passages in which he is referred to one can form a fairly complete portrait of the devil as Luther conceived him to be. Though he might appear, as in the mediæval drama, with

horns and tail, or assume any other form that suited his purpose, yet he is to be thought of as a spirit, crafty, cruel, relentless. In any form he is no mean antagonist, and the Reformer seems proud that he has not infrequently outwitted him in their encounters.

It is probable that the popular conception of the devil is derived mainly from nonbiblical sources. Luther and Milton and Goethe have doubtless contributed more to our picture of Satan than the Scriptures have. A recent writer upon this subject has thus summarized the conception of the prince of evil presented by these three great thinkers: Mephistopheles is the latter-day devil, who has grown old and shriveled as the result of centuries of evil doing. Nothing remains in him but naked, frigid, cynical intellectuality. Milton's devil was the incarnation of ambition and intellectual pride. He would rather reign in hell than serve in heaven. To assert himself and attain supremacy he would wreck heaven and earth alike, while "Luther's devil might be called a meteorological agency. He rode the thunder-clouds, he precipitated the lightnings and the hailstorms. He spread abroad the pestilence and poisoned the air with miasmas. Whatsoever precurses death was the devil's trade. All sadness and melancholy come of him; so does insanity. He shoots blasphemous thoughts into the minds of the godly. He keeps up a ceaseless fight with the Holy Spirit to ruin the souls of men." Yet there is, withal, something engagingly human in this devil of Luther's fancy. He has his amusements, and a sort of grim humor. He plays pranks upon the miners, confusing their senses and deceiving them with false hopes of finding rich veins of ore. He is annoyed by the faith and joy of the Christians, and grieves over their innocent happiness. The preaching of the pure gospel causes him the acutest grief. It will be recalled that Luther gave, as one of his reasons for marrying, that he knew "it would vex the devil." But "our passions and our impatience and our complainings please him well, so that he laughs in his fist."

Closely related, no doubt, with this prominence of the devil in Luther's religious consciousness is the unmistakable undertone of pessimism to be heard throughout these Table Talks. This at first excites surprise. One is accustomed to think of the Reformer

as a hopeful and indomitable spirit, and to believe that no one could have accomplished what he did unless he worked under the calm assurance of success. Doubtless in the earlier part of his public career he was hopeful, if not confident, but his later years were clouded with disappointment; and there is good reason to believe that the Table Talks reflect the image of Luther during his last years, when long strife, and the desertion of some of his earlier followers, and the nonrealization of many of his brightest hopes—aggravated by a painful malady—had somewhat broken his leonine spirit. And certainly there was ground for disappointment and apprehension. The Reformation movement had not spread as widely as it had once promised. It had not established itself in all parts of Germany, and the first effect of the removal of the strong hand of papal authority had, in many cases, been social and religious disorder. The preaching of gospel liberty had not infrequently resulted in immoral license; even in Saxony Luther had to defend himself from the far-from groundless charge that there was more irreligion and wickedness there than before he began his Reformation. Besides these bitter first-fruits of his work he saw the war-clouds gathering over Europe because of the religious revolt that he had led and he knew that the storm must soon burst in desolating fury upon his beloved Fatherland, while ever upon the eastern border of the Empire hung, like the sword of Damocles, the menace of Turkish invasion. The outlook was full of frightful portents, and Luther, who was never disposed to blink facts, was at times depressed to the verge of despair. He often did his work more in desperation than in hope, praying and believing that God would soon call him to himself.

Such are some of the features of the great Reformer as portrayed in these familiar conversations with his family and guests. We may well say, with Lessing, that "we hold Luther in such reverence that we rejoice to find some defects in him, lest we make him the object of idolatrous veneration."

Edward Waite Miller

WORDSWORTH AS AN INTERPRETER OF NATURE

Wordsworth was the preordained poet of Nature. He was a child of the soil. He drew his blood from a hardy, frugal, industrious race who for centuries had owned and tilled land in the north of England. For generations his ancestors had lived in communion with sky and forest and mountain. The earth had replenished their garners. They had been drenched by the dews and gladdened by the sunshine of a hundred seasons, and from time out of mind they had watched the course of the stars, had felt the force of contending winds, and had heard the noise of cataracts. So the very soil of his ancestral mountains had worked itself into his blood and bone, and a thousand dim ancestral impressions had been transmitted to his spirit. From infancy he himself had read the uncovered face of Nature and sported amid her scenes of beauty. While he was yet a babe in arms the music of his native river, the Derwent, sang itself into his soul. At five years of age he would bathe in its pools on long summer days, would race like a native savage along its sandy shores, or would stand alone beneath the sky and gaze at "distant Skiddaw's lofty height, bronzed with deepest radiance."

In his ninth year, upon the death of his mother, he was sent to the ancient grammar school at Hawkshead, in the lovely vale of Esthwaite. His life here was simple, wholesome, and free. He was instructed in the things that a boy ought to learn from books, but his school hours were short, his duties light, and his home life frugal, cheerful, and unrestrained. He drew his best lessons from lake and mountain and fell. He lived a life of animal sensation in the great out-door world, and he took as much joy in this life with Nature as did the birds and the squirrels. He boated and skated and fished. With his comrades he took long tramps through the mountains and around the lakes, continuing his exercise frequently until late into the night. But his lonely hours were his most memorable ones; and nature now began at times to impress lessons of awe and beauty upon his soul. Now and then, as he

was alone in remote and solitary places—in the woods and on the uplands at night, snaring the woodcock or making unlawful seizure of the prey captured by another, or hanging in peril high up on the bare face of some cliff in the act of robbing a raven's nest, or in the silence of the clear night blowing mimic hootings to the owls—in the midst of such experiences as these nature haunted and disturbed him. She followed him with mysterious breathings and steppings. Or, in some silent pause while he waited breathlessly,

> "a gentle shock of mild surprise
> Has carried far into his heart the voice
> Of mountain torrents; or the visible scene
> Would enter unawares into his mind
> With all its solemn imagery."

He grew up, thus, with all his emotions of pleasure, pain, and fear associated with the beauty and the majesty of natural objects. Every deep experience of his life was connected with some form or another of Nature; and it was thus that the wisdom and the spirit of the universe "intertwined for him the passions that build up the human soul." "The earth and common face of Nature spake to him rememberable things." He little knew at the time how great was the significance of these visionary hours; but he was to learn later that they were the "master light of all his seeing." At college, after the strangeness of his situation had worn off and the circumstances of his new life had grown commonplace, he frequently took to solitary walks and lonely meditation, Nature now once more laying her spell upon him and becoming his chief teacher. Into the dull routine of his work and into the tame, uninteresting scenery about him came images of his boyhood surroundings, and his mind, turning inward, recognized its native instincts and felt fresh and strong once more. He found that he had independent solaces within himself. He looked abroad into the face of Nature, and within into his own heart, and began to feel visitings from the immortal spirit and to perceive moral significance in the things about him. He saw that they were bedded in the heart of the Eternal and had inward meaning. He began, too, to see God through Nature, and to recognize the divine

stirrings in his own soul. His long vacations were all spent with Nature. The first one was passed among the English lakes, and it was during this vacation that he was sealed and dedicated to his high office as Nature's priest. He had spent the night in rural revelry with the Cumbrian youths and maids, and as he returned home a dawn of extraordinary splendor greeted him. His spirit yielded to the scene, and in a trance of enjoyment and awe he surrendered himself to be the poet of Nature. His second summer vacation he enjoyed with his sister Dorothy and Mary Hutchinson wandering amid the scenery of Derbyshire and Yorkshire. The next year, with a college friend, he made a pedestrian tour through France and Switzerland, still further deepening the impressions of Nature upon him. It was about this time that he began to regard man with keen sympathy. Hitherto Nature had absorbed his passionate interest and he had taken little notice of social conditions, of the joys and woes of men. His first vital sympathy with humanity, he tells us, came from his intimate acquaintance with the Cumbrian shepherds as they came and went with their flocks on the mountain side. He saw them as inseparable parts of his own native landscape, and they were associated in his mind from earliest childhood with the scenery that had been dearest to him. So it was through his love of Nature that he first came to love man; and throughout life his attachment to these hardy, frugal, independent dalesmen and shepherds remained intense.

Wordsworth's first published volume of importance was Lyrical Ballads. This book was the joint product of Wordsworth and Coleridge. It has historic significance, apart from its poetic quality, for it was written to illustrate certain theories of poetic expression; namely, that poetry should draw its language from the common language of everyday life as it is spoken by ordinary men, and that the simple and familiar incidents of life, when touched with imagination, are suitable subject matter for poetry. Wordsworth's contribution to this volume falls naturally into two divisions: poems that are based upon the mean, familiar, and commonplace experiences of everyday life, and poems evoked by the beauty or moral suggestiveness of Nature. To the first group belong "The Reverie of Poor Susan," "Simon Lee," "The Thorn,"

"Goody Blake," and "The Idiot Boy." To the second group belong "Lines Written in Early Spring," "Expostulation and Reply," "The Tables Turned," and "Lines Written a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey." The question as to his success in the first group is an open one to this day, but there never could be any well-founded doubt as to his success in the Nature poems. One only need be alluded to here—"Lines Written a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey." This is one of the noblest and most original poems in English literature, and may stand in brief as Wordsworth's creed concerning nature. Not only is the thought noble and the passion high and pure, its musical quality allies it with the most perfect melodies in English verse. It is written in stately, resonant blank verse; and its cadences having once sung themselves into the soul can no more be unlearned or forgotten than can the primal voices of Nature that made the music of our childhood.

Wordsworth's most successful and powerful verse springs from the depiction of the domestic joys and sorrows of the simple dalesmen among whom he had his home, and from the Nature background against which they moved. "The Two Brothers" and "Michael" are notable among his poems of this kind. These poems were written about the same time; they both have as their background the Cumbrian and Westmoreland vales and mountains; they are both written in dignified and sonorous blank verse and both exhibit profound yet restrained emotion, but "Michael" is far the superior in poetic merit. The poem tells the story of the affection of an old shepherd for the solitary son of his old age. The father's love for his son surpasses the love of woman; but at last, when he is bowed with the weight of more than fourscore years, he has to part with his boy and once more go alone with his flock among the mountains. The boy goes wrong in the great city and the father's strong heart is crushed with grief. The story is told with brevity and success; the character of the old man is sketched with telling power; the background is suggested with rare effect; the profound emotions involved are treated with reserve and dignity; and the expression is characterized by an austere and inevitable quality that gives it a kinship to Nature's own authentic and authoritative utterances. It is written in blank verse, and

at times the lines rise to a patriarchal directness and grandeur of expression that has no counterpart outside the Old Testament.

Our interest next centers in a series of lyric poems based upon simple and apparently insignificant emotions suggested by the ordinary events of everyday life or the familiar aspects of earth and sky that make their daily appeal to the senses of all men. In this group may be included a multitude of short poems, such as, "To the Daisy," "To the Cuckoo," "The Green Linnet," "My heart leaps up," "To a Highland Girl," "Stepping Westward," "The Solitary Reaper," the Yarrow poems, "She was a Phantom of Delight," "Daffodils," "To a Skylark," "The Primrose of the Rock," and a score of others. Each of these poems is the expression of a single mood or commonplace experience. They are not usually written off in the first flush of feeling that came to the poet, but are rendered rich and mellow by long and tranquil reflection before they are poured out in song. Most of them are subtle spiritual interpretations of some aspect of Nature or some elusive and evanescent mood of the heart. They are brief, and suggested from within, and for the most part are expressed with grace and musical charm.

We consider next three majestic moral and inspirational poems—"The Character of the Happy Warrior," "The Ode to Duty," and the "Ode on Immortality." When these productions were written Wordsworth had come to the full stature of manhood, both morally and intellectually, and they represent the highest reach of his genius. Any one of these sublime productions would have been enough to secure a poet immortality. They penetrate the veil of sense and finite knowledge and bring authentic messages from the realm where the intellect of man cannot and dare not tread. They are all swept by an intense and august passion that drives on as do the trade winds over prosperous seas; and each is musical with stately and entrancing harmonies such as the stars must have made when they sang together at the creation of the world. "The Character of the Happy Warrior" is an opportune poem. It was written at a time when war had become the trade of Europe, so that the quiet and peaceful virtues were in danger of fading out wholly from men's lives. It is in

reality an inspired tribute to England's idolized hero, Lord Nelson, who had just closed his brilliant career in a blaze of glory. But Wordsworth was not wholly convinced that Nelson's career had been as stainless as it was heroic and glorious, so he introduces into the character of the ideal warrior qualities from the personality of his own noble brother John, who had recently died an heroic death in the discharge of duty. The blended characters of these exceptionally pure, brave, and high-minded English sailors serve to inspire one of the loftiest and most stimulating of modern poems. The "Ode to Duty," in absolute merit, even surpasses the poem just discussed. In utterance it is full, adequate, and felicitous, and in spiritual suggestiveness and philosophic truth it ranks with the greatest poetry extant. It is essentially a prayer in which Wordsworth solemnly commits all his powers to the law of conscience within him. In the first line of the ode he majestically derives the moral law that asserts its supremacy in the soul of man directly from God; he shows that virtue is native to the heart of man, and that natural law and moral law are not at variance but are identical. The poem entitled "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood" is, perhaps, the greatest ode in the English language. It is based upon the platonic doctrine of the preexistence of the soul, but its poetic value does not depend upon the truth or falsity of that doctrine. Its chief significance is not philosophical but ethical and emotional. The splendors and harmonies of the spiritual universe stream through this ode like sunlight through stained-glass windows; the supernal radiance subdued but not deprived of its mystery and beauty by the earthly medium through which it must pass in order to adapt itself to the senses of man. The ode wants nothing in elevated passion, moral significance, imaginative grandeur, or rhythmic freedom and melody. It has unsurpassed richness and variety of music, sensuous imagery as fresh and fair as Herrick ever pictured to us, and magic of phrase as marvelous and unforgettable as Keats himself was master of. As for Nature, it teaches us that

> "the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

It floods our mortality with

> "The still sad music of humanity,
> Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
> To chasten and subdue,"

and in our moments of religious yearning it assures us that

> "in a season of calm weather
> Though inland far we be,
> Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
> Which brought us hither,
> Can in a moment travel thither,
> And see the children sport upon the shore
> And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

It is not to be denied that Wordsworth had his serious limitations as a poet. He had little interest in the romantic, the sportive, the adventurous aspects of life. He was wholly destitute of humor. He had almost no narrative or dramatic skill. Wordsworth was defective, too, when brought to the test of pure art. He lacked the quick delicate touch of the born artist. There was a certain stiffness and hardness about his poetic gift that made it almost impossible for him to write in a light, gracious, playful way. He wanted the urbanity of mind that comes from free contact and communion with other men. It was only when he was under the fervid heat of emotional and imaginative excitement that his verse grew fluent and melodious. His diction was often at fault; and he frequently seemed insensible to the beauty and value of individual words. He was deficient, too, in constructive power, and in the ability to conduct a plot with ease and charm through an extended and complicated action. It may be questioned, indeed, whether the seer and the artist had perfectly coalesced in him, and when we consider that the true poet is to mold the soul through beauty as much as through truth we may feel that we must make serious deductions from Wordsworth's greatness as a poet. The seer-like gift he certainly had; the gift of the artist only rarely in high degree. At times, though, like an imperial prince who casts aside the mean garb in which he has temporarily masqueraded, Wordsworth slips into expression that is simple, patriarchal, and

sublime. When he is at his best his style possesses a glory that can be likened only to the march of planets in their orbits or the sound of rushing cataracts amid the mountains. At such times the ancient voices of Nature find utterance through him, and dim, mysterious echoes from the remote fields of human passion and human intuition are caught and set forth with inevitable force and felicity. His hand then does not seem to be moved by personal choice, art does not seem to enter into the product; a spirit and a power not himself guides his pen, so marvelous is his expression. The harmonies then uttered are harmonies that will continue to sing themselves in the soul in eternity. Wordsworth is one of the world's great intellectual poets. He had precise and patient powers of observation equal to those of the scientist, though employed to a very different end. He would sit by the hour as silent as a statue watching some bird or flower or insect, or noting some peculiar effect of landscape. He was not, like the scientist, interested primarily in form, and color, and classification. He was engaged in searching out subtle affinities; seeking to enter closely into the half-conscious life of Nature that he might set forth some hidden law of life or discover the inner essence of the phenomenon before him. Once, early in life, the idea had struck him that many delicate or impressive aspects of Nature had gone unrecorded in poetry, and he then determined that he would search out and fix in verse all such significant forms. His intellectual facilities were as subtle and well-trained as his powers of observation were patient and acute. He possessed natural wisdom; he had exercised his mind highly in philosophy and contemplation; he had given much original thought to the great truths of life. He was not ignorant of books; he had read his own heart deeply; and he was a close student of society and government. It was chiefly, though, through his imagination that Wordsworth sounded the deep places of the universe and the soul of man. He was one of the world's supremely great imaginative poets. The truth of this assertion appears whether we consider the workings of his imagination in the reproduction of concrete images that had impressed themselves upon his plastic and retentive memory in boyhood, or whether we consider the penetrative, creative, and interpretative power of his

imagination. His ability to reproduce images of sound and sight was marvelous. He had almost no sense of smell or form, but no wild hart in the forest ever had a nicer perception of sound; no eagle in the blue a keener sight for all that moves against the sky or crawls upon the earth. The sound of mountain winds, the cries of birds, the noise of distant cataracts, the lowing of herds, the ripple of waves, the hoof-beats of galloping of steeds had all left their accurate image stamped indelibly in his memory. And so with the changing forms of clouds, the delicate tracery of leaves in the forest, the outlines of mountain and crag, the colors and motions of birds and flowers and animals. They were photographed for all time upon his sensitive brain, and he could recall them at will with all their pristine freshness and glory.

More than is usual with poets Wordsworth was accustomed to brood long and intently upon the commonplace happenings of life about him, upon the sublime and lovely manifestations of Nature, and upon the mysterious workings of his own mind and passion. As a result he has penetrated to the very heart of some of the most subtle and significant experiences of the human soul and has entered into the secrets of Nature as no other poet has ever done. It was his peculiarity that he was not borne away by every passion that blew across his soul, nor moved to conventional utterance by the common emotions of life. He read life more deeply. He set himself steadily against the conventional emotion and drew some new and startling lesson from it. In this way he found some fresh and unexpected significance in what seemed to be commonplace or painful. He saw meaning in the humblest and most transient things of life. He set his imagination to work upon circumstances of the most ordinary kind, and drew from them profound spiritual lessons. His imagination was of the interpretative type; he seized what was of essential spiritual value in the object or experience which absorbed him, and presented it with concrete beauty and power. Mary Lamb once said that "it would seem by his system that a liver in towns has not a soul to save." This is not as true as it is witty. Wordsworth was, above all, the poet of Nature, but a clear knowledge of his unique function as a poet renders it plain that his interest does not lie in Nature as

distinct from man, but rather in the relation of the spirit of the universe to the spirit of man. He disregards neither the still, sad music of humanity nor human joy in widest commonalty spread. It was the *natural* that Wordsworth so passionately perceived and loved, whether in Nature or in human nature. The primitive, the elemental, and the universal in man and the world he sought to feel and to convey. It was his desire to work from "a source of untaught things," to become "a force like one of Nature's." His quest was continually for "the bond of union between life and joy"; and this he found in Nature and in natural man. He believed that Nature is steeped in divinity; that the forms of Nature are breathed upon directly by the spirit of God; that they are half conscious of this divine Spirit as it works through man; and that Nature in its unworn, unstained freshness and purity yearns to enter into the heart of man to shape and comfort and refresh his life. He believed that children, and those who, like children, live near the soil, with the sky above them, and the mountains and the hills about them, and the green grass and fresh flowers under their feet are nearer to the original sources of purity and joy and wisdom than are those who have become sophisticated and, in consequence, sunken beneath the weight of social custom, social pretense, and social artifice. He believes in

> "Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
> Truth breathed by cheerfulness,"

and teaches that

> "One impulse from a vernal wood
> Will teach you more of man,
> Of moral evil and of good,
> Than all the sages can."

It is true, as some one has said, that Wordsworth's poetry is not the kind that will "keep a child from play or an old man from the chimney corner." Says Lowell, speaking of Wordsworth's early career, "There was a general combination to put him down, but, on the other hand, there was a powerful party in his favor, consisting of William Wordsworth." The contest was long and bitter: his fame grew slowly, but it grew surely. The

Wordsworth party has triumphantly vindicated himself to the world and to all time. He little heeded the storms of abuse and the blight of indifference that were visited upon him during a great part of his life, but moved serenely on, conscious of his great mission and of his power to fulfill it. His poetical aim, as he himself expressed it, was "to make men wiser, better, happier"; "to console the afflicted; to teach the young and the gracious to see, to think, and to feel." This he has accomplished now for more than three generations, and untold generations will yet rise up to call him blessed. Wordsworth's unique value as a poet lies in his impassioned perception of the freshness, the vitality, and the spiritual significance of Nature; in his power to reveal the essential kinship of Nature with man, whereby it is able to make itself felt in his life, and thus bring healing "to a mind diseased"; and, finally, in the gift whereby he was able to see and to convey to others the truth that joy and dignity reside in the commonplace—yea, the still more wonderful truth that nothing is commonplace; that God is everywhere in his universe to heal, to hallow, and to exalt; that the humblest man is not insensible to joy nor need be bereft of it, but has in him the seed of happiness here and immortality hereafter. For all these things the world owes Wordsworth a supreme debt of gratitude which it shows an increasing willingness to acknowledge.

Frank C. Lockwood

ECONOMIC SALVATION—THE ETHICS OF COMPETITION

It is customary for certain writers of the extreme individualistic school to emphasize the so-called "sacredness of property." Upon this premise they tell us that civilization depends for its stability, and that all aggressive human activity has as a supreme motive, the economic incentive for gain. Andrew Carnegie in his book, The Gospel of Wealth, Professor William H. Taft in his public addresses, Father Ryan, president of the New York Catholic University, the controversialist with Professor Hillquit on "The Theory and Practice of Socialism," sustain their premise of individualism and maintain that, if the economic incentive for rewards of material gain and advancement is removed, the fundamental incentive for economic activity, and consequently social progress, is also taken away. These statements are interesting, coming from such eminent representatives of political, economic, and religious life; men who are undoubtedly sincere in their statements and honest in their deductions. The Gospel of Wealth, the gospel of economic activity, is from the experience and view-point of a multi-millionaire. Ex-President Taft, speaking from knowledge acquired during years of experience as a representative of a great political party, undoubtedly found this to be true: "What is there in it for me?" Father Ryan also speaks for his church, and speaks with authority: "No money, no masses." Business transactions have business considerations. Modern commercialism is founded upon the economic incentive, or necessity, for gain. From this is found the doctrine, or theory, of the "sacredness of property." Their name is Legion who subscribe to this theory and put it into practice upon every occasion. Nevertheless, there is a growing and equally representative class of men who maintain that this "economic incentive for gain" is not the supreme incentive for life and progress; that "man shall not live by bread alone"; that the dollar is not the supreme incentive in human life, and, further, that a civilization built upon this doctrine and

practice cannot stand, and never has stood, the strain of experience. The boasted glory of the philosophy of materialism, or the individual incentive for gain, is its condemnation in the minds of many; while commercialism and capitalism stand synonymous for social injustice and economic slavery, the harbinger of all evils inherent in our modern industrialism. The arguments of the individualist are derived from the postulate of the supreme selfishness of human nature. Man, in his struggle for existence, is forced to fight against an environment that says, "Vacate or vindicate your right to survive." Self-interests are maintained at the expense of larger human interests which must be sacrificed in order to furnish the individual incentive for economic activity. The position of the altruist is that man gains nothing as an individual. The appeal to self-interests is a step backward in the development of human life, and tends to disorganize social interests and in time destroy what prosperity the larger moral interests have accumulated. It is interesting to study the theories of the two schools of thought under the title "The Ethics of Competition," and to introduce some modern conceptions of the dual nature of man, as an individualist and socialist, and then deduct conclusions that are apparent.

The ethics of competition finds its center and circumference in the dual nature of man. Man is body and spirit. His body is individual, self-centered, and material; his spirit is social, immaterial, and indestructible. The body, being physical, is allied to the animal and his ancestors. All that the animals have and need man can get and use for his sustenance. In this respect man is self-contained, self-centered, and self-included. He is an individualist. The woods, fields, lakes, rivers serve him; he knows no law, no right, and things have no social value. Competition is unknown except as a fight for physical existence, and consequently ethics represents an unknown factor. Primitive man is individualistic. The North American Indian is not troubled with industrial combinations. Each Indian works for himself, raises his corn, builds his tepee, fishes, constructs his boat and makes his bow; he is farmer, house-builder, fisherman, hunter, path-finder, road-maker, army and navy combined. He is indeed a child of

nature, but not a child of nurture. Ideas move in the realm of spirit; force in the realm of matter. As an individual man needs bread, as a spirit of moral center he needs power, social and moral power. As an individual man is born from the loins of flesh; as a moral center he is born from the social organism. Here he becomes a personality, and in his contact with the social organism he finds his ethics, his economic life, his civilization, and his incentive for progress. As an individual man is narrow, selfish and local; becoming social he is broadened, enriched, and made cosmopolitan, transcending time and space. As an individual man is the creature of environment, the elements drive him and limit his efficiency. Steam is harnessed to steel and behold the fast express, the Cunard liner, the modern methods of transportation and communication. Here we have one of those peculiar paradoxes representing fundamental law in more realms than political economy. The fall of one represents the rise of the other. As the individual or self-centered side rises to possess things the social or ethical side declines; but as the social rises the individual, self-centered, declines and his larger illimitable personality develops, becoming richer and fuller with receding years. On the individual side is "sense" with the cry, "me and mine." On the social side is "ethics" with the altruism of "thee and thine." The economic forces of the world of human activities center in and around these principles.

As nations grow self-centered or individualists they decline, as have ancient states. As they grow social and ethical they expand and rise and possess the resources of the earth. With seed and soil, thought and mind, individuals and nations, "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth." It is forever true that more can be accomplished through combination of interests than by self-interest. As an individualist, self-centered, man has his tepee, canoe, fish, buffalo, and limited provincial life; but on his social and ethical side he has his civilization, commerce, the arteries and channels of world trade together with government, education, and religious stability. With the progress and development of society we enter larger and more complex social conditions. Individualism is represented by a new name, but its physical and

materialistic tendencies remain the same, and thus we are led to inquire, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots?" We are familiar with such names as Corporation, Monopoly, Trust, and Combination. Society, through government sanction, tolerates the transaction of business by these representative corporate bodies under such legal restrictions as assumed and appropriated rights, sometimes called "expedients." This individual considerably expanded is at times referred to as Bourbon, king, emperor. He may be a necessity to-day and a tyrant to-morrow. Like Charles the Second he may need a Cromwell, like Napoleon a Waterloo, like the "Dred Scott Decision" a Lincoln, and like the machine politicians a Roosevelt. Individualism self-centered, whether representative of ancient or modern days, says, practically, "I will be master; you will be slave." "You earn the bread by the sweat of toil and I will eat it." "You raise corn and I will corner it." Such have no soul, no ethics, no humanity, but "expedients." Such give us monopoly in business, in religion, and in all economic life. Such representatives of the "me and my" economics equate their activities to the highest power of selfishness and maintain with sanguine equanimity that all aggressive human activities have as a supreme motive "the economic incentive for gain." The spiritual or moral side of human life of man socialized is represented by such terms as inherent, inalienable, eternal, and immutable rights. These abide as do justice, mercy, and truth. They are known as the common rights of humanity. From the action and interaction of human relationship in all rounds of social life there exist certain social activities in trade and commerce that we call competition, and from these activities certain obligations ensue that we designate ethical principles.

Competition, like all other social activities, is a growth of social organism. In primitive and communal life, represented by the farm and village, we have the beginning of competition. The passenger train came in conflict with the stage-coach, the mill with the hand loom, the machine-shop and foundry with the blacksmith shop. In fact, with the introduction of machinery and newer methods of transportation came modern methods of com-

petition and combinaton together with industrial interdependence. The old order changes. Industrial interdependence and vast combinations arise for the elimination of competition and, often, of ethics. Industrial interdependence working for communal welfare brings oranges from Florida, salmon from Oregon, flour from Minnesota, meat from Illinois, tea from India, sugar from Cuba, and that at a fair margin of profit. There is no limit to industrial interdependence. No combination is too big for it when it is operated honestly and efficiently for public welfare and is subject to government or public regulation. Industrial interdependence monopolized represents a power that fixes prices, limits supplies, deteriorates quality, determines terms and conditions of employment, and often, for the sake of gain, eliminates ethics and normal competition until we have a crass individualism permeated with the dry rot of Bourbon selfishness.

It is a fundamental principle of all civil procedures that public welfare is the supreme law. The ethics of competition must, then, represent the ethics or fundamental principle of social salvation. The welfare of each must be related to the welfare of all. Man must lose his individual self-centered life in the larger social life as the snow-flakes and rain-drops lose their littleness in the rivers and the greatness of the ocean. Social solidity is a temple; individual stability is a stone in the temple, a pillar in the portico. The stone is not lost, but raised to its largest equation of efficiency. Likewise personality is not lost through social solidarity, but raised to its highest power of expression. It is eternally true, "He that loses his life in a larger good shall find it in a greater gain." All institutions and movements of social service that have blessed the world of human kind have lifted into undying luster the heroic souls that surrendered their lives for the larger good. It is not true that "all aggressive human activity has as a supreme motive the economic incentive for gain." This is the fundamental economic heresy of the materialistic school of individualistic political economists who have not read deeper into the economic and moral order of social science than their own inordinate love of material advantage. The world order is not transcribed from the jungle, but from Calvary. The rule of gold

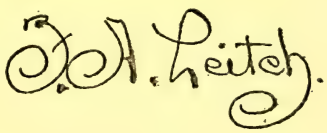
has not substituted the golden rule in the economics of the kingdom of God.

What, let us inquire, is the supreme mission of business, of trade, of commercial activity? Is it to make money or manhood? Is it to save life or to destroy it? Is it to promote peace and prosperity for the few or for the many? Human necessities, such as food, clothing, shelter, create commerce, and commerce accomplishes far more important results than the mere production and distribution of bread and clothing. Men are brought together, relationships are established, and through these man finds his larger and richer and fuller life. The highest product is the ultimate product. If the ultimate is "economic goods," the making of money, then the ethics of business is to produce economic utilities, accumulate money, and bend all efforts toward this supreme end. Competition represents the struggle for economic existence. In this struggle for commercial supremacy the strong are to push the weak to the wall and vindicate this conquest by the higher law of economic necessity. The ethics of business is success at any price; success is supreme. This law is beneficent because it serves a high social end—material prosperity. To the victors belong the spoils. But is the supreme end "goods," material things? Can it be that the boot side of a machine is more important than the man side, that the brick side of a dwelling is more important than the family side, or the factories or steamcars, railroads, ores, and metals have rights superior to the men who operate them? We are more or less familiar with the Judge Baldwin and Theodore Roosevelt controversy over property rights and human rights in which the court held that the Constitution gave to the rolling stock of a railroad corporation rights withheld from operatives. This interpretation of the Constitution of New York State was also maintained by the Court of Common Pleas that declared the Employers' Liability Law unconstitutional. Property seemed to have "sacred rights" that the makers and creators of property values did not possess. This is the interpretation of ancient interpreters of law in far-off and decadent Persia and Babylon. Putting no estimate upon "man," the creator of all wealth and economic values, except as a spade to dig or a tool to

produce or a sword to defend, cities and empires crumbled and fell into the dust from which human life and human relationships, combined with human skill, had raised them. Man is greater than all art, language, literature, machinery, money, stocks, or bonds. He is creator of all wealth and, through social relationship, all ethics and law; consequently, the thing created and lifted up into some utility can never have any inherent or fundamental rights superior to or even on a par with man, its creator.

Nothing is more pitiable than a man with more money than manhood; more of the material and perishable than of the immaterial and imperishable; more of the animal than of the human; more of the bulk of things than of the cause of things.

The ethics of competition resolves itself into a fundamental moral question, and ultimately all moral questions have a social and religious basis. Consequently, competition that is moral and ethical conserves human interests, and saves life, and becomes a permanent value to the social organism and a fundamental factor in all stable, permanent, and social progress. Individual advantages are eliminated for the larger and more permanent social good. Business, then, is a sacrament of service—social service—for the higher good of making "men," and not money. The supreme motive of all normal economic activities is not the incentive for gain. When this incentive exists it is abnormal and unsocial. Business is not primarily a mercenary struggle for economic supremacy, a test of intellectual cunning, of brute force; but rather a sacrament of service that aims to save life and redeem the world from the tyranny of social injustice, social inequality, and godless selfishness that has written its history in the blood and anguish of an oppressed humanity.



AMERICAN DIALECT LITERATURE

WITHIN every nation there are differences and dissimilarities of many kinds, even within every tribe and family, yet how seldom are they really recognized. Often are the distinctions drawn between different races, different nations, and different families, but how few leave the broader field and study the peculiarities within the nation, tribe, or family. Take the nation, for example —any nation, no matter how small, how compact, and how well knit together the life of its people is—and various indeed are the customs, manners, and mode of life that we discover in its different sections and among its people. If this be true of the sociology of the nation, how much more is it true of its language. Speech is ever changing, branching out in some new direction. It is progressive, always growing, always increasing, and it would be very strange indeed if this growth were uniform. Different environments, different associates, different customs, different relations, and different manners all bring about different phrases, expressions, and pronunciations. I meet a Southerner and I proceed to tell him of the porch which I am adding to my home. He says,

"I beg your pardon; do you mean a gallery?"

Assuredly so.

I encounter a Bostoner and when I have told him of my new "gallery," he replies,

"I suppose you are speaking of a *stoop?*"

Again, yes.

I meet a man from golden California and ask him his word for porch.

"*Veranda,*" he replies; and I have four different words from four different parts of our country, all meaning the same thing, and all good English words. Why have we not only one word for that idea? Because of a difference in the origin of the peoples of different localities, and because of a difference in the origin of the language of different localities; because of different environments and customs. Perhaps one word would be sufficient, but see

the varieties of expression that this difference gives us. Then, too, words and expressions are changed by time. What was good, common, ordinary English in Chaucer's time is ancient, antiquated, and in many cases almost obsolete now. There are even some expressions that were prevalent and in good repute in Dickens's time that are somewhat old-fashioned now. A language changes gradually, but nevertheless it changes. Think of the very good expressions and words that have entered the language in the last ten years, of the expressions that science and invention have given us, and, on the other hand, note the difference between the phraseology of the present day and that of the days when King James gave his name to the King James Version of the Bible. Study the "he saiths" and "verilys" and "beholds" of this text in the light of modern, present-day usage, and the fact will be more and more appreciated that a language changes with time. This change of expression by time or by locality we call dialect. In James Whitcomb Riley's words, "Dialect is any speech or vernacular outside the prescribed form of good English in its present state," thus embracing both causes of change, Time and Place. However, dialect in American literature is our theme, and as American literature is too young to have been greatly affected by Time, the second cause of change, that of Place, only will be considered.

The life of American literature has been too brief for the dialectic side to be very fully developed, and in fact little has been done in that line until the last twenty or thirty years. Its progress has been hindered, too, because there has been always some slight but annoying dispute as to the right of dialect to consideration in literature, but this is gradually dying away. The idealists have claimed that only the perfect and beautiful is a fit subject or a fit tool for art, that the homely and commonplace should not be put into literature, and that therefore dialect should be avoided. This, however, is not so. There have always been the educated and uneducated in the world, the rich and the poor, the refined and the coarse, and since the one is as real and as actual as the other they are equally fit for literature. Homeliness in subject and expression does not make the finished product homely, it often makes it noble, strong, truthful, dignified, and it does

this because it is natural and real. This, however, is true only of the best dialectic literature, and many are the vain and fruitless attempts to reach this height; but the fault lies not with the material as often as with the writer. Dialect does not consist in using poor grammar, misspelling words, and introducing foolish expressions. It is a living thing—not a Frankenstein. The writer must not only understand perfectly the real language of the people about whom he writes, its little subtleties and under-thoughts, he must know the people themselves. He must sympathize with them in their sorrows, rejoice with them in their joys, understand them in their loves and hates, and love them in their simple lives and for their own characters and individualities. Most of all he must realize in them the great universality of humanity. While there have been, and are, many writers of dialect in America, a few have attained great success in this line, writers who have represented in their works almost every section of the country, and by considering these, each in his own particular sphere and section, we can obtain a general view of the dialect literature of America in its various forms, styles, and divisions. New England shall be first—New England, with its cold winters, its rolling hills and rocky valleys; its long, low-lying farm houses with their large chimneys and small-paned windows; its sleigh rides, apple-parings, husking-bees; and above all, and through all, the stern, honest, rude, straightforward characters who are the embodiment of all that is just, right, and roughly genial.

Perhaps the best painter of New England character and the author who most truly and sympathetically represents the New England dialect is Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, who, in her Pembroke, a Humble Romance, and The New England Nun, has shown the New England life and character to the world. She has lived most of her life in a little New England village and its people are not only interesting subjects for her books, but they are her friends and companions, and she understands and sympathizes with them perfectly. The dialect of these simple people is crude and homely, but it is full of strength and of a sort of restrained love, humor, and pathos. Mrs. Freeman's characters are all types of a home-loving, cool-headed, but good-natured people, who know the right

and do it. Take, for example, a story which she has called "The Twelfth Guest." It is from the New England Nun. The scene is a New England country farmhouse; the theme, a lost note for a hundred dollars; the conversation as follows:

"You'd ought to ha' looked out for a paper like that," said his wife. "I guess I should if it had been me. If you've gone an' lost all that money through your carelessness you've done it, that's all I've got to say. I don't see what we're goin' to do." Cabel bent forward and fixed his eyes on the woman. He held up his shaking hand impressively. "If you'll stop talkin' just a minute," said he, "I'll tell you what I was a goin' to. Now I'd like to know just one thing. Wa'n't Cyrus Morris alone in that kitchen as much as fifteen minutes a week ago to-day? Didn't you have him there while you went to look arter me? Wa'n't the key in the desk? Answer me that." His wife looked at him with cold surprise and severity. "I wouldn't talk in any such way as that, if I was you, father," said she. "It don't show a Christian spirit. It's just layin' the blame of your own carelessness onto somebody else. You're to blame. An' when it comes to it, you'd never ought to let Cyrus Morris have the money, anyhow. I could have told you better. I knew what kind of a man he was.

Such are the New England people, and such their dialect is—for as people so the language. They cannot be separated in any way, but remain one and the same, strong, firm, steadfast, and resolute, but genial, good-hearted, and natural.

A different type of people are the Tennessee mountaineers and the poor whites of Kentucky and a different dialect is theirs. These people, dwelling in the fastnesses of the forests, on the sides of the mountains, and in secluded places of the valleys, are the children of nature. They know nothing of the outside world. For many of them the world lies within a radius of five or ten miles; their life is primitive, their knowledge limited to an exceedingly small area, and their experience narrow in the extreme. Their homes are huts, their stove an ancient fireplace, and their clothes the coarest homespun. Of education they have never heard. Few can read a word, fewer still can write, and the man who can do these things is almost a prodigy to them. And yet they are wonderfully human. They love and hate, suffer and sigh, endure and strive as all mankind is known to do; and although ignorant and superstitious in the extreme they are good-hearted, patient, and long-suffering. Hence, following the maxim, "Like people, like

speech," we can easily picture the language or dialect of these people. Could it be elegant, refined, well-rounded, smooth, grammatical, cultured, or subtle? What is it, then? It is rough, coarse, colloquial in the extreme, filled with strange words and expressions, ungrammatical constructions, and uneven and harsh sounds. Yet in its very rudeness there is something strong and something particularly pathetic. The most laughable incidents are full of pathos when viewed from our more refined standpoint, and its very strangeness lends to the language an indescribable charm. The writer who best understands these people and whose dialect sketches are the finest is a woman whose pen-name is that of a man, Charles Egbert Craddock. In the delineation of these Tennessee mountain characters she has been eminently successful. For example, take the following monologue from In the Tennessee Mountains. Picture the scene: a washing day, a mother and daughter in calico dresses and sunbonnets bending over their tubs. The mother speaks:

I do declare it sets me plumb caterwumpus ter hev ter listen ter them blacksmiths, up yonder ter thar shop, at thar everlastin' chink-chank an' chink-chank, considerin' the tales I hearn 'bout 'em when I war down ter the quiltin' at M'ria's house in the Cove. They 'lowed down ther ter M'ria's house ez this hyar Evander Price hev kem ter be the headin'est, no 'count critter in the kentry! They 'lowed ez he hev been a-foolin round Pete Blenkens's forge, aworkin' fur him ez a striker, 'tell he thinks hisself ez good a blacksmith ez Pete an' better. An all of a suddenty this same Vander Price riz up an' made a consarn ter bake bread in, sech ez had never been seen in the mountings afore. They 'lowed down ter M'ria's ez they dunno what he patterned arter. The Evil One must hev revealed the contrivance to him. But they say it did cook bread in less'n haffen the time that the reg'lar oven takes; leastwise, his granny's bread, 'kase his mother air a toler'ble sensible woman, an' would tech no sech foolish fixin'. But his granny 'lowed ez she didn't hev long ter live, nohow, an' mought ez well please the children whilst she war spared. So she resked a batch o' her salt risin' bread on the consarn, an' she do say it riz like all possessed, an' eat toler'ble short. An' that hanged critter Vander war so proud o' his contrivance that he showed it ter everybody in the shop. .An' when two valley men rid by an' one o' thar beastis cast a shoe, Vander hed ter take out his contraption fur them ter gape over too. An' they ups and says they hed seen the like afore a many a time; sech ovens war common in the valley towns. An' when they found out ez Vander hed never hearn on sech, but jes' got the idee out'n his own foolishness, they jes' stared at one another. They tole the

boy he oughter take hisself and his peartness in workin' in iron down yonder ter some o' the valley towns, whar he'd find out what other folks hed been doin' in metal, an' git a good hank on his knack fur new notions. But Vander, he clung ter the mountings. They 'lowed down yonder at M'ria's quiltin' ez Vander fairly tuk ter the woods with grief through other folks hevin' made sech contraptions afore he war born.

Contrast with the harshness of this Tennessee mountain dialect the language of the Southerner with its soft, mellow tones and rounded sounds, its sympathetic touches, and its warmth of color. It is beautiful, smooth, quaint, and genial. It glows with warmth and ardor and in every expression and in every sentence it shows the character of the South. The two writers most representative of the Negro dialect in particular are Joel Chandler Harris and Ruth McEnery Stuart, the former as the author of Uncle Remus and his typical Negro yarns, and the latter as the sweet, sympathetic author of Sonny. Both writers have a complete knowledge of their subjects. In an earnest, steadfast, friendly way James Whitcomb Riley has said of Joel Chandler Harris: "His touch is ever reverential. He has gathered up the bruised and broken voices and the legends of the lowly and from his child heart he has affectionately yielded them to us in all their eerie beauty and wild loveliness. Through them we are made to glorify the helpless and the weak and to revel in their victories. But, better, we are taught that even in barbaric breasts there dwells inherently the sense of right above wrong, equity above law, and the One Unerring Righteousness Eternal." Of Ruth McEnery Stuart's character some one has said: "Her Negroes are always Negroes and her po' white trash are always amusing and pathetic in their lack of humor." As an example of the strength, beauty, and sympathy of the Negro dialect we take the following extract from Mrs. Stuart's Sonny:

Well, sir, we're tryin' to edjercate him good ez we can. Th' ain't a edjercational advantage come in reach of us but we've give it to him. Of co'se, he's all we got, that one boy. is, an' wife an' me, we feel the same way about it. They's three schools in the county, not countin' the niggers' an' we send him to all three. Sir? Oh-yes-sir; he b'longs to all three schools—to fo', countin' the home school. You see, Sonny he's purty ticklish to handle an' a person has to know thess how to tackle him. Even wife an' me' thet's been knowin' him from the beginnin'—not only knowin'

his traits, but how he came by 'em, 'though some is hard to trace to their so'cers—why, sir, even we have to study sometimes to keep in with him, an' of co'se a teacher—why, it's thess but an' miss whether he'll take the right tack with him or not; an' sometimes one teacher'll strike it one day, an' another nex' day, so by payin' schoolin' for him right along in all three, why, of co'se, if he don't feel like goin' to one, why, he'll go to another.

Coming farther west, we find that the Central States have a dialect also, and that this dialect has been represented in literature. Who does not know and love the songs and verses of James Whitcomb Riley, and who has not been interested and amused by Edward Eggleston's The Hoosier Schoolmaster? Surely the rural dialect is worthy of notice, with its colloquialisms and variety of expression. Its difference from other dialects, however, is more easily felt than expressed. It is chiefly a rural dialect—the language of the country people of the Middle West. Perhaps quaintness of expression is the chief charm of the following stanza of Riley's "Last Christmas Was a Year Ago," which may fairly represent this class of dialectic literature:

I've allus managed David by
Jes' sayin' nothin'. That was why
He'd chased Lide's beau away—'cause Lide
She'd allus take up Perry's side
When David tackled him—and so,
Last Christmas was a year ago—
Er ruther 'bout a week before—
David and Perry quarr'led about
Some tom-fool argyment, you know,
And Pap told him to "Jes get out
O' there, and not to come no more;
And when he went, to shet the door!"
And, as he passed the winder, we
Saw Perry, white as white could be,
March past, onhitch his hoss, an' light
A see-gyar, and lope out o' sight.
Then Lide, she came to me and cried.
And I said nothin'—was no need,
And yit, you know, that man jes' got
Right out o' there's ef he'd be'n shot,
P'tendin' he must go and feed
The stock 'r somepin! Then I tried
To git the pore girl pacified.

The last dialect of place of which we shall speak is that of the Pacific Slope. Here, on the mountains, among the forests and the wilds, the early pioneers and gold-seekers lived. They were, for the most part, good-hearted men, strong and sturdy, but extremely rough and coarse. Their life was full of hardships and deprivations, and they had few comforts. The saloon was their rendezvous and gambling their single amusement, and it is not strange that their dialect is anything but refined. The thing to marvel at is that, with scarcely a single elevating influence, it is as clean as it is. It is filled with slang and miner's phrases, rough terms and bad grammar, but it is capable of a depth of feeling little realized. The great interpreter and recorder of this dialect is Bret Harte, and he is a master in his own province. In his "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and other stories this dialect has become famous as one of the many divisions of our language. The following very brief selection from Bret Harte's "M'liss" will serve as an illustration of the individualities of this dialect, though it does not entirely represent the character of the literature nor the violence of much of the dialect.

That's the poison plant you said would kill me. I'll go with the play-actors, or I'll eat this an' die here. I don't care which.. I won't stay here where they hate an' despise me. Neither would you let me if you didn't hate an' despise me too. If you lock me up in jail to keep me from the play-actors I'll poison myself. Father killed himself—why shouldn't I? You said a mouthful of that root would kill me and I allays carry it here.

To complete the discussion of the dialects in American literature, the child dialect must be mentioned. Much of our best literature contains the character of children, some of whom play important parts, and in these cases it is essential that they should be real children. Too many of the children in American literature have been stiff and unreal, or, on the other hand, have been foolish and almost imbecile. Children are not fools, but neither are they philosophers; they are smaller patterns of their elders, nothing more or less, and should be treated as such. It must be conceded that it is very difficult to appreciate and to write of child life for the reason that adults can hardly put themselves in the places of children and cannot easily know them. However, we have had

some realistic and natural child writers, of whom James Whitcomb Riley in the realm of poetry and Kate Douglas Wiggin (though only partly American) in the realm of prose are the best representatives. As examples of the former's work read "The Raggedy Man," "Elizabeth Ann," and others of the child rhymes so characteristic of the author and his style. To the work of the latter writer, Kate Douglas Wiggin, too little credit is given, for she is in reality a very strong delineator of child life and her child dialect is superb in its naturalness and realism.

In conclusion, what is the value of dialect in literature? Is it worth while? Surely so. It adds reality and strength; it gives color to narratives and expression and meaning to much that would be otherwise prosaic and formal; it brightens the story, portrays character as it really is, and, best of all, it shows infallibly that in spite of our little peculiarities and our differences we are all one—alike in feeling, in impulse, in sensation, and that the cry of Humanity is everywhere the same.

Lalah Ruth Randle Warner

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL TRUTH OF THE BIBLE

The plea is frequently made that, since the Bible is a book of religion and not at all a book of science, none of its teachings should be urged against it that may appear to clash with the teachings of modern science. Admitting the reasonableness of these statements, they may nevertheless require some qualification. Psychology is a branch of science that has a wide application to-day. Think of psychology as applied to religion. Would it prove a matter of indifference if the Bible and psychology should be found to be in hopeless disagreement? Not only would that be a different problem, it would be a far more difficult one. Evidently, then, the Bible is not so far aloof from all branches of science as to render questions of harmonization unimportant. This present era is largely under the sway of scientific ideas. All of us feel their influence more than we are aware. Prompted by this spirit, an eminent Christian scholar has just been writing concerning "the biological control of life." It should be added that he is without any affinities with materialism. Because of its close alliance with biology psychology need not be charged with materialistic tendencies. That by no means follows. Among the leading interpreters of psychology are those who in the first instance were specialists in physiology. Enough to recall the former connection of Professor James with the chair of physiology in Harvard Medical School. Professor James, we know, was far from being a materialist. Many of his ablest coadjutors also are strenuously opposed to that mode of thought. In view of the existing situation the attitude of psychology toward the Bible and religion is a matter that profoundly concerns us all. By reason of their peculiar relations any conflict would be most undesirable. On the other hand, if essential agreement can be established the cause of religion will be strengthened.

The recent application of psychology to the deeper problems of religion was, in the beginning, the occasion of considerable alarm, and not without reason. In the hands of some psychology became a weapon for the destruction of religion. This, however,

has not been true of the majority of writers. There are many constructive workers who find in psychology a new and powerful support for religion. Little more than a good beginning has as yet been made. Not a few of the present positions are more or less provisional, finality is not claimed, but services have already been rendered that we could ill afford to lose. Ultimately results must be achieved that will be for the lasting good of religion. A concrete instance or two may indicate what is being accomplished: Personality, now recognized as one of the great words of religion, is still a term but poorly understood. For any fuller light we must turn to psychology. Even if unable to define fully, psychology does help by its analysis of the human soul. Another valuable service has been rendered in tracing religion to its primal sources. Our religious sentiments are shown to be "woven of our instincts and emotions." Thus religion is rooted deeply in the instinctive life of the race. Then by means of psychology the inductive method has been applied to the study of religious experience—a step that naturally encountered indignant protest at the start. Here again the fears would appear to have been groundless, for psychology has recognized experience as constituting the very heart of religion. These considerations bring us face to face with a fact of first importance: the Bible and psychology are in agreement as to the fundamentals of religious experience.

Modern criticism makes of the Bible a venerable book. Portions of it are assigned to the eighth century B. C. Prominent scholars contend for a considerably earlier date. The Bible contains a remarkable account of religion, its origin, and nature. Psychology also has its account of the genesis of religion. Out of redundant statements a few general principles may be deduced. The following has the support of representative psychologists: "All religion results from a feeling of uneasiness and a subsequent sense of relief when the proper connections have been made with the higher powers." The above principle was reached inductively, the induction being based on a comparative study of religious experience. Different countries and diverse shades of belief were represented in the people interrogated. In this way a sufficient basis for a trustworthy generalization was secured. While psy-

chology has various statements of the basal facts of religion, all are virtually the same. Exception should, of course, be made in case of those writers who work from materialistic viewpoints. The "feeling of uneasiness" mentioned yields upon analysis two distinct components: (1) a sense of incompleteness and (2) a deeper sense of sin. The Bible also takes note of these facts and places due emphasis upon each. Speaking broadly, the Bible may be called a book of redemption, for that is its central message, and redemption always implies the existence of sin. Beneath Israel's noblest religious conceptions—"the Covenant," "the King—Messiah," and "the Suffering Servant"—lies ever the dark fact of sin. The entire religion of Israel was, in fact, one heroic effort to deal with sin. The prophets, as champions of righteousness, set themselves ever against the sins of the people. That early group, Amos and Hosea, Micah and Isaiah, men of "the touch of fire," all gave their impressive witness against Israel's sin. The same deep note is struck in Jeremiah and throughout the Psalms. Evermore the message softens upon any token of sincere repentance. It is in the New Testament, however, that we meet with a complete conception of sin and its effects on human life. There Christ is revealed as the victor over sin and the one in whom humanity may be made complete. In the handling of these human problems the Bible is in accord with psychology. The main difference is commonly a mere matter of emphasis. So far is this true that a foremost psychological writer often frames his conclusions in the precise language of the Bible. Then so many standard works on the psychology of religion begin with the consideration of conversion, a fact that admits of only one interpretation. How shall we explain this coincidence between so old a book and the positions of so recent a science? In its rudest outline psychology has existed since the days of Aristotle, 300 B. C., possibly somewhat earlier, but as applied to religion psychology began in 1875 with the experimental work of Wündt. The so-called "New Psychology" would date from about that time. The first serious attempt to bring the inductive method to the facts of religious experience was made by American scholars less than twenty years ago. It cannot therefore be assumed that the harmony in question is due to the

influence of psychology which existed prior to the Bible. Vital portions of the Bible existed for centuries before a single rudiment of psychology was known.

Again, psychology and the Bible developed quite independently of each other. Psychology had its beginnings in Greece, the Bible and its religion came out of Israel. From all that has been ascertained the relations between these countries were never close, nevertheless the view has been advanced that in all things religious Israel was strongly influenced by the Greeks. This contention is generally supported by an appeal to the superior mental gifts of the Greeks. Psychology affords the best answer to all such claims. It sets forth the prominence of the emotions and volitions in religion and assigns to the intellect a purely secondary place. Intellectually the Tahitians would never be mentioned in comparison with the Greeks, yet they completely surpassed the Greeks in their religious conceptions. It seems fair to suppose that there would be some exchange of ideas at the various points of contact between the nations, and in any such interchange we can hardly believe that their religious views would remain uninfluenced. Israel, as we know, had a prolonged sojourn in Egypt and Professor Sayce concedes the presence of Egyptian elements in Christianity. By reason of his birth and early training in Asia Minor Greek thought became a factor in the preparation of Saint Paul, but his Greek dialectic was confined by Paul to the statement and defense of the Christian facts as he apprehended them. In like manner Saint John's closing years were spent within the bounds of the Greek intellectual world, and the Gospel ascribed to him is thought to bear the impress of that world. This point is even now the subject of animated discussion. All of these questions lie in an obscure field so far not extensively worked. At the present it would be difficult to determine just what the reciprocal influences were. One consideration should be borne in mind: unfriendly critics speak of Jesus as the world's greatest religious genius. If this be true we should not expect to find him borrowing extensively from the Greeks, who have been classed with the Romans as among the less religious people of antiquity. Neither of them had a Bible. The Romans were so wanting in

any creative power that they borrowed their religion from other peoples. True, the Greeks surpassed the Romans, and made some contributions to the world's religion; still their gifts were not conspicuous. In the matter of religion the Jew easily surpassed them both. In view of such facts the Jewish Bible and religion must be regarded as very largely an independent development.

Comparative studies can never prove injurious to the Bible or the Christian faith; nothing, indeed, is quite so stimulating. Max Müller presumably did more than any scholar to awaken a feeling of mutuality between the adherents of different religions. His catholic sympathies and rare scholarship gave him preeminent fitness for such a task, yet even he is constrained to point out the inequalities and puerilities of the sacred books of the East. A false psychology is present in them and is evermore coming to light. They contain truth, but sadly mingled with errors and absurdities. One secret of the sustained power of the Bible is its surpassing wealth of psychological truth. It fits all the facts of human nature. When put in comparison with the best sacred literature of the past, and when every generous allowance has been made, the Bible stands supreme "by reason of the glory that excelleth." Professor Huxley was to the end a pronounced agnostic, but he was a man of courage and a passionate lover of the truth. Much of his life was devoted to controversy. Of course he was familiar with the critical positions, he himself held very independent views, but to him the Bible was the book supreme. He spoke of its moral grandeurs and its wholesome reaction on the lives of men. His tribute is wholly extraordinary. On the Bible alone could be founded his hope for the moral and religious life of Britain.

The Bible is the world's great book of religion. Psychology reveals the laws of the human soul. The relations of the two are intimate and vital and their substantial agreement is what we should anticipate.

B. L. McElroy.

MY EFFICIENT FRIEND

By nature I am of a calm and uncombative disposition, but certain doctrines that my efficient friend dins into my ears arouse me to rebellion. In the first place, I must confess that I belong to a prehistoric school of thought that flourished when mankind was divided among the Philistines and the children of sweetness and light. I am a Latin instructor, and not even progressive enough to feel sheepish about it. And that is just where my efficient friend and I grate on each other's nerves. Perhaps I had better touch very lightly on the exchange of compliments that pass between us. His parting shot is usually that I seem not to realize that the aim of education is to prepare the student to fill efficiently his place in the industrial organism. I retaliate by accusing him of having no appreciation of the amateur spirit, of ignoring the individual genius in his attempt to make him a cog in the great social machine. Sometimes, in reckless moments, I hurl my most scathing denunciation at him—to wit, that he defies industrial efficiency at the expense of the individual. And he takes it as a compliment. That usually makes me grow very abusive in my language. I ask him if he has not breadth of vision enough to see that such a social philosophy tends to make people into mere pieces of machinery, "human tools" as the ancients called them; that by overemphasis on efficiency and specialization "they are subdued to what they work in" and lose whatever opportunity to develop a soul they originally may have had. That always amuses him, and he replies, "Aw g'wan." To which I retort that no gentleman who had any comprehension of the beauty and nobility of classical language would descend to the use of such an expression. That invariably severs all diplomatic relations between us and we part in indignation.

These passages at arms, of course, are more or less a habit. Sometimes, however, special grievances arise which call for more vigorous treatment. To illustrate: Once, in one of the rare truces between us, I had invited him to the commencement exercises

of our little school. In all candor I must admit that the program was, to say the least, a bit amateurish. There was the usual assortment of home-made music, Olympus-scaling orations, and a vague attempt at poetry. Nevertheless I was immeasurably proud of my youngsters. Crude though they were, they had yet learned something that my efficient friend could not perceive, that "man does not live by bread alone." To me it seems the blindest sort of self-complacency to sneer at the idealistic attitude of youth that sees things in big, bold outlines, unobscured by the insisting details of some one particular specialty. Superficial, if you will, but infinitely to be preferred to that efficiency which gathers experience only as detached facts, woven together into no general philosophy beyond their practical usefulness.

In such a state of mind, therefore, my friend's disgusted remark, "O, what's the use of all this tommyrot?" sounded like a challenge. Too indignant for words, I let him proceed. "Just listen to that girl trying to play a fiddle. What does a girl in her circumstances want with that sort of thing? Why don't you teach her how to sew, and keep house, or how to be a decent stenographer? There ought to be a law passed forbidding people to annoy each other by thinking they can make music." "See here," I interrupted him, rather sharply; "that girl has considerable talent. Why should you legislate against her developing it? Besides, even if she hadn't, it would open up for her a whole new realm of musical appreciation." "O, well, perhaps so in her individual case. I don't know anything about music. But education is for the masses, and ought to be made to fit the needs of the common people." To which I heartily agreed, but a pronounced difference arose over the needs of the common people. "Teach them to become experts in some trade, so that they can become useful members of an industrial society," was his formula. "Is that all?" I asked. "Teach them to become good citizens," he continued, with that air of finality that seems to characterize educational reformers. "With the greatest of pleasure," I replied. "Only there are as many ways of being a good citizen as there are separate types of individuals, and it strikes me that it would be a very difficult subject to teach. As for teaching them to become

experts in a trade, that is not quite our purpose. Some things they will have to acquire by experience after school days are over. We are willing to do our share in fitting them to earn a livelihood, but we are not ready to announce that we have lost faith entirely in the idea of a liberal education. We are still striving to so mingle the elements that nature may say, This is a man."

"You'll have to give up that culture dope, though, as the country grows more democratic," he returned tenaciously. "Liberal education is well enough for a traditional, aristocratic society with a leisure class that can afford the luxury of the higher life."

I sighed. One might as well try to talk to a typewriter on the beauty of the Aldine script as to an efficient friend on culture. Suddenly a happy idea struck me. "Look here," I said. "What is your justification of democracy, anyhow?" "Why, so that everyone will have equal opportunity," he replied, surprised at such a foolish question. "All right," I said, "and you give every male person a vote, I suppose, to equalize the influence of all in the direction of the government?" "Well, yes, theoretically. I admit that it doesn't always work out that way." "Of course not," I said in most professional school-teacher's voice. "How can it, as long as most men are simply raw material whose opinions are formed by the few thinkers among them? Isn't it something like this: Every independent thinker, provided he makes his personality felt, is the center of a group of adherents whose ideas are simply a reflection of their leader's? And as for the voice of everyone being equal in the government—there is no such thing even in the most democratic society. In the nature of things the influence of the leader is the equivalent of the combined influence of his disciples. Democracy, as I see it, is simply giving the opportunity to every individual to show that he is the exceptional person. It permits the development of a natural aristocracy untrammeled by tradition and caste lines. The most perfect democracy is that which gives every person the best opportunity to find his rightful place in society, whether as intellectual leader or day laborer. Its object is not the equalization of unequals, but the elimination of artificial distinctions of class, race, or sex, in order to give full sway to the natural inequalities of individual ability. It is merely

the great athletic field in which we all try ourselves out." "What's that got to do with teaching this high-brow stuff in your school?" asked my friend, impatiently. "Why, don't you see," I answered, "what your program of efficiency would amount to? It goes on the supposition that all men are made after the same pattern. You are so possessed by the theory of the average man that you make no effort to discover and develop the genius of the rare souls that give a civilization its place in the sun. In your zeal to be perfectly democratic you would make all men in the image of the ordinary efficient workingman. You would not give them a glimpse into the realm of 'high-brow' stuff, by which I suppose you mean classical literature, music, poetry, art, everything that supplements and glorifies the mere bread-and-butter activities of life. And I hold that you are taking an unfair advantage of your victim by shoving him into a vocation with his eyes closed. Your idea of education is no more democratic than that of two centuries ago; for they fitted for the learned professions exclusively, while you vocational educationalists aim to fit for the proletariat exclusively. A truly democratic system would discriminate against neither, but would realize that as individuals vary so types of usefulness vary, and the mission of democracy is to allow everyone to work out his own particular nature. And the man or woman who contributes something to human thought is doing as much for democracy as the most productive member of the industrial organization.

"We learn in Ethics that 'the ideal end of humanity is the accumulation of psychical products,' not of material resources. Material prosperity, of course, relieves us from the pressure of necessity and makes possible the choice of a lifework suited to our separate capabilities. Every step, then, toward bettering the economic and social conditions of mankind is a step toward the freedom of the spirit. Nevertheless, there is a danger of mistaking the means for the end. Industrial efficiency exists for the sake of a larger humanity—intellectually and spiritually. We seem to be in danger, however, of despising our immaterial wealth, because it does not directly contribute to our financial well-being, and we have even reached the stage when we are no longer sensitive

about being called materialists. I have nothing against money-making in its proper place, only I would like to put to you efficiency fanatics the same question you are always putting to us who still advocate the idea of a liberal education: 'What's the use of that sort of thing?' What ultimate value is material prosperity if it creates nothing but more material prosperity?"

My friend had been vainly struggling to speak, but there was no stopping me now. "Understand me," I went on without drawing a long breath, "I really am not intending to criticize efficiency per se, or vocational education per se. I realize that under the pressure of economic necessity it may be all that the less-favored can obtain. But I do object to it as an ideal which scoffs at all culture that does not appeal to the 'masses.' Why make a fetish of social efficiency at the expense of individual originality? Why not regard life as a work of art, illustrating the fundamental principle of 'unity in variety,' rather than as a piece of mechanism? Anyway, why not regard it as a living whole, with its roots springing from industrial prosperity, and blossoming out into the fragrant flower of culture."

My friend grunted something about flowers being an awful waste of time, which irritated me intensely. "You certainly are a thorough-going Philistine," I snapped out. "And you are a raving idealist," he retorted. We usually parted that way, and as yet we are both unconvinced.

Mary A. Gilbert

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

AN ORCHID AMONG HUMAN SENTIMENTS

THAT a man should take an interest, absorbing and intense, in his own children is inevitable, universal, a matter of course. That men—we mean, especially, childless men—should take an interest, a sort of vicarious, poetic interest, in other people's children is not unnatural nor unlawful nor infrequent.

In the flower garden of human sentiments the love for unrelated little children on the part of bachelors and other childless men is not like a bachelor's button, coarse, stiff, and unfragrant, but rather like an orchid, air-fed, airy, and sweet, a delicate epiphytic bloom. Such friendships, born not of blood kinship but of spirit, fostered by æsthetic sensibilities, and fed with sustenance by ethereal sentiments, are found blossoming even in the heart of such a man as Herbert Spencer, who speaks of one boarding house where, he says, "two little girls became the vicarious objects of my philoprogenitive instincts"; and in the poet Swinburne, whose cousin, Mrs. Leigh, tells of his "veneration for little children," his "simple worship of the pure beauty of childhood," of which he left many exquisite records; and in the Bishop of London, Dr. Winnington Ingram, who says that, not having children of his own, he seeks other people's children to make happy and be made happy by; and in another child-loving bachelor of note, La Bruyère, through the whole texture of whose mature years was woven like a thread of gold an early memory of one young girl, with the result, we are told, that ever after his regard for women took on the nature of a sort of proxy fatherliness. This early friend of his was the bright little daughter of a book-seller and publisher whose shop he frequented to turn over the new books and to learn what was going on and to play with the child. One day when he offered for publication the manuscript of his greatest work, he said to the publisher: "If you make anything from it, let the profits be given as a marriage portion to my little playmate here when she weds"; which resulted in the publisher's daughter receiving twenty thousand dollars at her marriage.

These childless men, for their part, had the luxurious advantage of enjoying the children lightheartedly without the burden of being responsible for them; while the contented parents, on their part, regarded these friendships with amiable indulgence, seeing perhaps something a bit pathetic in the yearning fondness and romantic enthusiasm shown toward their children by such men.

The tableau of the Big Man and the Little Girl has been set on many a stage the ages through. Friendship between them, blending contrast and congeniality, is evidently on Nature's program, divinely ordained and provided for in the system of things. Notable instances, literally innumerable, embellish life and literature with indescribable beauty and irresistible charm. Among things pure and lovely and of good report such preadolescent friendships play a delicate part.

In a photograph of the London city missionary Rev. J. Gregory Mantle we see him seated in the middle of a group of his mission children, four boys and one girl. He is pictured holding the little girl on his lap, with her arm around his neck. Why not one of the boys? Simply because he is a man and she is a little girl, and between the two Heaven has put a subtle, fragrant, and everlasting affinity. That picture puts us among some of the primordial elements of life, the primitive forces which make the world go round, and the ground is as holy as the will of God.

Under the same mystical spell is the curate in Thackeray's delightful sketch, who, visiting the tenement region, finds in one small room three fatherless children whose mother is away all day at work. Elizabeth, aged ten, who acts as Hausmutter and takes care of the two younger, is so capable and fine that the charmed curate says admiringly, "If I, too, were but ten years old and only three feet high, I would marry Elizabeth and we would go and live in a cupboard." But he was thirty and could only join in the plaintive lament of the poet who wrote:

> Sweet is her tangle of sunny brown hair,
> Sunshine is caught in its wilderness fair;
> Bright is the flash of her bonny brown eyes;
> Deep is the dimple where merriment lies;
> Kisses she gives in an inconstant way,
> Love is to her but a new sort of play;
> Hopeless my wooing, oh, saddest of men!
> I am past fifty and Blossom is ten!

History in many a spot is all aflit and aflutter with butterfly-

like little creatures who lit on and were loved by great big men. There was wee Nancy with whom Lord Jeffrey, the terrible ogre of the Edinburgh Review, used to romp, and to whom he wrote as "My dear dimply Pussie." And there was the child, Thralia, whom ponderous old Doctor Sam Johnson called "Queenie," and whom he described as "a bright, papilionaceous creature whom the elephant loves to play with and wave to and fro on his trunk." It appears that the portentous polysyllabic biped, Doctor Johnson, shared the thicker-skinned and somewhat heavier four-legged elephant's affection for Queenie, and thus this little human butterfly had the felicity of being played with by two elephantine creatures at once.

And there was lovely, demure little Penelope Boothby, whom Sir Joshua Reynolds painted lovingly in her mob cap, and whose spirit went to join the immortals soon after the great artist immortalized her sweet face and slight figure with his brush. And there forever is Sir Walter Scott's "Pet Marjorie," dear to thousands, whose affection was as warm as her genius was precocious and her piety genuine, and whose memory blossoms from her dust with undiminished fragrance after a century.

And there was shy little Clara Novello's happy friendship with Charles Lamb, who was often in her father's house. Once the child, to avoid being sent off to bed before supper when he was there, hid herself in a cupboard by the piano and fell asleep. Waking and coming out of hiding, she was severely reprimanded by her mother in the presence of the visitor; but Lamb pleaded for her and obtained the parental consent that whenever he came to supper the child should be allowed to remain up with the family. He addressed her in his letters as "Saint Clara." She might have Latinized him and called him Saint Agnus. Once when her father made her sing for Lamb, and she was doing her best, her stuttering friend stopped her by crying out with a feigned look of suffering, "O Clara, d-d-don't make that d-d-dreadful noise any more. For m-m-mercy's sake, d-d-don't!" This child, writing of him in years long after, said, "O, glory and delight! How I did love dear Charles Lamb!" With similar recollections of George Meredith one woman wrote after his death: "I first saw him when I was seven years old. He and I were great friends in those days. He was a splendid playfellow."

The daughter of a London clergyman has told what a good playfellow she and her sisters had in Sydney Smith. She remembers his frequent coming to her father's dinners, and says: "He would arrive

ten minutes too soon, run up to the nursery at the top of the house, take a small girl on each knee, and delight to expend on a few little children, and the baby crowing for joy of life in a cot in the corner, the inimitable drollery and the stream of irresistible cleverness and nonsense which only the night before, perhaps, had been the *pièce de résistance* of the dinner at Holland House. One of the little girls still recollects—better even than the sweets in his pocket—the *bonhomie* and kindness of the shrewd, manly face, and knows that Sydney Smith's wit was not his finest quality."

A talented and accomplished woman of wide and varied experience, looking back through many eventful years, sees herself a little child riding around Clifton Springs on the big shoulders of that burly Saint Sagacity, Doctor Henry Foster, founder and builder of the place. She remembers that her ambition was to build a house of snow large enough for him to crawl into on hands and knees like a great brown bear. Remembering gratefully these and many other things, this woman in her maturity says: "He certainly was a sweet friend for a little girl to have."

An English woman tells of the happy play she used to have with Thackeray. Once when he was sitting in a large Louis Philippe arm-chair in Paris, she, a little girl, perched on the arm of his chair and quizzed the great man thus:

"Is you good?"

"Not so good as I should like to be," answered Thackeray.

"Is you clever?"

"Well, I've written a book or two. Perhaps I am rather clever."

"Is you pretty?"

"O, no, no! No! *No!* No!" roared the big fellow with an explosive burst of laughter.

"Well, I think you is good and clever and pretty," cooed the innocent little diplomat, 'cutely winding that famous celebrity around her tiny finger with predatory intent, because she remembered some bon-bons he had bought for her on the boulevard yesterday, and because she had visions of more bon-bons which her well-tamed and benevolent giant, if wisely managed and kept in a good humor, might buy to-morrow. Probably even Thackeray's masterpiece, Henry Esmond, is not quite so precious to this English woman as her memories of her own child-play with him.

The Marchesa Perruzzi gives us charming reminiscences of the children in the Barberini Palace in Rome who were visited and played

with by Hans Christian Andersen and Robert Browning; the gaunt, ungainly Norwegian poet of childhood romping uproariously over tables and chairs, and cutting out grotesque paper butterflies and clowns and fairies; and then Robert Browning reading later his Pied Piper of Hamelin to those enviable children while Hans Andersen listened to the reading with boyish delight, his ugly face brimming with fun.

Among the powers that be on this much-governed planet, is there any such potentate as the child? The strongest and the greatest bow down at the touch of the scepter of this diminutive despot. Biography and autobiography are full of confession and proof that all through history many who sat in the seats of the mighty were powerless under the all-subduing touch of tiny fingers. Even old Plutarch, in his famous Lives, shows that, amid the eventful and momentous procedures of empire and war and heroism, a child's hand secretly holds him by the heart. In a crevice of his picturesque pages we find a reference to his own little girl and to her anxiety that her dolls should share the professional attentions of the nurse: and from that tender mention we know more of the inmost nature and soul of Plutarch than from any of his great writings—far more than from his picture of Cæsar in the Senate House facing the gleaming steel of murderous conspirators, or from his description of wounded Pyrrhus darting at the foe a look which struck terror, or from his picture of Sylla's white charger plunging with his rider safely past the thrusting spears. The world over and the ages through, many men of might and mastery have known hours when a child's sweet lips and clinging arms meant more to them than all "the boast of heraldry and pomp of power." Mrs. Sellar pictures W. E. Henley, big, rugged-looking, florid, shaggy like a bear, abjectly and blissfully enslaved to the will of his own precocious four-year-old, whose mien was so imperious, her temper so passionate, and her rule so imperial that she was called "The Empress" by artists who went down from London to see the child again and again in her brief seven years of life, pitiably brief because doomed by the deadly disease which her father knowingly transmittted to her before her birth. What right has a man to do that?

Edwin Booth's birthday was on the same date with that of the small daughter of a friend of his; so the two called themselves twins. on the day when he was fifty and she six, she sent him flowers with this message: "Dear Mr. Booth, we are fifty-six to-day." Across the gulf of a life time they hailed each other as comrades, and both found

pleasure in it. To him it was freshening and rejuvenating. When to dry or rheumy eyes the world grows dim and darkling, the man says mentally to the little child:

> "I see the morning of the world in you.
> I see life upward springing,
> Light round you clinging,
> And in your eyes the dew."

We are told that John Ruskin at the age of forty succumbed to the blandishments of a little Irish girl of nine, named Rose La Touche, who is described as looking like "a little sister of Christ." The first time Ruskin met her she "gave him her hand as a good dog gives its paw." Later he gave her lessons in art. Quite pretty herself, she candidly told him she considered him very ugly. She christened him "Crumpet," which, when she discovered his goodness and gentleness, she mitigated into "Saint Crumpet." This friendship ripened into love on his part, and became the one central and absorbing fact of his inner life, so that in after years he wrote: "Rosie was always in my heart and everything I did was for her." This was the deepest passion of Ruskin's life and her final rejection of his love because he was not religious enough was the deepest sorrow that ever devastated his days.

Few men have been more susceptible to the charm of feminine childhood than Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh. When he was a young physician he wrote in a letter to a friend: "I am going out to Callands to-day to be all alone in the open air on the common road for a full-length *think* with myself; and to see a three-year-old bairn, the daughter of a plowman and a perfect image of sweet *wildness*. I wish you could see her with her long eye-lashes and unfathomable eyes, and her eerie black blink; you would then understand my love for her. I have wandered days with her among the hills, leading her by the hand and every now and then asking her to open wide her eyes that I might stare into their depths. She will kiss nobody in the world but her mother, father, brothers, sisters, and me." No wonder young Dr. Brown went strutting off, so elate and proud, on the road to Callands! It was this same Dr. Brown who told later the fascinating and touching story of that wonder-child Marjorie Fleming, concerning which Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote to its author: "I have read and reread and read aloud to my wife that infinitely tearful, smileful, soulful, tender, caressing story of Pet Marjorie. Dear little soul! And the picture of great big hearty Sir Walter Scott wrapping the

wee creature in his plaid and striding off with her! If only that fragment of your writings were saved from the wreck of English literature, men and women would cry over it. That surpassingly sweet story is told so lovingly and vividly that blessed little Marjorie becomes our own child, our 'ownty-downty,' as New England nursery small-talk has it."

Mark Twain, too, succumbed to the story, and joined the procession of Pet Marjorie's admirers many years after her death. Here is part of his avowal: "I have adored Marjorie for six-and-thirty years; I have adored her in detail, I have adored the whole of her; but above all other details—just a little above all other details—I have adored her because she detested that odious and confusing and unvanquishable and unlearnable and shameless invention, the multiplication-table. I glory in her when she writes: 'I am now going to tell you the horible and wretched plaege [plague] that my multiplication gives me. You can't conceive it the most devilish thing is 8 times 8 & 7 times 7 it is what nature itself can't endure.' In the presence of that holy verdict," said Mark Twain, "I stand reverently uncovered."

A charming picture has been given us of Edward FitzGerald, the translator of Omar, coming out of his garden gate one day in England, tall and dignified, to intercept and make obeisance to an equally dignified sweet maiden aged three who was passing by. She confidingly trusted her tiny dimpled hand to the grasp of his long fingers; but when he asked her name she met his inquiry with a gentle but firm taciturnity. "A very discreet young lady," said the stately scholar, while "they faced each other as equals—her nonage and innocence balancing his age and learning—as if his had been the Royal Presence and she the fairest débutante of her year."

One of T. E. Brown's exquisite poems tells how a man met in a country lane a little child who smiled at him with a look so full of trust and happiness that he blessed her in his heart. The wee creature knew him not, but laughed up into his face out of the natural joy that bubbled in her veins. And her laugh seemed to say:

> "The heaven is bright above us;
> And there is God to love us;
> And I am but a little gleeful maid,
> And thou art big and old and staid;
> But the blue hills have made thee mild
> As is a little child.
> Wherefore I laugh that thou may'st see,
> O laugh, O laugh with me!"

And the laughter of the little gleeful girl made the country lane a more royal road than the King's highway.

Our acute friends the psychologists have not yet fully explained all the mysterious movements of that curious machine the human mind. As inexplicable as they are unpredictable for example are memory's discriminations and preferences. Who can explain for us that pretty little idyll of the Alps given by an English poet in the London Spectator?

> In Switzerland one idle day,
> As on the grass at noon we lay,
> Came a grave peasant child, and stood
> Watching us strangers eat our food.
> And what we offered her she took
> In silence, with her quiet look,
> And when we rose to go, content,
> Without a word of thanks, she went.
>
> Another day, in sleet and rain,
> I chose that meadow path again,
> And, partly turning, chanced to see
> My little guest friend watching me
> With eyes half hidden by her hair,
> Blowing me kisses, unaware
> That I had seen, and still she wore
> The same grave aspect as before.
>
> Now some recall for heart's delight
> A sunrise, some a snowy height,
> But I a little child who stands
> And gravely kisses both her hands.

Now, who will tell us why a Swiss peasant child throwing coy kisses at a stranger should outlast in his memory all the majesty and sublimity of the Alps, their red sunrises and their snowy heights?

On a winter night many years ago a man went to spend the evening in one of the best homes in the world. As to the furniture, the pictures on the wall, what was for supper, how many were at table, what the evening's conversation was, what his sermons were about the Sunday before or the Sunday after, whom he married or buried that week, he does not remember: to try to recall any of these things would be like fishing in the river Lethe for forgotten fishes. But that, when he was let in from the wintry street to the glowing warmth and welcome of that lovely home, a little brown-haired sprite, intense with "that fervency known only to feminine childhood," flew to meet him, leaped clear off the floor into his arms, and hit him a bumper kiss

square on the mouth—this he has never forgotten. She came like a flying wedge and hit the line hard and the glad abandon, the velocity, onset, and impact of that impetuous child are dented deep in the phonograph of memory revolving now under his white hairs. Noting the whimsical way in which unthrifty memory drops a multitude of momentous things and then treasures seeming trifles, T. B. Aldrich wrote:

> My mind lets go a thousand things
> Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
> And yet recalls the very hour—
> 'Twas noon by yonder village tower,
> And on the last blue noon in May—
> The wind came briskly up this way,
> Crisping the brook beside the road;
> Then, pausing here, set down its load
> Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly
> Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

But when it comes to memorable preciousness, what are two wind-plucked wild-rose petals thrown down upon the ground, compared to two rose-petal human lips tossed up against yours on the wild sweet flying impulse of a child's impetuous love? Roses are fine flowers, but tiny two-lips have been reckoned sweeter; as George Meredith was aware when he pictured in his song of "Angelic Love,"

> The sweet little dewy mouth
> Tenderly uplifted,
> Like two rose leaves drifted
> On the warm balmy breath of the sunny South.

Doubtless Whittier forgot in later years many a lesson that he learned from books at the little schoolhouse amid the New England hills; but one imperishable recollection of school-boy days for him was of a little golden-haired girl who shyly laid her hand on his outside the country schoolhouse door one day; and the poet tells us what she said to him:

> "I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
> I hate to go above you,
> Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
> "Because, you see, I love you."

And memory kept showing her sweet child-face and repeating her tender words to the gray-headed bachelor man when the grasses had been growing on her grave forty years.

A visitor to Clifton Springs Sanitarium cannot remember the

chapter nor the hymn used in chapel on a certain morning. All that he remembers is the thin, pure, bird-like warbling voice of a little girl who held the other side of his book, piping up in the hymn, her high treble sounding in the heavy volume of older voices as sweet and clear as the tinkle of a harp threading its way through the great organ-roll, or the voice of a violin singing like a mounting lark above the swelling orchestra.

Will the wise professor of psychology kindly explain how it happens that, out of one long-ago summer spent by a certain man beside the sea, the one thing most vividly and indelibly remembered is a child's laugh—the most musical, indeed the one perfect laugh ever heard by him? All the words of all the wise men at Dr. Deems' Summer School of Philosophy, which met near by, are "gone glimmering through the dream of things that were," lost in "the backward and abysm of time," but that exquisite incomparable laugh still rings like a silver bell in this man's memory. It was the one irresistible, superlative charm of the house. As it rang clear through the parlors, and along the porches, and by the tumbling breakers and the crawling seafoam, the ecstasy of that little three-year-old girl made all the hired orchestras and entertainers of the summer seem cheap and poor as a boy's jewsharp in comparison with Ole Bull's Stradivarius. To hear Gracie Kudlich's laugh in summer mornings was to understand something of Charles Kingsley's feeling in his verse:

> The merry, merry lark was up and singing,
> And the hare was out and feeding on the lea,
> And the merry, merry bells below were ringing,
> When my child's laugh rang through me.

Has our knowing friend the psychologist fully explained us yet, do you think? Are we not still an inscrutable mystery to ourselves, and even to him with all his lore and insight?

When a certain big man confesses a fondness for little girls it is for several valid and respectable reasons. In the first place he owes his life to a little girl. The way of it was this: Two children, a boy aged three and a girl aged seven, wandered unobserved one summer afternoon out through the back gate and across a field to a mill-race along the margin of which they played until the boy fell into the water. The girl, instead of losing her head and running off to the house leaving him to drown, coolly followed along the bank, till she could catch hold of his clothes and pull him out of the swift current

which was hurrying the baby boy on to be pounded and drowned under the buckets of the big mill-wheel. This is why one man cannot see a mill-race or an old-fashioned gristmill and its splashing water-wheel without some kindly thoughts toward little girls. A literary critic, commenting on the number of good women in De Morgan's novels, says that in his books salvation often takes a feminine form. It surely did in that small boy's case.

In the next place, the same man when a child had for close and constant comrade a sister two years younger than himself, to whom he was play-mate, guide, protector, and mayhap at times tease and tormentor, in the happy hunting-grounds of childhood, the wonderland of preadolescent years. The boy and his little sister, living in the old Woodrow parsonage which stands between the woods on the west and the graveyard on the east, rambled and played in both, hunting nuts and wintergreen and sassafras and birch and penny-royal in the woods, and wild flowers and wild strawberries in the burying-ground. They knew where the best hickory-nut and chestnut trees were and the most fertile and fruitful spots in the churchyard. A secure little Eden that country parsonage was. Its nearest neighbors were the harmless buried people lying so quiet in God's acre just over the fence; and the road in front was safe, for it was before the days of tramps and automobiles. Across the road lived Uncle Moses Winant, the sexton and grave-digger, on whose small farm, near the road, was a small pond where his horse and cows were watered, the boy being sometimes permitted to ride the horse to water; and some half-wild apple trees, the spicy fruit of which the boy tastes to this day; and some gentle hill-slopes, fine for the boy to coast down with his little sister on his sled when snow-banks billowed the fields. Toward "Uncle Mose" 's apple trees the boy has now some such feeling as C. P. Cranch expresses in the verses which describe two middle-aged men pausing under a mulberry tree, and as they pluck and eat, one says:

> "Do you know, old friend, I haven't eaten
> A mulberry since the ignorant joy
> Of something sweet in the mouth could sweeten
> All this bitter world for a boy."

The boy and his sister were no more afraid of the green-billowed, white head-stoned burying-ground, even at night, than little Celia Laighton, on the Isles of Shoals, was afraid of the billowy sea, whose

waves and coasts were her play ground and its creatures of wing and of fin her playmates. Graves had no sadness for that boy and girl, for they had not reached the age nor even imagined the mood in which people say:

> "The mossy marbles rest
> On the lips that I have pressed
> In their bloom.
> And the names I loved to hear
> Have been carved for many a year
> On the tomb."

The Woodrow woods were full of the fascination of ferns and thickets and water-pool, the haunts of birds and squirrels and rabbits and frogs. In the low ground back of the barn where the large blackberries grew on tall bushes, the fearless children often found and fondled prettily marked little snakes, and now and then had the shivery excitement of seeing a big black snake, five or six feet in length, saunter across the path or crawl away to his hole.

It was a paradise full of what Marjorie Fleming's diary called "rurel filisity." With woods and a graveyard to play in, what more could children want? Out of full memories of those blithe and innocent days this man testifies gratefully that a little sister is a lovely thing for a boy to have. This man can understand Sidney Lanier's feeling toward his little sister Gertrude, who, Lanier says, represented to him "the serene purity of the Winged Folk up Yonder." Of his own little sister this man can remember nothing but what is sweet and lovely and dear. But he sometimes wonders timorously whether he was so good a brother to her that she, now more than forty years in heaven, would say:

> "But, were another childhood world my share,
> I would be born a little sister there."

Professor Beers, of Yale, looking at a bust of Thackeray aged fourteen, said: "That boy is a cruel tease; I would not want to be his little sister." A certain man—not this one—tells us that he cannot be comfortable in the presence of a moss rose, because it makes him remember a day when his little sister had such a rose and he took it away from her by force of bigger muscles, heedless of her tearful beseechings. And then she flung her arms around him and consented he should have it, and laughed at her own tears, and wept again when he kissed her. The boy behaved like a robber and the girl be-

haved like an angel; and he hates himself and the moss rose when it makes him remember his little sister's tears and her love and her laughter in the morning of life's day, and the more so when he thinks of the night that fell thereafter when the light of her face was withdrawn forever from the world. That the man who in childhood was saved from drowning by a little girl and whose boyhood was blessed by the comradeship of a little sister and who writes this monograph should have, all his life, a good opinion of little girls can surprise nobody.

The town of Westfield, N. Y., holds one unique historic memory which it should preserve imperishably. One February day in 1861 the people of that town saw the tall, gaunt figure of Abraham Lincoln, on his way to Washington to be inaugurated President and to take up the heaviest burden ever laid on American shoulders, standing on the rear platform of his train which had paused at Westfield. After he had spoken briefly to the gathered citizens, he asked if little Grace Bedell was there, and when she was brought forward he said: "You see, Grace, I've let my beard grow to please you"; and then he reached for the child with his long arms and gave her a kiss as his train moved off. This child, a total stranger, seeing his picture in the papers, after his nomination and before his election, had written him a letter telling him she thought his pictures would look better with a beard, and that if he would grow one she would try to persuade her two brothers to vote for him, though they were Democrats. The great President, whose purpose a million armed men could not shake and whom plots of assassination could not swerve, had been swayed by the wish of an artless child. Why should not the town of Westfield, possessing this peculiar and unduplicated incident, perpetuate in bronze or marble that tender act of the tallest, ruggedest, and gentlest of America's great ones, bending to the touch of candid and confiding childhood, the topmost man on earth, uncrowned king of fifty millions, who, in the most solemn and perilous journey of his life, with the gaze of a nation of friends and foes fixed upon him, was not above repeating upon the stage of history the oft-repeated spectacle of the Big Man and the Little Girl?

By the verdict of twenty centuries the supreme figure in all human history is the Man of Galilee; called even by a modern agnostic "the over-towering intellectual giant of all the ages"; recognized with something of awe even by a voluptuary like De Maupassant as "Surely the finest intelligence and the most perfect nature ever seen on earth";

declared by a noted literary neo-pagan to have proved his transcendent goodness and greatness in the unparalleled words, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God": who took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them, perceiving their beauty and their innocence. In the midst of ambitious men questioning who should be greatest in the kingdom of heaven, he held up a child before them for contrast and reproof, and said: "Except ye turn and become as little children ye shall not even enter the kingdom of heaven." And awe-struck evangelists, painters, sculptors, poets, preachers never cease showing us that all-surpassing, supreme, divine figure of the childless Man of Galilee, standing in the midst of his disciples at Capernaum beside the lake, with a little child in his arms.

THE ARENA

PROSELYTING THE PASTOR

Among all Protestant communions the Methodist churches have probably been the richest field for the proselyter ever known in history. What are the causes of this? Perhaps such as these.

1. The Methodist churches have been the only churches whose spiritual vitality and productiveness and religious truth have been such that they have been able to produce workers not only enough for their own demands, but some to spare to sister churches. I do not speak of this as boasting—God forbid!—but as an historical fact. What again are the causes of this? Well, several. Speaking broadly and simply historically again, the Methodist churches have been the only large Protestant communion which have preserved in vigor the fundamental principles of biblical theology as believed in common till within recent years by all the orthodox churches, say the churches which composed the Evangelical Alliance. Do you doubt this? I could prove it, but I cannot take space now. I do not mean individuals and schools, which have of course remained orthodox, but as a whole. Now whenever a church loses its grip on the gospel as Christ and the apostles preached it it loses its productivenes. A sign of this is dependence more or less on other folds for its ministers. Then, growing out of this preservation of the gospel message, the Methodist churches have been revival churches, not only evangelical, but evangelistic. Ninety-nine hundredths of Methodist clergy have been the products of revivals. Besides, these churches have been the only churches which as a whole have emphasized experience,

and have thus preserved a warm type of Christian life which in its turn has produced Christian life. These three forces, the gospel, evangelism, experience, have constantly reacted on and helped each other, and are only parts of one force, the living Christ in the church, but they are they which we have to thank for the fact before us. Going back now, I do not mean that we have been able to produce enough adequately trained men for our work. We have not. In fact our spiritual prolificness is always running ahead of our educational output. We always have more doors open than educated men to enter them, a larger harvest field than workers to turn in and reap. We have been in the position of the Allies when Germany declared war, of the United States in the event of any war with a first-class power: enough men, but not enough trained men. So we have been compelled to use the men we have, though not graduates of college or theological seminary. And these men have often proved the wisdom of this strategy, for it takes much more than an education to make a successful minister. By diligent study they have made up as well as they could for the lack, and have shown that they have made it up by being in their turn exploited by the proselyter. For the other churches have always been willing to take our uneducated ministers *after we have trained, tested, and approved them.* Nor do I mean that the Methodist Episcopal Church *alone* is able to supply her own work. I speak broadly of Methodism as a whole. We take every year perhaps scores of young men from the fruitful lap of the Methodist churches of the old country.

2. Another cause of the richness of our opportunities for the proselyter is the singular lack of church loyalty among us. Probably one fourth of all the ministers and members of others churches have gone from our altars. Some of these have previously belonged to those folds, have been converted at our meetings, have been sent with a hearty God-bless-you back to their own church. A very few have conscientiously changed their views in polity or doctrine. The church loyalty of others has not been able to bear the strain of some real or imagined act of maladministration or other lapse by pastor, district superintendent, or bishop. Of the rest, a part has been directly proselyted, and a part through lack of church loyalty has dropped like a ripe cherry into the hands of the other communions.

But, again, what are the causes of this lack of church loyalty? Here, too, several. First, the lack of an historical consciousness. A venerable tradition has peculiar drawing power. A church whose roots go back into the centuries makes an appeal as subtle as it is compelling to some minds. Witness the Roman Church. What a mass of doctrinal and practical corruption can the one plank of antiquity float! Of course, our Protestant churches as organizations are recent as compared with Greek and Roman, but the Lutheran, the Reformed, the Presbyterian, the Baptist, the Congregational and the Protestant Episcopal churches are nearing their four hundredth year. That is a tradition fairly ancient, and with the additional advantage of *truth* the members of these churches are immersed in an historical atmosphere which acts against disintegration

with marvelous power. Churches more recent, even though more Christian, lack here. It is the historical consciousness, the mere holding power and charm of a long past. Second, the lack of the study of history, as well as of a history to be studied. It is almost impossible to proselyte members or ministers who are thoroughly *en rapport* with the history of their own church. Especially is this true of churches whose beginnings have been baptized with blood. Try to win over to the Episcopal Church a Presbyterian who has studied the Church History of Scotland. Could you do it? Not until he has lost either his Presbyterian faith or his self-respect. Did you ever know a Baptist who had studied early Baptist history to join a church which sent his ancestors to the dungeon or to the stake? If you did (barring a conscientious change of creed) you were sure that he was not worth proselyting. To a Baptist with an ounce of worthy pride Bedford jail speaks louder than the voices of the—— fill out the sentence as you wish. Now here is a conserving influence which the Methodist churches have to a less degree, but still to a greater degree than most of their members and ministers know. They also received their baptism of fire. I mean actual martyrs a few, and confessors (those who suffered but were not put to death) many. Some of our ministers know in a general way that story, but for reasons already hinted it has not borne its legitimate fruit as a part of the historical consciousness of Methodists. In fact the story has never been fully told. A friend of mine has written it up for the first time from the original sources, and I do hope his book will be published by our Concern and circulated, as it deserves, by the thousands. It would stir the blood and challenge the loyalty of laity and clergy as nothing has done at least since Abel Stevens published in 1858 the first volume of what is now a classic, his The History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century Called Methodism, which remains to this day the finest literary monument ever erected to the history of a Protestant church. But besides the cross of martyrdom which stands there in the background of our early history, there are also other facts in our history not without legitimate force in forming the Methodist consciousness. It is only till yesterday that we were a despised people. In fact it is so yet, where older traditions still rule in Protestant communions. It is only where, as in the West, Methodism has grown up in new communities contemporaneous with other bodies that no trace is seen of that condescension, that half-despisal, half-pity, half-jealousy, which was our portion from our sisters in the long, long years. Our fathers were too valiant to care for this, too aristocratic in a noble loftiness of soul, too much in the first flush of pride and of joy over our doctrines and our experience. In fact it made them only the more enthusiastic Methodists, the more loyal, the more brave and reckless in carrying the battle to the gate.

A third cause of this lack of loyalty is—contradictory as it may appear—what we might call the Methodizing of the other churches. That is, the weakness of the church consciousness of many Methodists is met by a loosening of ties to old creeds by other churches, so that Methodist pastors without the slightest change of belief are welcomed into their

parlor. The ancient feeling still exists, so that they do not come to us so readily, but the ancient creed is gone, so that we may go to them with no sacrifice of theological conviction. But you say, They sacrifice their self-respect and their history in asking us. But whose do we sacrifice in accepting?

It is not necessary to say that I write this with hearty admiration and regard for all churches, and with sincere love for all who love Christ, as well as with hopes for a larger (even an organic) union of all who name his name. But until that day comes, it is both our duty and privilege as those whom God has called into this church to know our testimony, to understand our history, to value what God has given us, and to regard it till death summons us to render unto him an account of our stewardship. A catholic inclusiveness of affection for all God's elect is consistent with intelligent and therefore persistent loyalty to that church where he has placed us.

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THE WILMINGTON CONFERENCE PROPOSITION

SHALL our bishops have the veto power over legislation? This is a question of vast importance, and if it becomes a live issue in the Church it will produce a wholesome and an illuminating discussion. Matters of constitutional right and of constitutional government have received scant treatment among us in recent years. As a consequence, there is ignorance and much prejudice to overcome.

Back in the years 1816 and 1820 the matter received considerable attention, but for various causes the issue was not pressed to its logical finality. Our brethren of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, saw the importance of an episcopal veto and enacted the principle into legislation at their General Conference of 1870. It is fair to assume that the ministry and laity of the Methodist Episcopal Church are as capable of self-government and as jealous of their constitutional liberties as any body of people. When once convinced that a constitutional provision for the exercise of the episcopal veto over legislation is essential or contributory to the welfare of the Church the result will not be long delayed.

In accordance with the proviso of the constitution which defines the processes of amendment, the Wilmington Conference, at its session of 1915, instituted legislation looking toward an amendment to the constitution of the Church. The Wilmington Conference believes in the episcopal veto power. We discussed the issue in all its phases at three annual sessions. We are unanimous in the belief that we have a measure that is worthy of adoption by the entire Church. We invite the most searching scrutiny of our proposition, for we believe that upon careful inspection it will commend itself to the sober judgment of the Church. The preamble to our veto proposition sets forth in brief an argument in its favor.

"PREAMBLE

"WHEREAS, The constitution of the Methodist Episcopal Church makes no provision for its own protection against hasty or designed overthrow, which may be accomplished by a majority vote of any General Conference, and

"WHEREAS, The General Superintendents of the Church are the best qualified, both by their experience in the administration of the discipline and by their responsibility to the Church, to pass judgment on matters that involve constitutional law, and

"WHEREAS, There is a widespread conviction among serious thinkers of the Church that the General Conference should not be the sole judge of the constitutionality of its own acts, therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the Wilmington Annual Conference recommends to the several Annual and Lay Electoral Conferences the passage of the following amendment to the constitution of the Church":

THE AMENDMENT

"Amend the book of Discipline, paragraph No. 42, as follows: Strike out all of section 3, and insert in lieu thereof the following:

"Section 3. The Presiding Officer of the General Conference shall decide questions of order and of law, subject to an appeal, as follows:

"First, in questions of order, an appeal to the General Conference; and if the chair be sustained by a majority of those present and voting, the decision shall stand.

"Second, in questions of law, an appeal to the General Superintendents, to be taken as follows:

"The presiding officer or any General Superintendent may raise the question of constitutionality in regard to any legislation proposed or enacted by the General Conference. When objection has thus been formally entered, the General Superintendents shall take the matter under consideration. If in the judgment of a majority of the General Superintendents the rule or law is unconstitutional they shall give their opinion in writing, with their reasons, within three days after the notice of objection. Any member of the General Conference may raise the question of constitutionality, and if he be sustained by one third of the delegates present and voting the General Superintendents shall be required to submit their opinion in writing to the General Conference. When an opinion of the General Superintendents has been given it may be challenged, but it shall require a two thirds vote of those present and voting to prevail over their decision."

Add a new section as follows:

"Section 4. When any legislation is enacted by the General Conference which is thought to be unconstitutional by a majority of the General Superintendents, they shall present to the Conference which passed such legislation, or to any succeeding General Conference, their objections thereto, with their reasons in writing, which shall be published

in the Journal of the General Conference. If the General Conference shall by a two thirds vote reaffirm its action on such legislation, it shall then take the course prescribed for the altering or amending the Constitution of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

The constitution is the fundamental law of the Church. Upon the constitution as a foundation are built the rights and privileges of the *General Conference* itself, of *our episcopacy*, of our Annual Conferences, and of our laymen. Embodied in the constitution are the authorized doctrines of the Church, and the General Rules for our moral guidance, and the regulations for the government of the General Conference, including the Restrictive Rules. So vital and important are these things, that the constitution may appropriately be called "The Ark of the Covenant."

The aim and intent of a constitution is to have some fundamental laws and institutions that cannot be overturned by a majority vote of any legislative assembly. In our Federal Government and in all of our State governments the Executive is given a veto power over legislation. In addition to the Chief Executive there is the Supreme Court, to which appeal can be taken to test the constitutionality of legislation. It is an anomalous situation, fraught with extreme peril to the Church. By ignorance and indifference, by stampeding, railroading, and scheming, any and every feature of the constitution can be destroyed, and that by a majority vote of the General Conference. There is no provision for reviewing or for checking any legislation that is passed by the delegates to our General Conference. Such a situation calls loudly for correction.

The plea is made that we can trust the godly judgment of the delegates to do the right thing by the Church. If that is true, what is the need of having any law or constitution to govern the General Conference? The mere statement of the question reduces the argument to an absurdity.

An objection is sometimes raised that our episcopacy is already too monarchial in spirit, and that it should be democratized. To this it may be said that the bestowment of the veto power upon the episcopacy will add to its power, but not to its *autocratic* power. The Wilmington Conference proposition so defines the exercise of that power that it can be used only to preserve our constitutional form of government. We are in no danger from the undue exercise of episcopal prerogatives where those prerogatives are restricted by law. The veto power will place greater responsibilities on our bishops during the sessions of the General Conference. It will cause them to reflect more deeply upon the principles of our ecclesiastical law, and it will enable them to stand guard when their defense is needed. If it were not for our relation as author to the book entitled The Ark of the Covenant, and published by The Methodist Book Concern, we would recommend our pastors and our intelligent laymen to procure and peruse the book. That book goes quite deeply into the merits of this discussion.

GEORGE A. COOKE.

Wilmington, Delaware.

FROM A CAR WINDOW

It was all on account of a funeral. God spoke a name and a man answered the great roll call. So the preacher, who was at a distance, must needs hurry home to try to speak some word of comfort and hope to hearts that were breaking. Seated in the railway car, his first impulse was to busy himself with a book, but a glance out of the window banished that inclination instanter. That glance outward brought something of the call of the wild. God was busy out of doors this morning, and was keeping open house in his domain, asking whoever would to come and be the sharer in his occupation.

If there is any place where one feels puny it is where man's hand has had the least to do and where God alone has been at work. When surrounded by sky-scrapers, railroads, the hum of factories and the noisy movement of a world's commerce, we think of the tremendous power of human genius, but when we stand in the presence of God's works in nature man at his best dwarfs into a mere pigmy. Why read a book when one can watch the unfolding of the glory of God? So, yielding to the call from without like a schoolboy on a half-holiday, the preacher bade good-by to the book and with bounding heart went out a-field with God.

October is God's miracle of color, and it seemed on this morning as if the divine artist had discovered the secret of some new pigment, for the earth was never more gorgeously radiant, the October sun bringing out all its mellow richness. Did ever such reds and yellows and browns lavish their wealth unstintedly upon us? Here and there little black-eyed sunflowers startle us, belated stragglers of the summer time; patches of golden rod in fence-corner and by hedgerow; clumps of sumach with their rich burden of brown; vines and wild grapes trailing their way along bushes and fences. Not only is Nature here, but the hand of man has also left its impress. Nature rambles on at will, with no boundaries but gracefully winding streams; man moves geometrically, and mars the harmony of nature with a fence. So we rush by fields and farm houses which would mar the beauty of the landscape did they not add a touch of human interest to the whole and testify of man's partnership with God in the earth's tillage. We pass by fields of corn—like vast armies of soldiers in their uniforms of khaki-brown, their haversacks filled with the world's rations, some bent forward as if on hurried forced march and others quietly bivouacked in tented field waiting for the harvest day to muster them out.

Gliding around between forest and farm is the little river, now bursting on us in startling surprise, now laughing coquettishly at us and vanishing in glee, only to peep merrily out at us again from some unexpected quarter. And then the trees! O what glory God has poured out on them! We remember that it was said, "And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water," and it occurs to us on this morning that it must be a great thing to be a tree and to have such a river near by. What strength is in the trees! What power to abide the tempest and

the rude shocks and changes of time, and yet go on developing, while men decay and pass out of memory! What histories could they unfold had we but the eye to read and the ear to hear! A touch of sadness steals over us as we think that these trees, so reckless in the gorgeousness of their beauty, must so soon be left bleak and bare, and that this sea of color will ere long ebb like the tide. But then—that is God's way with trees and men; only in the early frosts of winter does the real beauty ripen into color and richness. Thank God for the old people! They may be failing, fast falling into the "sere and yellow leaf," but they are now giving the world the best they have ever given and we thank God for the beauty of character as it shines forth in old age. And when the chill wind comes at last that sends them fluttering to earth it is that they may pass into that permanent enrichment which makes possible a larger life and a deeper inspiration for the generations that follow.

Anon we see a group of cattle under a tree. Did ever one see a more perfect picture of contentment? How care-free and trustful of the Providence that keeps them! What a contrast to man's feverish haste and worry lest to-morrow's victuals be not in to-day's basket! Yet does not the good God provide for them as for man who hurries and struggles? True, they are content with less, and one would scarce care to be an ox with no further ambition than quiet rumination in a meadow. Yet, with it all, these humble, patient creatures of God's lesser power have their message to man that he, too, should learn the lesson of quiet trust and be thankful for such things as he has.

But now nature begins to seem less glorious, her freedom less untrammeled, and the evidences of man's defacement of God's garden more pronounced. A chill falls over us, and a vague sense of recoil, for here comes the city with its litter, its dirt, its smoke, its impoverishment, and its disease of body and soul. Relentlessly we are carried on farther toward the city, and, it would seem, farther away from God. But we vastly mistake if we think that God is not urban in his instincts. He is to be found "where cross the crowded ways of life." His reflected image is to be seen deep down in the heart that sin has marred, and here, too, God is longing to put the touch of artistic beauty into life. No, we have not left God behind. We made a little excursion with him into the country, where his first works were done, but he has come back with us to the city, where his final tasks must be wrought out. The world-long journey of the race has been toward the city and God has kept pace with his people. God has come to the city to stay, and if we want to catch the final glimpses of his glory it is here we must linger, where he shall cause the race of men to unfold into the full flower of moral beauty. When we reach the city we have just gotten home to God. The seer was right when he saw in a city the end of God's working. The Bible opens in a garden, but ends in a city, a holy city, where there shall not enter anything that defileth or worketh abomination, and where the throne of God is in the midst. We are given a vision of the final city in order

that we may see what the city of the now ought to be, that we may catch its perspective and proportions. We may not seem to see God's throne now, rather Satan's seat, but God has shown us where the throne ought to be, and by his grace we will stay with him in the city until its desert shall blossom into a garden, and until, above its present din and strife, shall be heard the music of his voice in the blessed coolness of redemption's morning.

Chicago, Ill. C. LEMONT HAY.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE VALUE OF SMALL INSTITUTIONS

THIS is the age of magnitudes; everything is planned and carried out on large conceptions and extended influence. Every interest, whether in religion or literature or art or national life, seeks to enlarge itself both in extent and in power. This sense of greatness as greatness, in appearance and no doubt in fact an essential of achievement, may be considered in a two-fold aspect: as to its usefulness and as to its permanence. We have great corporations for business; we have great armies, which we are told are for the promotion of peace but seem thus far to have failed to secure it; we have great churches holding their thousands, with great ministers in the pulpits; we have great charitable organizations extending their beneficent influence far and wide; we have great movements in literature and art, which are expanding by their very magnitude the culture and the life of our people. Nor are these to be considered as an evil, though evils do flow from them. The evil or the good of such great interests depends on how they are used and the spirit which underlies their administration.

This sense of magnitude leads to the thought on the part of many that smaller institutions and smaller enterprises are of relatively little worth, so that only great interests are reckoned as worthy of being patronized or recognized as elements of power and usefulness. It is the thought of the writer that the most of the world's work is not done by the great interests but by smaller interests and institutions in the various localities in which they are called to serve. We may illustrate by a small church, situated in some obscure place, with a congregation perhaps not exceeding a hundred; with its small prayer meeting where a few gather together for conference and Christian experience; the small hall in some remote village where the people are accustomed to assemble for their exercises for self-improvement; the small benevolent societies, each one placing a few dollars into the treasury for which it is established; the small institution of learning, with its supposed inferior appliances, its small faculty, its meager buildings, its absence of extensive libraries, perhaps its professors without fame. Almost unconsciously these are depreciated, as not planning much for the world, and it is even suggested at times that

the smaller institutions should be done away with and that the strength of the country should be placed in the few with large endowments, eminent professors, and multitudes of students.

A true view will recognize the value of both, but at the present time the importance seems to us to lie in recognizing the value of the small college and the small church. In the first place, we must consider the aggregates. The small churches are much more numerous than the large ones, and when we consider the results achieved by them, and count them as a whole, we will find perhaps they surpass in influence the greater institutions which are so well known. Out of small institutions have proceeded some of our choice literature and some most scholarly productions. From small institutions of learning have come some of our foremost men; if one were to take up the lives of the famous men, in statesmanship, science and religion, who have come from small institutions, we would be surprised at their number. The writer has now in view men of high standing, great ability, wonderful influence, whose training was in a college where there were relatively few students, small faculties, and well-nigh destitute of libraries.

Then, too, the smaller institutions conserve the primary education; that is, the education that has come down to us from the years as the best form of training the youthful mind. The substantial courses are laid out by the wise instructors so that they can serve what is highest and best in the training of the age. What they lack in the number of courses offered may be met in part by the concentration on the subjects of greatest importance. The statement of Garfield as to the definition of a university has its significance that should not be overlooked. Mark Hopkins at one end of a log and the student at the other would be an institution of learning provided the man at the end of the log where the teacher sat was a Mark Hopkins, or some one equivalent to him.

This thought comes to the writer on reading a paper by Viscount Bryce on the present war. He emphasizes the value of the protection of the small states because it is the small states—or the states when they are small, or during the time that they were small—that accomplish the greatest achievements in literature, science, and art. We quote a few passages from it which illustrate the subject we have under consideration. He says: "The Greeks were a small people, not united in one great state but scattered over coasts and among islands in petty city communities, each with its own life; slender in numbers, yet they gave us the richest, most varied, and most stimulating of all literatures. . . . When poetry and art reappeared after the long night of the Dark Ages, their most splendid blossoms flowered in the small republics of Italy. . . . England had, in the age of Shakespeare, Dickens, and Milton, a population little larger than that of Bulgaria to-day. The United States in the days of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson and Hamilton and Marshall counted fewer inhabitants than Denmark or Greece. In the most productive period of German literature and thought, the age of Kant, Lessing, Goethe, Hegel, and Schiller, there was no real German State at all, but a

congeries of principalities and free states, independent centers of intellectual life in which letters and science produced a richer group than the two succeeding generations have raised. Just as Great Britain also, with eight times the population of the year 1600, has had no more Shakespeares or Miltons."

He then proceeds to show that the real test of national greatness is service; he says again, "Not population, nor territory, not wealth, not military power; rather will history ask, what examples of lofty character and unselfish devotion and honor and duty has the people given? What has it done to increase the volume of knowledge? What thoughts and ideals of permanent value and unexhausted fertility has it bequeathed to mankind? What works has it produced in poetry, in music, and other arts, to be an unfailing source of enjoyment to posterity?" "And," he adds, "the smaller peoples need not fear the application of this test."

The point of the discussion in which we are engaged does not in the slightest degree tend to suggest that institutions should remain small; each should aim to do its best and provide for the wants of the age of which they form a part; and the overlooking of the service which the smaller institutions render, which in the aggregate must be far more extensive than that of the others, is a danger against which we should be on our guard. Some of the most potent influences in the evolution of the world have come from small states, small churches, and small institutions of learning, and their worth should be recognized.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE LATEST IN OLD TESTAMENT CRITICISM

"THE settled results of criticism" is a phrase much used by the more radical wing of Old Testament scholars, which will not stand the scientific tests to which it has been and continues to be subjected, simply because much of what they so designate is purely subjective and lacking a solid, logical foundation. Indeed, the so-called "settled results," many of them, at least, are much less settled to-day than they were ten years ago. Though the conservatives may never again be able to stand on the same ground that the fathers did, they will not have to give up nearly as much as the disciples of Wellhausen. Even the stanchest followers of this school are now considering, in the light of new discoveries, the possibilities of other systems and a revision "of certain canons set up by Wellhausen."

Much has been done in this country and also in England to counteract the advanced doctrines of the liberal critics, on the ground that their conclusions were not only illogical but subversive of the truth, and tending to destroy our allegiance to the sacred Scriptures and even to Jesus Christ as our Divine Saviour. There was an allurement about Wellhausenism that caught many of the unwary who imagined that there was but

little more in it than questions of dates and authorship, whereas the entire system was based on "rationalistic preconceptions and disbelief in the supernatural altogether." What wonder that the result has been denial of the necessity of redemption, of atonement, and of the deity of Christ? A writer in one of the London dailies, discussing the baneful influences of German rationalism and theology, says among other things: "Every effort has been made to popularize them far and wide. Recently, however, there have been observable the beginnings of a reaction; accepted assumptions are called in question under the pressure of hostile facts. English and American scholars are growing restive under German domination, and critics who certainly could not be described as conservative are in revolt against the extremes and extravagances of Teutonic dogmatism. The disillusion was bound to come; the only cause for wonder has been the long run enjoyed by so gigantic an imposture. The latter term is not too strong to be applied to a systematic attempt to palm off as embodying the result of 'scholarship' a number of speculative theories really dictated by unbelief in the Christian Revelation, and a determination to eliminate the miraculous from human history."

Wellhausenism may not be responsible for all the false teachings that have followed in its train, but it has contributed not a little to looser views of Jesus Christ, the Holy Scriptures, the nature of sin, and other basal doctrines of Christianity. No wonder, therefore, that a reaction has set in in favor of a return to the ancient landmarks. This has been done along the line of textual criticism, of comparison of the ancient versions, notably the Septuagint. The discovery of papyri at Elephantinê has also occasioned considerable discussion of the documentary theory and has demanded a restatement of the same. The liberal critics are now willing to grant that they never denied the great antiquity of Jewish laws, or that these existed as traditions from time immemorial, but insist that the Priestly code in its written form as we now have it is either exilic or post-exilic, or, as Dr. Driver said, "the date of the *redaction* of the laws in Leviticus must be carefully distinguished from the date of the laws themselves." The average reader will find it difficult to understand how even as keen an intellect as Dr. Driver's could have made this distinction. If these laws existed from the time of Moses or earlier in an unwritten form and were handed down from memory till they were finally put into writing at the time of or after the exile, the whole aspect of the case is changed. But where is the proof for this assumption?

Few will care to deny that the beginning of the documentary theory commenced with Astruc, a French physician and biblical critic, who died in Paris in 1766. He maintained that two main sources were discernible in the book of Genesis, one in which the divine name Jehovah (or without the vowels *Jhvh*) and another, where Elohim is employed. Of late years, this theory, notwithstanding its widespread acceptance, has been seriously questioned, and nowhere more so than at the University of Leyden, where Kuenen was the great apostle of Wellhausenism. Eerdman has completely turned his back on Kuenen's position, though occupying the chair

vacated by the death of the latter. Dr. Troelstra, also a lecturer at the same university, has turned his guns against the Jehovah-Elohim doctrine and has written a little book entitled The Name of God in the Pentateuch; or, The Base of Biblical Criticism Reexamined, wherein he contends that the argument from the use of the appellations Jehovah and Elohim, on which the documentary theory was founded, must be abandoned. It would be easy to enumerate other distinguished scholars who have arrived at the same conclusion, but we will mention only one more, Johannes Dachse, a learned German pastor and a skilled critic. He says: "The worthlessness of the names of the Deity as a source distinctive has been pointed out in the American Journal of Theology for 1904 by Redpath, in England by Wiener, in Holland by Eerdman, in Germany by Klostermann, Johannes Lepsius, and myself." This being true, it is evident that a backward movement toward Moses has set in. True, there are those, like Dr. Skinner and others (see articles in the Expository for 1913), who make light of this anti-critical position, and maintain that if Dachse could demonstrate his contention, even then the critical position would not materially suffer. The time was, however, and that not long ago, when the Jehovah-Elohim doctrine was one of the main pillars of the documentary theory in the temple of Higher Criticism.

It must have been arguments like the above which prompted Dr. Welch to utter in his inaugural address at New College, Edinburgh, the following words: "That school, which has been so long dominant that it has passed into the accepted position, is now being subjected to keen criticism. And the criticism is no longer confined to insistence on the dangerous tendencies of the hypothesis or on the disturbing character of the results; it has taken for its arms the weapons used by the school in its days of unquestioned triumph—the weapons of scientific accuracy." This is from Scotland, the country through which Germany exports its theological hypotheses. The learned professor might have presented the case much more strongly. But, let it be remembered, he does not fully repudiate the Graf-Wellhausen-Kuenen theory. On the other hand, he plainly expresses his opinion that it has not been exploded, much less that modern scholarship is stretching out its hands to welcome the old traditional views.

The critical theory has always insisted that it has followed the purely scientific method regardless of consequences. And yet who has examined its teachings closely and does not know that it contains more speculative philosophy than science, more theory than demonstrated fact? How many of our readers have met keen lawyers, eminent jurists, members of any evangelical church, men accustomed to weigh evidence and to analyze argument, who have accepted the critical theories of Wellhausen and his school? So far we have not seen one. The fact is, laymen are more conservative in biblical criticism than the learned doctors in our colleges and seminaries. Some will object by saying that the laymen have too little linguistic, critical, and technical knowledge in such matters. And yet no less a critic than the late Professor Robertson Smith, one of the

leaders in the new radical criticism, said: "The questions with which criticism deals are within the scope of any one who reads the English Bible carefully and is able to think clearly without prejudice about its contents." All of us are in some sense evolutionists, but then it is impossible for us to go as far as many of our friends, the liberal critics, and rule out the miraculous element in the development of Judaism, which culminated in Christianity. It would be unfair to say that all the disciples of Wellhausen deny the supernatural in the religion of Israel, for there are critics and critics; but we do say without fear of contradiction that they all reduce the miraculous to a minimum. As Dr. Welch points out, the opinions of the critics as to the divine revelation and evolution influenced deeply and subtly the Wellhausen theory and helped toward its success. "As time has gone on, these underlying opinions have worked themselves out, as such opinions sooner or later do, with a curiously remorseless logic, and have carried later men to positions which were not previously clear." Dr. Johns, of Saint Catherine's College, Cambridge, certainly not a radical conservative, in speaking of the critical school—and favorably, too—very significantly remarks: "As experience shows there is very little permanence about the critical views, we had best confine ourselves to the latest presentation."

The results of the excavations in Bible lands have shown most conclusively that the system is built upon a very shaky foundation. Many of the empty conjectures of this school have vanished like mist before the rising sun. The liberal critics in general speak lightly of archæology. And yet none of the discoveries in Palestine or elsewhere have so far brought to light anything contradictory to the Old Testament record, while some of them bear eloquent testimony to its truth. Many of the older readers of the REVIEW remember when the critics argued that a book the size of the Pentateuch could not have been the product of the Mosaic age, because writing was not known at that time. Everyone knows now that the art of writing was common many centuries before Moses. Nothing daunted by this fact, our critical friends frankly admitted their mistake, but replied that such a perfect code of laws could not have originated at such an early date. It was contrary to their theory of evolution. But, lo and behold, De Morgan discovered at Susa the Hammurabi stele, older by some centuries than the tables of Sinai. Nearly three score of the laws on this monument bear remarkable similarity to those of Moses. Indeed, half this number are almost exact parallels in content and language. Hammurabi lived at least five hundred years before Moses, and yet his code possesses such evidence of a high state of civilization. The critics admit it all, but blandly tell us that Babylonia was not the desert of the Exodus. So Moses and the rest of them, including JE P, and D, must have borrowed from Babylonia, and largely after the Babylonian captivity.

Wellhausen, for some reason, will hear nothing of an advanced stage of civilization among the early Hebrews. They were mere nomads, inferior even to the Canaanites, whom they subdued. They needed no such

laws, nor could they have used them. Therefore, "every part of Hebrew law which implied a settled habitation and the practises which arise from a settled habitation had to be put later than the period of the transference of the people to Canaan." How did Wellhausen know that the Hebrew stood so low in the scale of civilization? What did he know of Canaanite law and civilization? Did he not derive all his knowledge from the Hebrew Scriptures and his own fertile imagination?

It seems to us that there is a better explanation. The Semites had a high degree of culture ages before the Exodus and the conquest of Canaan. The Hebrews never were absolutely out of touch with other Semitic peoples. Even the sojourn in the wilderness did not cut them off from all communication with these. They were never very far from the Moabites, Edomites, Amalekites, etc. Moses, we are expressly told, came into very close relation with Jethro, a priest of Midian. There must have been a community of ideas among these several and nearly related tribes. The story of Israel, if it teaches anything, teaches that the Hebrews, while a distinct and exclusive people, easily assimilated the ideas and laws of other nations. If there was a high type of civilization in Egypt and Canaan, why should there not have been among the Hebrews? Why depress the date of all law and religious culture in Israel? Let us again quote Dr. Welch: "It was enormously difficult to understand how a faith and a national character, which were a patchwork from all the faiths of the East, could have outlived all those from which it had borrowed and created the most self-sufficing and enduring of all the religious types."

Then it is full time to give more credence to the witness of the Hebrew Scriptures. The critics have been far too prone to relegate all that did not conform with their evolutionary theory to the realm of legend and myth. Thus it was with Troy, Crete, and Egypt no less than Israel. But Minos and Menes, as well as Moses, continue to live in the story of the world and its civilization, and object to being blotted out from the pages of authentic history.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SCHLATTER'S CHRISTIAN ETHICS

While Adolf Schlatter, of Tübingen, has long been esteemed by a large circle of admirers as one of the first theologians of our time, anything like a universal recognition of his merits has come but slowly. The publication, within the last six years, of several comprehensive works of exceptional significance has done much to extend and enhance his reputation. His Theologie des Neuen Testaments (1909 and 1910) and Das Christliche Dogma (1911) have already received due notice in these pages. His latest work of first-rate importance is his Christliche Ethik (Calw and Stuttgart, 1914).

Schlatter is both an original thinker and a profoundly religious

personality. Once a disciple of the young Nietzsche, he was won to a positive Biblical Christianity by Beck in Tübingen. His first important literary venture, Der Glaube im Neuen Testament (Faith as set forth in the New Testament), was published in 1885, when its author was thirty-three. It has been twice thoroughly revised and is the standard work upon the subject. Of his many later works we mention only his Expositions of the New Testament and his many weighty essays and studies in the Beiträge zur Förderung Christlicher Theologie, a periodical of which he has been joint editor since its beginning in 1897.

With Schlatter it is not the formal scientific method, but the content of thought, that claims our interest. He is not one of those theologians whose chief concern is to determine, not what to say, but where to say it. Yet, in reality, he is unusually interesting even in the methodological aspect of his work. All this, however, we pass by, and will give a few quotations from the Ethics as specimens of the quality of his thinking.

The fundamental principles of Christian ethics are powerfully set forth under the head: "Our Vocation." In pointing out that the Christian conception of the ethical question transcends the doctrine of virtue, Schlatter says: "So long as a theory of virtue gives us our goal, we possess the selfish will and mean to live for ourselves. That is the ethics of the man that is separated from God and therefore rendered solitary, that sees no one above himself to whom he may give heed, and knows no one besides himself for whom he means to devote his life. To those, on the other hand, whom God has called to himself by the gospel of Jesus, it has become impossible to place their goal in their own states and excellences. For they live for God, for Jesus, through whom they are God's, and for those with whom God has linked them." Yet Schlatter does not fail to make clear the other side of the matter. The Christian's vocation to labor for others in the service of God "affords us the strongest motive to self-development." Whatever understanding the doctrine of virtue has acquired or may acquire "is most thankfully appropriated by the doctrine of vocation. . . . Nevertheless the Christian ethics remains separated from the doctrine of virtue by the all-comprehensive difference, that we no longer see in our excellence in practice the end, . . . but make it the means, whereby we serve God in his church. Not until we understand that by our virtues we procure for others the gifts of the grace of God, do we know our calling."

From the same standpoint Schlatter shows how the Christian ethics also transcends the "goods ethics" and even the "duty ethics." On the last point he says: "Even when we inquire after our duties, we have not yet grasped our Christian vocation. It is true, when we are concerned to ask what is our duty, we approach the apprehension of our Christian vocation, because then we are considering our relations to others. . . . In Christ we know God as not merely requiring our activity of us, but as graciously giving it to us, as not merely laying upon us a rule of service, but as giving us the love through which we fulfill it."

We reproduce a characteristic passage on "the purifying of worship."

"If in our divine service we conduct ourselves believingly, we are conscious of being set in the presence of the work of God, and accordingly do not look for the success of the service in our own work in connection with it, and do not close our hearts to the work of God, but rather open them for his gift, in order that it may do its work in us. Thus we are lifted above that oscillation of which the public worship of the church is ailing, where in the one case the act of worship is supposed to bring forth its salutary effect even without a recipient, in the other the recipient alone must put the effectual content into it. In the former case we have the prayer that is supposed to be effectual merely by virtue of its being spoken, even if it is not considered and intended; the reading of the Bible that does not require to be understood; the sermon that in reality needs no hearer, since it has nothing in particular to say to anyone, but is merely delivered; the sacrament that confers grace by its mere performance, without the hearer's participation. In the other case we have the prayer to which our religious strength is expected to impart the quality that makes it worthy to be granted, so that in our prayer we lay stress upon the urgency of our desire and the strength of our faith and ascribe to prayer power over God's government; the sermon in which we seek to move the hearer by the excellence of our thought and the compelling force of our will; the sacrament in which our repentance, faith, and obedience are expected to furnish the content, so that its effectual operation is dependent upon the successful correctness of our preparation, and the question whether, when we were baptized, we possessed the necessary maturity of faith, and when we partook of the Lord's Supper we brought the requisite strength of godly sorrow and of love, assumes controlling significance. The purging of our worship of God of everything that perverts it to a magical influence of God and to a contemplation of our religious performances is attained only by our founding it, not upon our belief, but upon our faith. Then the worship springs not from our religious effort, but from the divine gift, which draws near to us in order that we receive it, and thus makes us active in our own personal act, active, however, as those who receive that which is offered us in Christ."

This interesting though rather heavy passage represents only one of several profound lines of thought on the subject of public divine service. We add a few sentences on our relation to word and sacrament in their unity: "In that we place our whole divine service under the rule of faith we effectually avoid all dismemberment of the divine grace and are conscious of constantly having to do with its entire glory. So we are not to suppose that in baptism we received only a fragment of the divine grace, afterward again a fragment through the Lord's Supper; nor are we to put the word below the sacrament, as if without the latter the divine gift were not bestowed; nor the sacrament below the word, for the alleged reason that the former presents only a veiled repetition of the word. Both modes of contact with Jesus—that his word comes to us and his work lays hold of us—are alike indispensable to us. Because Jesus's work reaches us through his sacraments we can so tell his message that

it shall produce faith, not merely as an abstract doctrine concerning which it remains doubtful whether it also touches us, but as really directed to us; not as a meditation which contemplates our own piety, but as the call of God which draws us to him; and because we hear the message of Jesus we can so give and receive his sacrament that in that which Jesus did we recognize the divine grace and receive the reconciliation from him. Therefore we corrupt our divine service when on account of the sacrament the word perishes, and in like manner when on account of the word the sacrament perishes. If for the sake of the sacrament we lose the word, it becomes manifest that the divine operation is supposed to be accomplished upon us but not in us, and to procure for us salvation in such a manner that we ourselves in our inner state remain without God. For as in the inward act of our life we are turned to God the word becomes indispensable to us. If, on the other hand, we make of the sacrament only another form of religious instruction, this shows that we desired to concern ourselves with God only in the way of thinking, merely to believe, without loving and acting. For as we suffer ourselves to be led to God with our will through the word, the work of Jesus becomes indispensable to us and we thank him that he not only speaks to us, but also acts for us, and has prepared for us his cleansing bath and his table."

The dogmatic view of the sacraments that underlies Schlatter's ethics of the sacraments is essentially Reformed rather than Lutheran. As kindred to the arguments just cited we reproduce a few sentences from the chapter on "Our Relation to the Churchly Office," specially on "the protection of the ministerial office against profanation." "The effectiveness of the office-bearers depends upon whether they are able to make the religious right of their office plain. If the thought arises that the clergyman is serving selfish ends, whether they spring from the party spirit of his church or from his personal ambition, that he is saying to us only his own word, not the word of God, that he is imposing upon us merely his own will as commandment, not the commandment of God, then along with the religious character of the office its power to establish the church and to unite it unto harmonious divine service is utterly destroyed. Thus out of the ministerial office there grows a constant tendency to seduce us to godlessness, since in the word of the minister we find only his own opinion, in his consolation only his friendly sentiment, in his admonitions to penitence only his personal displeasure, in his words of promise only his hopes. Since the ministerial office in this corrupt form brings us into communion only with man, it no longer brings to us the call to God and no longer provides us the opportunity to worship God."

Concerning Christian discipline Schlatter has some interesting things to say. Discipline must be grounded in faith and exercised only for purely Christian ends and by purely Christian means. It has not for its end the separation of the offender from God and the church, but rather, if possible, his restoration. "Let not him that cannot forgive take a word of reproof upon his lips, and let not him that, in exposing the church's

sins, is not bound more firmly to her, dare to rebuke her." The extreme disciplinary act is the withdrawal of fellowship, but this should take place only after all efforts toward an understanding have proved fruitless. Only in the rarest cases should it be found necessary to call in the power of the state to enforce this exclusion from participation in the affairs of the church. "It is for us to speak the word of Jesus so plainly in our public services that those whom it displeases will avoid them, to fill the celebrations of the Lord's Supper so powerfully with the attestation of faith and love that those who are not open to these will not desire it, and in our personal conduct to show so clearly that we belong to Christ that those who reject him will not desire our friendship."

Particularly interesting to us on account of a certain grave question in American Methodism are Schlatter's paragraphs on "the exclusion of the law from discipline." "The temptation always assails us to make a written formula instead of the Spirit, a law instead of grace, the basis of discipline; to fix a minimal standard, according to which we shall determine each individual's right in the church; to set forth an index of the 'articles necessary to salvation,' and parallel with this a list of the performances necessary to Christian morality; likewise, also, to prepare an enumeration of the heresies and offenses which separate one from the church. But in this way our fellowship is severed from faith and is put upon the basis of a law from which it is supposed our portion in the church, in Christ, and in God is dependent. Since thus we set aside the fundamental rule of the universal Christian Church, that neither the measure of our knowledge nor the greatness of our performances, but our faith, whether it be small or great, sets us in the fellowship of Jesus and in the love of God, all such legal enactments are to be extirpated as a corruption of the church. For as the fulfillment of the prescribed statute is held to be the important event that procures for us our standing as Christians our faith severs itself from Christ and bases itself upon that which we think and do. Through the contemplation of our own performances, however, we shall never find certitude. For such as would find certitude thus there is either, on the one hand, the care of the serious, who torment themselves with anxious questioning whether they think quite correctly and act quite aright, or, on the other hand, in the case of those whom the thought of God moves less deeply, a light-minded conformity to the prescribed law, which begets an abundance of hypocrisy. Now discipline is practiced, not for the destruction, but for the preservation of the church; but she is destroyed if in the manner in which we administer discipline we annul faith."

We have reproduced these passages because they are characteristic specimens of the thinking of one of the really great theologians of our time. The passages quoted are in part rather cumbrous in style. In this regard they are below Schlatter's standard. Yet one must grant that literary form is not his *forte*. Those who are willing to read for the richness of thought rather than for æsthetic form soon come to read Schlatter with profound enjoyment.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Christian Life in the Modern World. By FRANCIS GREENWOOD PEABODY, Plummer Professor of Christian Morals (Emeritus) in Harvard University. 8vo, pp. 234. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.25 net.

THE value of this book is not to be measured by its size, but by its contents. Whatever Professor Peabody writes is deserving of serious consideration, for he is one of the most clear-sighted of ethical thinkers in this country. One of his earliest books, on Jesus Christ and the Christian Character, has passed through several editions and is now published in a fifty-cent edition. In this volume he considered the spiritual strength of Christ's character and he pointed out, after discussing the pressing problems of the day, that most blessed consequences will follow if Christ's supremacy is practically acknowledged. This latest volume courageously faces the complex facts of modern life and reaches the optimistic conclusion that the Christian life can be lived. "As one looks back over the series of problems which have been briefly considered—the life of the family, the work of the industrial world, the making and spending of money, and the perplexities of politics—what is the redemptive force which each in turn has seemed to need? It is a revival of idealism, a life and power of the spirit, an association with souls who have found their lives in God." In the first chapter, on "The Practicability of the Christian Life," he refers to a situation which cannot be ignored: "The ominous fact confronts the modern world that a very large proportion, not only of frivolous and superficial people, but also of serious and cultivated minds, have simply dropped the motives of religion from among their habitual resources, and are supported in their experiences by sanctions and consolations derived from science or art, from work or play." He also inquires whether the Christian religion is actually molding the habits of Christian believers and whether the ideals of Christianity are revered much more than they are realized. "The reaction from Christianity is not so much intellectual as it is moral. The most threatening enemy of religion is not infidelity but inconsistency." Dr. Peabody has no sympathy with a prevailing school of thinkers who regard Jesus as an enthusiastic apocalyptist, who contemplated an approaching catastrophe of the world and whose ethical teachings were *interim*, intended only for the distress of that day. "The greatness of Jesus is in his having so many ideas for any one of which men have been willing to die. His teaching is marked by sanity and poise among solicitations to excess; by many-sidedness, by sympathetic wisdom. The variations in the teaching are precisely what give the key to its interpretation. They compel one to penetrate through the occasionalism of the

teaching to the principles which these incidental utterances disclose, and to apply to new and unprecedented conditions a teaching which necessarily used the language and met the needs of its own time." The ethics of Jesus is the science of spiritual dynamics; its purpose is to communicate power and its aim is to increase life. Those who accept not the teaching but the teacher, who also is the Saviour, have found that the Christian life is practicable. In the light of this fact Dr. Peabody considers some of the problems of our day in a very discerning and instructive way. This discussion is all the more timely because we are in the midst of many heart-searchings and not a few are viewing the outcome in a pessimistic spirit. This is, however, not necessary, as is shown in this message. Wherever a living Christianity has been honestly and earnestly given control a way has always been discovered out of the perilous and perplexing difficulties. Each of the chapters contains much food for thought and encouragement. The family is threatened by those who abuse it and by those who abandon it, and he shows how it can be made the school of character. If the business world submits to the test of service the forces of commercialism will be submerged in Christian idealism and the result will be a purified industrialism. The making and spending of money must be governed by the principle of stewardship. The two chapters on this subject furnish material for several sermons. What is said about the negotiations of diplomacy is very pertinent. The paradoxical character of American politics is explained by the fact that the United States is the "melting-pot" of the nations. "Acquisitiveness and generosity, hardness and softness, the spirit of commercialism and the faith of idealism, contend for mastery. The same people who have impressed observers as sharp traders and keen politicians have surprised the world by acts of unprecedented magnanimity and romantic self-denial." This is well put, and if not for the limits of space we had wished to quote a page and a half from the illuminating chapter on "The Christian Life and the Modern State." The last chapter deals searchingly with the duty of the Christian Church in this time of crisis. It is only a simplified, socialized, and spiritualized church which can answer the Macedonian calls, from home and abroad, to set life in true perspective and to make real the Kingdom of God.

The Books of the Apocrypha. Their Origin, Teaching, and Contents. By the Rev. W. O. E. Oesterley, D.D. 8vo, pp. xiv+553. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $3, net.

We are indebted to Dr. Oesterley for several volumes which show marks of the finest scholarship and are, therefore, distinguished contributions to biblical study. He was the joint author with G. H. Box of The Religion and Worship of the Synagogue, which is a description of Judaism as a vital organism in its faith and practice and, therefore, indispensable for a correct and adequate exegesis of the New Testament. His next volume was The Evolution of the Messianic Idea, which traced this conception in the religious literature of ancient peoples and more

especially in the Old Testament. This was followed by a most valuable commentary on Ecclesiasticus in the Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges, which is without doubt the best thing in English on the subject. And now comes his masterpiece on the Apocrypha. This volume is of the greatest value to a knowledge of the Old Testament, to an understanding of the background of the New Testament, and particularly of the Jewish environment of early Christianity. Many characters who are conspicuous in the pages of the Gospels can now be interpreted from the point of view of their own teachings. Thus the doctrinal standpoint of the Sadducees is found in Ecclesiasticus, and the religious experience of the Pharisees can be distinctly understood from the Prayer of Manasses. Part II of this volume is an introduction to the Apocrypha. It is a careful discussion of the contents and teaching of the several books and an appraisal of their value. We regard it as necessary and important for a knowledge of the Apocrypha, as Driver's or McFadyen's Introductions are for the Old Testament, or Moffatt's and Peake's Introductions for the New Testament. It is, however, Part I which has captured our interest. A list of the chapter titles will explain the significance of this section: "The Hellenistic Movement," "Hellenistic Influence upon the Jews of Palestine and of the Dispersion," "Traces of Greek Influence in the Old Testament and in the Apocrypha," "The Apocalyptic Movement," "The Scribes," "The Pharisees and Sadducees," "The Origin of the Old Testament Canon," "Uncanonical Books," "The Apocalyptic Literature," "The Wisdom Literature," "The Doctrinal Teaching of the Apocrypha." The last chapter is of unusual value, dealing as it does with such subjects as God, the Law, Sin, Grace and Free-Will, the Messiah, the Future Life, Angels, and Demonology. The following quotation emphasizes the significance of these writings: "The main value of the books of the Apocrypha for the study of the New Testament lies in their doctrinal teaching. But there are some other ways, also useful, though of less importance, whereby these books can be utilized for New Testament study. Some of them, and above all Ecclesiasticus, throw much light on the customs and manner of life of the Jews which helps us in a number of particulars to understand the Gospels better; others, such as Judith, illustrate the intensely national feeling of the Jews which helps to explain much that we read in the Acts, especially of Saint Paul's treatment by the Jews; or again, the early part of Baruch gives us some insight into the long prayers which were in vogue among the Jews; Wisdom shows us, among other things, the Hellenistic spirit whereby not a few Jews, especially those of the Dispersion, were animated; this is important for the understanding of much that we read in the Pauline epistles." This concise summary should stimulate every student of the New Testament to become familiar with these writings whose influence can be clearly traced in the Gospels and Epistles. The unfortunate association of the name, Apocrypha, with heretical writings has had a great deal to do with creating a prejudice against the particular books which are included under this general title. Dr. Oesterley has rendered a valuable service in enabling us to see their intrinsic merit and worth and in encouraging

us to become familiar with them. Although they are not found within the Canon of Scripture, many of them, like the Book of Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus, are in the closest accord with canonical Scripture and have a message which is eminently helpful. A valuable feature of this volume for the student is the summary of each chapter, in which the author brings together the results of the particular study. The thoroughness of preparation is further evidenced by six indexes, which cover every phase of the subject and make this a really valuable book of reference, and one that will be constantly used in the study and exposition of the Bible.

The Sword of the Lord. By Rev. Arthur C. Hill. 8vo, pp. x, 295. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, $1.25 net.

The first volume by Mr. Arthur C. Hill had the suggestive title, Shall We Do Without Jesus? It was a frank and fearless discussion of the indispensable place of our Lord in modern life and the important contribution which his teachings have made to religious thought. This second volume is a sequel to it and deals with the demands of Jesus on his disciples. The discussions are in the form of essays which are written in a vigorous style. He first discusses the great outstanding Christian principles and then gives an illuminating exposition of those distinctive virtues which should characterize the followers of Jesus. The call is thus expressed: "The Christian disciple has often been the sentinel set to guard the treasures of the human spirit. Destroyer of the vile, preserver of the pure, he has been at once the breaker and the builder, the chosen agent of the Highest in the making of our world. It seems clear that if the moral wealth accumulated by humanity is not to be submerged, like a boat scuttled in mid-ocean by the waves of a new barbarism, we must look for protection to those who acknowledge, with open confession or with silent devotion, the authority of the Nazarene. The Christian disciple, fine flower of a culture at once human and divine, who carries the secret of a moral fortitude which is the glory of the world, must again prove himself the efficient champion of our race, our civilization, our faith." This is the kind of a book which meets the needs of our day. We have heard it said repeatedly in these recent months that Christianity has been discredited, and that all signs point to a speedy and complete collapse. This is the claptrap cant of the marketplace and of the street. It may doubtless be that the so-called Christianity of the churches has been found wanting, but the history of the church shows that more than once this has been the case, and men like Wycliffe, Huss, Luther, Wesley, Edwards, and Moody have presented the Christianity of Christ as set forth in the pages of the New Testament to the world with very satisfactory results. Mr. Hill has written a volume which holds up the imperial and imperative standards of Christianity. He clearly demonstrates by sound reasoning and by numerous quotations from literature and history that the supreme mission of Jesus was to make disciples of a

virile character who will not be embarrassed or overwhelmed in the presence of difficulty. "To be safe on the high seas the man in command must be ever on the watch. Feasting at the table the passengers know not the nearness of death until the keel grinds upon the iceberg or the side is pierced by the bow of another ship. So the men who are fighting for religion need to know that they are never less safe than when all seems going smoothly and trouble is far removed from their minds. To confront good hap or ill with impartial mind, content to face the worst and yet grateful for the best when it comes, this is the mark of the saint of God." It is well to be reminded that Christianity is equal to all the religious and moral demands of the Occidental as well as in the Oriental world, in times of peace no less than in times of war. Speaking of the excellence of the Christian teaching Mr. Hill says: "Christian teachers have been far too timid in their enforcement of Christian morals upon the public conscience. They have been content to modify and whittle away the plain precepts of Christ until there has been little difference between the judgment of the nonreligious man and that of the professed disciple. We need a restatement of the claims of Christ on the public conscience. If the Christian religion is to affect mankind the moral precepts that are bound up with it must be much more boldly proclaimed." There are striking chapter headings which appeal at once to the imagination and the sense of ideal values. For instance, Book II is on "Virtues that Count." Here are some of the titles: "Acquainted with Wrath" refers to righteous indignation; "With the Colors" deals with loyalty and courage; "Without Prejudice" refers to impartiality; "Enough is as Good as a Feast" considers temperance; "The Blessed Art of Doing Without" discusses contentment; "For Benefits Received" is a chapter on gratitude. Book III is on "Children of Earth," and he takes up the following subjects: "Our Fatherland," which deals with patriotism; "Christ or Thor?" which discusses war; "With the Rulers of Men" and "At the Feet of the Rabbis" consider respectively politics and education. One of the last chapters is entitled "By Eastern Windows," in which Mr. Hill deals with the subject of prayer in quite an original way. He says: "The place of intercessory prayer has never been accurately defined by Protestant teachers, but the experience of many men makes it probable that there is in such prayer a salutary influence of immense value. How is it, then, that we do not labor to exert this remedial skill? In the quiet of the nighttime, when the evil of the day is curtained from men's eyes, why do we not turn our thoughts to those who watch in sorrow and tears the passing of the dilatory hours? We who believe in philanthropy, who fly from the sight of starved bodies and shrunken limbs and weep at the pictured image of a strangled dog, have we no moments to spare for man's spiritual ills?" This volume is a splendid study of Christian ethics. There is here plentiful material for the Christian thinker and much help to the preacher who must so commend the exalted virtues and glories of the Christian life from the pulpit that his hearers will be pressed to accept them as their standards for daily living.

Works of Martin Luther, with Introduction and Notes. Vol. I. Pages x+412. Philadelphia: A. J. Holman Company. Price, cloth, $2.00.

An interesting article could be written on the history of the English translations of Luther, and another on the history of the influence or reaction of Luther's writings on the thought and life of English-speaking lands. A few hours in the British Museum would help in the first article, but for the second one would have to possess a comprehensive and accurate knowledge of modern church history and literature. Suffice it to say now that only within recent years and in America has anything been done in a systematic way to present Luther in English. The Rev. Dr. John Nicholas Lenker, of Minneapolis, has the honor of inaugurating that project—a project on which, strange to say, silence is kept in the preface to this edition. Through the Lutheran Press of Minneapolis he has put out fourteen volumes of translations of Luther (1903-08). The noted Luther expert, Dr. Preserved Smith, is publishing through the Lutheran Publication Society, Philadelphia, a translation of a selection of Luther's letters, to be completed in three or four volumes, of which the first has already been noticed in this Review. We understand this new Holman translation is not to duplicate the Lenker or Smith translations, though both are ignored in the preface. The volume now before us (the first of ten) is admirable in every way. Well printed, Luther accurately translated, with excellent introductions, the text annotated when necessary—the whole book reflects no small honor on that noble band of theological teachers and ministers who apparently center around Mount Airy Theological Seminary, Philadelphia, whence has proceeded the inspiration for the work—led by the Nestor, the Rev. Professor Dr. Henry E. Jacobs, and seconded by his scholarly son, the Rev. Professor Dr. Charles M. Jacobs. This volume contains Luther's Prefaces to his collected writings of the editions of 1539 and 1545, his Disputation on Indulgences (ninety-five Theses) with three Letters bearing on them, and his treatises on Baptism, Confession, Consolation, Good Works, the Mass or Supper, and the Papacy at Rome—all 1520, except the first three (Theses 1517, Baptism 1519). Though more or less familiar with them in the original, this reviewer has read them all carefully in this translation, and so can bear testimony to the power and freshness with which Luther deals with his topics. Everything Luther touched he made to live. You may not agree with him, but he does not leave you indifferent. He quickens, he challenges, he stirs, he lifts up, he casts down. Or course, everybody knows the scandal of Luther's extravagance and coarseness, and how that has been exploited by Roman and Anglican controversialists. The best antidote to that is an actual reading of Luther, not an occasional dipping in, but a continuous drench in treatise after treatise. If you want to know Luther's spirit, teachings, doings, read, not an occasional extract torn from the context by an enemy, but Luther himself, and by the hundred pages, day after day. As you cannot fairly judge Billy Sunday by Dean West's quotation of an occasional slangy sentence (perhaps half of it the work of a reporter), but only by listening or reading sermon

after sermon, so you cannot judge Luther except by the *whole* Luther. If you want to know Luther read *him*, not Denifle, nor any other inimical quoter. For that purpose this band of scholars whom Dr. Jacobs has gathered has conferred an inestimable boon on all English-speaking students. And we hope they will give us the unexpurgated Luther—as he was. If a passage is too frank for twentieth century ears, then let it remain in the original, but don't omit it. Do as the translators of Clement of Alexandria did. The real Luther we want, not a Bowdlerized Luther. This translation ought to be in every public, college, and theological seminary library in all English-speaking lands, and in the library of every studious minister and layman who wants to get into living contact with one of the most dynamic minds of all history, and in our judgment the most important man in the Christian religion between the death of John the Apostle and the birth of John the Methodist. We have noted many interesting points, but must pass them over. By an oversight Dr. Schmauk in his introduction to the treatise on the Papacy has omitted to give references to the editions of the Works of Luther where the treatise is found. The proofreading has been done with most commendable accuracy. We omitted to say that the late Rev. Professor Dr. Adolph Spaeth, of Mount Airy Theological Seminary, was one of the originators of this series of translations. Speaking of this, we might throw out this query: Where would Methodism have been if John Wesley had not known German, or if Luther had not written that Preface to Romans, which was read, either in original or in translation (transl. Lond., 1594), in that famous meeting of a religious society at Aldersgate Street, London, May 24, 1738?

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Social Heredity and Social Evolution. The Other Side of Eugenics. By HERBERT WILLIAM CONN Professor of Biology in Wesleyan University. 8vo, pp. 348. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth. $1.50, net.

A CHRISTIAN biologist of note in the scientific world, a well-known and authoritative writer on evolution, a highly accomplished teacher is Dr. Conn. The Christian note sounds in the very title of the very first chapter, "Human and Animal Evolution *Contrasted*." To analyze or epitomize the book is not possible to our space or time. Two extracts, both of them pertinent to the awful condition of Europe to-day, will give the author's general attitude and point of view. "THE ETHICAL SENSE ALONE PRODUCES STRONG NATIONS. Biologists particularly have been seriously asking what results may be expected from the reversal of the law of natural selection, since elsewhere in the animal kingdom selection is required, not only to produce, but to retain characters. Weismann has studied this principle, which he calls *panmixia*, and has shown that, among animals, it always results in degradation and weakness. We are forced to ask, therefore, whether such is not the law of mankind as well as of other animals. If so, will not the inevitable result of the ethical

law, which preserves the weak as well as the strong, be a degeneration of mankind? Are not our ethical rules fastening weakness upon the race and turning mankind downward instead of upward? The result of such considerations, in recent years, has led some of our biological students to hold pessimistic views as to the future of the human race, and to tell us that man is going downward instead of upward, as a result of this withdrawal of the beneficent action of natural selection. In considering this statement, we must point out that there are two factors in human evolution; the first is the evolution of the human body, the second the evolution of human society; and the laws which have controlled the development of the two are widely different. The withdrawal of natural selection may possibly have a tendency to degrade the physical nature of man, although upon this question it is not yet possible to give a categorical answer. But in its relation to society and to the development of intelligence, altruism, even though it be equivalent to Weismann's panmixia, is distinctly elevating. If we look at the history of man in a broad way, we soon learn that altruism has not, after all, led to degradation; that in the history of the past the law of altruism instead of leading to degradation has led toward elevation. The fact is that the general laws of nature are wider than man's feeble vision. Whatever effect ethical custom may have on man's physical nature, nothing is clearer than the fact that those nations in which the principle of altruism has become most developed are the rulers of the world. Nations in which this principle has failed to develop have remained in a lower state of development, or have disappeared before the growing strength of the nations where the ethical spirit has been fostered. History shows us that altruism makes strong nations, and that only by the development of the ethical nature can man rise in strength and influence. In spite of the manifest fact that altruism preserves the weak, it is equally true that *only the altruistic nations are strong*. Furthermore, it is evident that each century has seen the ethical principles rising to a higher plane, and that the highest nations are those most perfectly ruled by their ethical sense. It is evident, therefore, that the altruistic principle must furnish some elements of strength sufficient to compensate for the apparent weakness which comes from the preservation of those that are least fit. If the application of ethics to nature would seem to produce degradation, what can be the factor in it that causes it to produce strong nations? The answer to this question is, briefly, that ethics alone makes the development of society a possibility. The history of civilization, from the beginning, has been an attempt on the part of mankind to escape from the continual condition of free fight which characterized the life of animals and of early man. It is true that this advance has been slow. It is true that there have been many relapses, and that, while in one century we may see great strides toward a condition of peace and morality, in the next, perhaps, man has become more savage than before. It is true that, even with the beginning of the twentieth century, we sometimes seem to be farther from the goal than ever. Nevertheless, the development of this principle of altruism, or love, will go on." The other extract declares that permanent advance will

come from altruism alone. Dr. Coon says: "In holding this position we have reference to the permanent advance *of the race* and not of the individual. The results of many of the contests are clearly determined by force and greed rather than by love and generosity, and are settled by might rather than by right. But it is a clear teaching of history that all such decisions are sure to be called again in question. We sometimes say that 'nothing is settled until it is settled right,' and this phrase expresses a mighty truth. When settled right it is settled to benefit the people instead of the rulers, the many rather than the few; and if settled in any other way, the question is absolutely certain to come up again for readjustment. All this is altruism. Nothing is clearer than that the victories won by force can in the end be maintained only when upheld by the wide sympathy of mankind which leads to the insistence that all individuals shall have equal justice. *Permanent advances are made by altruism, never by force.* Force controlled by greed may take initial steps, but unless love comes to its support the structure built by force is sure to fall. Might makes right for a while, but not permanently. Nothing can be clearer to one looking over the pages of history than that here lies the secret of the rise and fall of nations. A nation may be built by might and remain a unit so long as the uniting bond of mutual sympathy and love remains in force. But when this uniting bond is loosened, either by the luxury of the wealthy, the corruption of officials, or the profligacy of the poor, the nation becomes dissolved. We can count upon a nation acting as a unit only so far and so long as its members are bound together by mutual sympathy and confidence. The progress of civilization has been a see-saw. At one time egoism and at another altruism comes to the front. Egoism is, however, always the quicker in its action. Every man sees his own interests first, and every nation sees first its own glory. Altruism is more like a subcurrent, flowing quietly and only occasionally seen on the surface. But altruism is the stronger in the end. It alone makes lasting union possible, since it is founded upon the united interest of humanity. Altruism and egoism have been in contest with each other since the beginning of life. Only as altruism has gained a supremacy over egoism has civilization advanced. It is this contest that has founded our system of laws, which would be unnecessary if either greed or love ruled alone. If love ruled alone, certainly no laws would be needed; if greed ruled supreme then man would be on a grade with the brute and would be in no more need of the law than a pack of wolves. The general upward trend of history has been constant. However numerous may have been its ups and downs, the advance of the altruistic nature of man has been constant and has been parallel with the growth of organization. By ups and downs altruism has advanced. A leader centers in himself the support of numerous adherents, and he may use this power for a time to benefit the people. Then he or his followers become despotic, are overthrown, and the power is consigned to some new centralizing force, and the history is repeated. By successive revolutions the history of man proceeds, but each revolution leaves civilization in a position to occupy

a higher plane than before. Each century settles some questions so positively that they can never be raised again. In spite of the constant forcing of egoism to the front, in spite of the fact that the interests of self are active and quick, nevertheless the principle of altruism, that demands justice and equality of opportunity for all, is more fundamental, and for this reason will slowly win the contest for civilization. The development of society, though permeated by greed and selfishness, has morality and ethics as its goal, and toward that goal mankind has been slowly progressing from the earliest period when the human family was organized." A large discussion by an intelligent and competent authority.

The English Hymn: Its Development and Use in Worship. By Louis F. Benson, D.D. (Penna.) Pp. xvii+624. Hodder & Stoughton. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1915. Price, $3.50 net.

When this massive and noble volume came into our hands we immediately thought of another book in our library, English Hymns: their Authors and History, by Samuel W. Duffield, New York, 1886. Duffield was the son of the second Rev. Dr. George Duffield, was pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Bloomfield, N. J., where he died in the prime of life, May 12, 1887, leaving almost finished his Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns, completed by his friend, Rev. Dr. R. E. Thompson (New York, 1889). His father, author of the Hymn, Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus (1858), who died in Detroit July 6, 1888, placed an exquisite inscription in Latin at his son's grave in that city, to the sonorous and harmonious terseness of which this translation does but poor justice. "Most dear, he has, alas! gone before. Though snatched away from a spotless life in mid age he completed the longest lifetime. To him blessed, father and wife with many tears have dedicated this marble." Though almost thirty years have passed since the accomplished S. W. Duffield put out these two books on English and Latin hymns they still possess value, and can be read with as much instruction as edification. But we found that Benson did not at all duplicate Duffield, who simply takes each hymn as given in Robinson's Laudes Domini and adds some information on it, always interesting and important, but often insufficient. For instance, he sometimes fails even to give the date of the hymn and the place where originally published. But Benson's task is far otherwise. It is to trace the history of the hymn itself as used in England and America. It is the first work of the kind ever attempted, at least in at all the same scope, and it is done with such a thoroughness, amplitude of knowledge, accuracy in detail, and general interest, that it need never be done again. Not only so, it is done in connection with the religious historical evolution, so that large parts of the book are as valuable in Church History as they are in the history of hymns and their use in worship. We can hardly speak too highly of the research, scholarly care, and sympathetic interest with which the author treats his theme, the large religious lines on which he has laid it out, and the compelling interest of his history in its many-sided appeal. Dr. Benson has done

a notable piece of work, for which he deserves the enthusiastic thanks of students of poetry, of hymnology, of psalmody, of revivals, of churches, and of great men. He has also ordered his work on a truly genetic or historic basis, and this for the first time in the history of the subject. This reviwer has read with care almost the whole of it, and he can speak with emphasis on the wideness of its appeal, its admirable method of approach and exposition, at once philosophical and historical, and its accuracy—merits not always combined in one volume. It will remain *the* standard work on the subject for many years. The author is a Presbyterian, but all American scholarship may well be proud over a work reflecting splendor on our literature. So much being said, one or two small points may be mentioned for a future edition. Wesley did *not* baptize by *trine* immersion in his early days (p. 223), but by single immersion. He was then a stickler for the rubrics of his church, and ever since the 2nd Prayer Book of Edward VI (1552) trine immersion, prescribed in the 1st Prayer Book (1549), had been discarded. The rubric in Wesley's day read, as it had read substantially since 1552 and as it reads to-day: "And then naming it [the child] after them [the parents], (if they shall certify that the child may well endure it) he [the priest] shall dip it in water discreetly and warily, saying [here follows formula of baptism]. But if they certify that the child is weak, it shall suffice to pour water upon it, saying the aforesaid words." In a memorandum of Wesley's High Church days, first published by Urlin in his Wesley's Place in Church History, 1870, and reprinted in the new revised edition of that work, The Churchman's Life of Wesley, London, 1886, p. 66, he says he believes it "a duty to observe, so far as I can,—1. To baptize by immersion." As trine immersion had not been the custom of the church since 1552, if he had meant that he would undoubtedly have said it. In the troubles in Georgia it is the mere fact of dipping, and not trine immersion, which is mentioned or complained of. For Wesley's mention, see new standard edition of the Journal, I, 210, and for complaint see same, 390, 394. If there is any contemporary evidence for trine immersion on the part of Wesley this reviewer has overlooked it. Wesley was a diligent student of ancient church history and of the canons of councils, and he knew perfectly well that trine immersion was once the custom, but it is evident that single immersion was sufficient for him. In fact, if he had introduced the threefold dipping in Georgia he would have caused a revolution to which the revolution he did cause would have been child's play. Alexander Kilham was *not* expelled by the Wesleyan Methodist Conference for administering communion (p. 275), but for publications interpreted as defamatory. The administration of sacraments had been allowed under conditions since the Plan of Pacification of 1795. The offense of Kilham was much more serious. When our author says (p. 277) that "it is altogether unlikely that Wesley would have approved the camp meeting" there is serious doubt. Wesley was open to new methods, and strongly believed in open air work. We do not know what the whole hymn is, but the words quoted (p. 323 note),

How happy are we,
Our election who see
And can venture our souls in thy gracious decree,

are *not* an anti-Wesleyan presentation of the grounds of evangelical joy. One of the grounds of that joy was with the Wesleys the gracious fore-ordaining of God, only it was not an unconditioned and arbitrary decree. Among the sources overlooked for Henry Alline (p. 366, note 15) is The Life and Journal of the Rev. Mr. Henry Alline, Boston, 1806, p. 180. It is a rare book, though this reviewer has a copy. We are inclined to agree that the greatest English hymn is Rock of Ages (p. 335). Our accomplished author criticizes (p. 305) the judgment of this reviewer unfavorable to The Methodist Hymnal of 1905 on account of the small number of hymns. We have the misfortune to be among those who like to clinch a sermon by an appropriate hymn at the close, who feel the incongruity of a hymn on the Trinity after a sermon on drink, or on baptism after a peace sermon, and who are therefore sorry to look in vain among the slender resources of the present attenuated hymnals for fitting hymns. Besides, these books are also manuals of devotion and culture in sacred poetry for thousands of homes, and might well minister to this need in a way impossible by too meager contents. A thousand hymns at least are not too many, and with the right kind of paper need not be bulky. While writing, could we correct or supplement our account of the earliest Methodist hymnals of America given in the *first* edition of The New History of Methodism, London, 1909, vol. II, pp. 142-3. The first Methodist hymnbook published in America was a reprint of Hymns and Spiritual Songs Intended for the Use of Real Christians of all Denominations, by John Wesley, M.A., Philadelphia, 1770. (This was first published by Wesley in 1753, being the thirty-second in the order of his hymnbooks, and the most popular of all, going through twenty-four editions in England, and had even two editions after the standard Collection of Hymns for the Use of the People Called Methodists of 1780.) This first reprint of 1770 has perished. No copy is known, though the library of Drew Theological Seminary has a copy of the English original. The second hymnal published here was an enlarged edition of Hymns and Spiritual Songs, Burlington (N. J.), 1773. This reprint included also within the same covers Hymns for Those Who Seek and Those Who Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ (reprint of Charles Wesley's book of that title in 8th English edition, 1768), and Collection of Psalms and Hymns (reprint of edition of 1741). The English edition of 1771 of this last collection is in the Drew library, and that indefatigable expert in Methodist hymnology, the late Rev. Dr. William Henry Meredith found a copy of our 1773 book in New York and another in Philadelphia, besides having copies of the sixth (1786) and ninth (1789) editions of A Pocket Hymn Book, issued by Asbury and Coke. (Benson is right; the words quoted from preface on p. 142 of New History refer to English originals, not American reprints.) See Meredith's invaluable articles in The Christian Advocate, August 17 and 24, 1905.

John M. Synge. By Maurice Bourgeois. 8vo, pp. 338. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, illustrated, $2.50 net.

From the American point of view the two most prominent and familiar names in connection with the Celtic literary renascence are John M. Synge and William B. Yeats—the man who discovered Synge living in Paris in 1898, detected his literary genius and divined in what field the brilliant young Irishman would best find scope and success. In Paris Synge was living the simple life from necessity, regarding himself as a literary martyr, talking of his "slaving" and his "agony and bloody sweat," scrupulously chiseling and polishing contributions, which were sent back to him, and writing to a friend concerning one editor: "That ass has just returned my MS. May God blight him!" His mother had to send him of her scanty funds to provide necessaries of life. He wore a celluloid collar and old clothes, saying he had come to Paris "to be quiet and wear dirty clothes if he liked." He made his own fire and cooked his own breakfast of two eggs. Though unbusinesslike, it was rather from indifference than incapacity; he was very precise and matter-of-fact; and a friend writes: "He was most practical; he might have shod a horse; and no manlier man walked the earth." Yeats gave Synge the hint which turned his path fameward, by saying to him: "Give up Paris. Go back to your native Erin. You will never *create* anything by studying Racine. Find a new and unworked field. Go to the Avan Islands. Live among the natives there as one of them. Study and absorb and then express a life which nobody has expressed." That advice was the making of Synge. He left Paris, and betook himself to the most primitively Irish part of Ireland, the Isles of Avan, a triad of treeless rocks off Galway Bay, about ten leagues out to sea, and on this small secluded archipelago of Far-Western Europe, so rocky that "men must reap with knives because of the stones," Synge lived with the simple, hardy, half-barbarous folk in what he called "The Last Fortress of the Celt," the genuine unspoiled, unsophisticated Celt, with his dreaminess, his imaginative exuberance, his puzzling combination of mysticism and practicality. And thus he prepared himself to make a great and genuine contribution to the modern Celtic revival and a notable name for himself in literature. Sharing measurably the lot of the Avan aborigines, fishermen, and peasants, and learning the bitter struggle for existence of beings who know nothing of the world-made man the man-made world, he got down to the bare basic elements of human nature and felt the hardness of their lot. Mingling with the islanders was as if he were talking with men who were under sentence of death. And this acute realization of the shadow of death perpetually hanging over is at the heart of that strange half-savage wailing, that half-musical melopœia called "keening." Concerning that bitter recitative, with its threnetic and pathetic appeal, which is the cry of pagan despotism untouched by any Christian sentiment, Synge writes after returning from the burial of an old Avan woman: "This grief of the 'keen' is no personal complaint for the death of one woman over eighty years, but seems to contain the whole passionate rage that lurks somewhere in every

native of the island. In this cry of pain the inner consciousness of the people seems to lay itself bare for an instant, and to reveal the mood of beings who feel their isolation in the face of a universe that wars on them with winds and seas." Synge studied the Irish from the Avan Islands point of view, aiming to comprehend and visualize the world of the ancient Gaels. The Irish peasant, as Synge conceives him, is characterized by essential gloominess. Synge's own nature draws him to the darker and wilder side of Irish life. Yet the impression culminates in the spirituality of the Irish countryfolk. They are born poets, descendants of the ancient bards that were chased to the west, with such varying moods of rapture and dismay as are common to poets, musicians, artists. All the world knows the sensitiveness of the Irish nature, the swift responsiveness of an Irish audience to poetic or ideal or pathetic suggestions, and to what Maurice Bourgeois calls "the half-spiritual power of eloquence." Kuno Meyer notes that "The Celts are always quick to take an artistic hint; they avoid the obvious and the commonplace; the thing half-said is to them the dearest." A resurgence of Gaelic spirituality has been manifest in prose and poetry and drama for over two decades, for which no small credit is due to John M. Synge. Synge was, in his way, at once a realist and a humorist. His realism was sometimes of the uncompromizingly veracious and drastic sort; it was not the coarse realism of squalid ugliness invented in revolt from the "deadly blight of sugariness and prettiness," but rather realism springing out of rich and powerful reality; a reality which, however rough and rude, can flower into an imaginative exaltation which is not artificial elation, but is kept in touch with hard and homely earth. In like manner the humor of Synge is not manufactured gaiety, but more likely something fierce and laughter-compelling; something that bites and purifies. Synge's sensitiveness—one might say subjection—to Nature amounted at times to neurotic hyperaesthesia, and is felt in his writings. It appears even in the titles of some of his works, "The Shadow of the Glen," "The Oppression of the Hills." It colors passages like this: "Bars of purple cloud stretched across the sound where immense waves were rolling from the west, wreathed with snowy phantasies of spray. Then there was the bay full of green delirium, and the Twelve Pins touched with mauve and scarlet in the east." It colors the descriptions in that bitter sketch of a young peasant-woman, Nora, wife of Dan Burke, a gruff and well-to-do old farmer, inhabiting a lonesome cottage at the head of a desolate Wicklow glen, where solitude almost drives her to distraction with the tedium of seeing "nothing but the mists rolling down the bog, and the mists again and they rolling up the bog, and hearing nothing but the wind crying out in the bits of broken trees were left from the great storm, and the streams roaring with the rain," an unhappy life in a lonesome situation, unsafe for the young wife of an asthmatic old man "wheezing like a sick sheep." Even a tramp and outlaw wandering past is liable to prove interesting and have attractions as a relief and diversion from such dull and gloomy and intolerable loneliness. As Synge says: "It's a poor thing to be so lonesome, you'd squeeze kisses on a cur dog's nose." In a comparison of

Synge with Maeterlinck, it is pointed out that the Irishman's characters are live, clearly outlined, flesh-and-blood personages, while the Belgian author's characters are, as Yeats says, sometimes "as faint as a breath upon a looking-glass, mere symbols whose language is slow and heavy with dreams because their own life is but a dream." In "The Treasure of the Humble" it is said that there is more true romance and real drama in "an old man seated in his arm-chair, patiently waiting with his lamp beside him, lending an unconscious ear to all the eternal laws that reign about his house, interpreting, without understanding, the silence of doors and windows, and the quivering voice of light, submitting with bent head to the presence of his soul and his destiny," than in "the lover who strangles his mistress, the captain who conquers in battle, or 'the husband who avenges his honor.'" One of Synge's most suggestive writings is "The Well of the Saints." The story is among the simplest and most moving subjects ever chosen by a modern author, and has in it all the searching beauty of an ancient parable. It is the story of two blind, ugly, weather-beaten old beggars—husband and wife, Martin and Mary Doul—whose lifelong sitting at a lonely cross-roads, "hearing the birds and bees humming in every weed of the ditch and the swift flying things racing in the air," has taught them to replace reality by dreams and physical sight by imaginative vision. They fancy each other to be beautiful. As they sit talking beside a church in ruins, Timmy the smith brings news that a wandering friar is coming with water from a holy well in the West that will cure any complaint. The saint arrives, and, anointing their eyes with the miraculous water, restores to them the tragic gift of sight. Very soon, however, they find the actual world in general, and their own physical persons in particular, less lovely than the dream-illumined night in which they had lived so long enchanted. In course of time their eyes grow dim again and blindness overwhelms them. The saint would fain miraculously heal them anew, but they are only too glad to return to their former state and, as the pious man is about to cure Martin Doul once more, the blind beggar dashes the can of holy water from the friar's hand. Maurice Bourgeois says that "The Well of the Saints" ranks very high in the long series of plays—hinging on the ever-tragic theme of blindness. At the same time it is perhaps of all Synge's works the one in which we find embodied the truest expression of his philosophy of life. Nothing can be more pathetic than the two blind people's disillusionment and the complaint of Martin Doul when reference is made to the "grand day" when he was healed: "Grand day, is it? Or a bad black day when I was roused up and found I was the like of little children do be listening to the stories of an old woman and do be dreaming after in the dark night that it's in grand houses of gold they are, with speckled horses to ride, and do be waking again, in a short while, and they destroyed with the cold, and the thatch dripping, maybe, and the starved ass braying in the yard." The moral of the story is like that at the end of Lord Lytton's "Maid of Malines": "Perhaps after we have seen the actual world, and experienced its hollow pleasures, we can resign ourselves the better to its exclusion; and as the cloister

which repelled the ardor of our hope is sweet to our remembrance, so the darkness loses its terror when experience has wearied us with the glare and travail of the day." We cannot leave this book without noting the author's statement that Synge, though compelled to do journalistic work at times, was too painstaking and conscientious a writer to be an acceptable and successful journalist. He loathed journalese with all its welter of spurious neologisms, and the hideous lingo of professional book-reviewing was Greek to him. The English language is to-day in danger of being ruined. While it may not be a perfect language or so musical that one "would wish to be talked to death in it," yet it has a venerable dignity and a noble beauty all its own which it would be an immense calamity to lose. From neglect of orthography and grammar in schools and colleges, from journalism, and from the telephone and from stenography, and from the mutilations by the Josh Billings "scool" of misspelling, and from the scampering hurry of our way of living, the written English language is in danger of becoming mere stenography and telegraphy. There is grave reason for listening to this author's warning prediction that in fifty years the English language will be as corrupt as was the Latin of the eighth century, and will become a sort of Volapük, strictly limited to commercial letters and a journalistic style. It is in danger of being clipped and jerked and mangled and crushed, so that the great writers of recent centuries, the masters of English literature, would be unable to recognize it as their mother tongue. And even our schools and universities seem indifferent to the disfigurement and sacrilege which is going on. This we say, while admitting, on the other hand, that the terse, swift, nervous, curt speech of to-day is the enemy of verbosity, circumlocution, embroidery, and prolixity.

Contemporary Portraits. By FRANK HARRIS. Crown 8vo, pp. 346. New York: Mitchell Kennerly. Price, cloth, $2.50 net.

THIS author and his "Portraits" afford the reader full opportunity to study the neo-pagan school of art and literature, the deadliest comment on whom is that their theories and practice harmonize, and whose genius, virulence, and daring make a sinister force to be recognized and reckoned with. The author, a keen blade, a free lance, a rebel, an American, has had a long career in England as journalist, critic, man of the world, editor of the Saturday Review, and later of the Fortnightly. In this thick book he paints vivid word-portraits of Carlyle, Swinburne, George Meredith, Browning, Whistler, Fabre, Maeterlinck, Rodin, John Davidson, Richard Middleton, and others; showing Oscar Wilde in the drawing rooms of fashionable London, Sir Richard Burton in retirement at Trieste, Renan at home, Verlaine at dinner, and Anatole France in his study; all of whom he knew well enough to paint them as he saw them and to repeat here many conversations with them. He puts these portraits forth as works of art, saying to his readers, "Here are some of the most noteworthy of my contemporaries as they appeared to me"; in describing and reporting whom he relies more upon his spiritual divination than upon

verbal accuracy. The portraits seem lifelike. The effect of many of them is in part disturbing, depressing, disgusting. We cannot wholly trust some of them. He begins with Carlyle; quotes him as calling Heine "a dirty Jew pig," and as calling Emerson the greatest man he ever met and the noblest. Of Darwin Carlyle said: "His narrow allegiance to facts, mere hard facts, just as facts, was most pathetic; it was so determined, even desperate—a sort of English belief that the facts must lead you right if you only follow them honestly; a poor, groping faith—all that seems possible to us in these days of flatulent unbelief and piggish unconcern for everything except swill and straw." About Darwin's theory of evolution Carlyle said: "It is as old as the hills; there's nothing in it; it leads nowhere. 'Survival of the fittest' is enough to make a soul sick. What is your 'fittest'? What d'ye mean by it? An evasion, I call it; a cowardly, sneaking evasion; with its tail between its legs. Does your 'fittest' mean the best, the noblest, the most unselfish? That would be a faith to live and die by. But is that your 'fittest'? Answer me that. Or is your 'fittest' just the greediest and roughest, the slightly stronger pig or fox or wolf, eh? 'Survival of the fittest,' humph!" To Darwin Carlyle said: "Very interesting, no doubt, how we men were evolved from apes and all that. As I look at some folks, I see little reason to doubt it. But, Charles, what I want to know is how we are to prevent this present generation from devolving into apes. That seems to me the more important question." Carlyle was ahead of his time in forcing the moral test into economics, declaring that the employer of labor who simply works for his own enrichment is a mere buccaneer and not a true captain of industry. It was his reliance on the moral instincts which gave him his unique influence and authority. Goethe's praise of him was right, "A moral force of incalculable importance." Very early in this book, as early as page 7, the naked soul of the new paganism is unveiled. The author tells us that the new paganism "is the soul of yesterday and to-day and many a day to come"; which amounts to saying that it will be long before sin ceases to flaunt its evil impudence before the world. In sane and respectable circles it is scarcely necessary to denounce this "new paganism"; we need only to exhibit it. It speaks for itself blatantly, defiantly. The very first chapter puts before us an exhibition of it, in a dispute over Heine between great Thomas Carlyle and far-less-great Frank Harris. Carlyle says, "Heine was a dirty Jew pig, dirty-minded. I dislike his lechery." Harris, whose book we are noticing, is enraged at Carlyle, and answers: "You outrage a cult that is almost a religion to me. Heine was the first of the moderns; he is divine; a master of wit and poetry; a lord of laughter and of tears." "A dirty Jew pig," repeats Carlyle with biting emphasis. "Dirty, only as you and I and all men are dirty," replies this Mr. Harris. "No, not I nor all men," gravely protests Carlyle on behalf of himself and all other decent men. Then with the utter incoherence of passion, this man goes on irrelevantly, "Heine was a socialist and a singer, modern and irreverent to his finger-tips; his humor was irresistible, now impish, now kindly." "The dirty ape!" answers again the great old Puritan grimly to this excuser of dirtiness,

reviler of morality, slanderer of his superiors. Then Mr. Harris paused, with this quite sufficient explanation: "I saw it was no use arguing; I was up against a wall of separation; a fundamental difference of nature." Thank heaven, he was. Later on George Meredith also disappoints him, and again he is "up against a fundamental difference of nature." This was the occasion: When Oscar Wilde was sentenced to two years imprisonment with hard labor, Frank Harris thought that if he could get Meredith to head a petition for mitigation of sentence, with five or six other notable men of letters, the government would grant it. Meredith refused to see him for such a purpose. Harris tells us that he laid in wait for Meredith, pretending that the meeting was accidental, in order to "have it out with him." Meredith told him that his mind was made up, that gross sensuality, especially in a professed leader of men, was a crime and should be punished severely. When Wilde's extraordinary talent was held up as a plea for leniency, Meredith repeated again and again that morals are above all; that there is no greatness without morality; that abominable immorality is proof of baseness and degeneracy, and must be made an example of for the protection of mankind. Again, as with Carlyle's stubbornness, "there was no use arguing." Indeed Meredith "wouldn't listen," which seems somewhat impolite to the gentleman who had waylaid and cornered him. Afterward some one pointed out to Harris that "Meredith's poems reveal the same relentless, stoic severity"; that was more than Mr. Harris could endure and he writes scornfully: "Meredith, as a leader of thought, died for me then, and my sorrow was embittered with impatient disdain." Later on he says his wrath and contempt rose again against Meredith during the South African war, because "he persisted in saying that there were faults on both sides"; that it was not fair to lay the whole blame on England. At this Mr. Harris's impatience was certain and damnatory. May we venture to inquire concerning the stature and sanity of this somewhat peculiar gentleman who has decided to exhibit himself in print as rushing upon the thick bosses of the bucklers of two such giants as Thomas Carlyle and George Meredith, and when they stand up against him, crushes them to the earth with his "bitter and impatient disdain," as he says! We can easily understand why Browning "shuts himself up in armored politeness" from the approach of such a man. In his portrait of Fabre, the great French naturalist, the author says: "Is there any pleasure after forty like finding a new book—meeting a new man! The gasp of excitement, the hope, the flutterings of delight, the growing conviction that the book has widened the mental horizon, is a classic therefore, a possession of the spirit forever—all the joys soon merged in curiosity as to the writer: who is he? How did life treat him? To what qualities in him do we owe this deathless work? There before me is the book Insect Life, the author's name, before unknown, now radiant—J. H. Fabre. No shadow of doubt in the recognition, no hesitation possible. Fabre has revealed a new world to us; beneath our very feet indeed—the world of the infinitely little, with its innumerable tiny inhabitants, each living his own life and dying his own death. Fabre, it appears, is already a very old man—eighty-seven

indeed; has worked as a naturalist in a village in Languedoc for three quarters of a century; has written and published thirty volumes, and was only discovered by the wise men in Paris the other day. Yet there can be no question about his value. Maeterlinck calls Fabre 'one of the glories of the civilized world.' Rostand talks of him as a savant who 'thinks like a philosopher and writes like a poet.' For the first time in my memory, says the author, Frenchmen of all schools are agreed that Fabre is one of the great naturalists of the world, and yet if he had died at eighty-five hardly one man in ten thousand of his own countrymen would have known his name. Yet his life has been as noble as his work. The son of a poor peasant, he taught himself to read by the light of a pine-cone—a tallow candle being too dear. After hours of study on winter nights he used to lie with the sheep in order to get warm, and was often awakened by the howling around the fold of savage wolves. He paid his way through the College at Rodez by his services as a choir-boy, and then set himself to study Nature on an empty stomach, but with a new book of poetry in his pocket. Poverty has been his companion throughout his life: even now the house he lives in with his wife and children is a peasant's cottage, and his food and clothing are simple in the extreme. Yet he looks on life bravely, fairly, without affectation of triumph, or trace of bitterness. I like to picture him as he sits before his cottage; the spare, bent figure; the wide, soft hat, the soft, white, turned-down collar setting off the clean-shaven face—a finely balanced face which should have been drawn by Holbein, with its broad forehead, strong nose, and large, firm chin, for Holbein alone could give us the effect of the crow's-feet and the intent, piercing eyes, made small as if to shutter out the too strong light, the sharp eyes which are yet patient and at bottom sad, very, very sad. This is a great searcher after truth: he will see all there is to be seen and brings to the task infinite courage and patience; but this great naturalist declares the impotence of science to explain life and the world. 'I should like to believe in natural progress,' he says, 'in the gradual growth of intelligence from plane to plane, the progress upward and development; I should like to believe in it if I could; but I can't. . . . I find God in my own heart more clearly than anywhere in the outside world. . . . The world I have studied is a tiny world, and yet this little patch of life is an infinite ocean, still unsounded and full of undiscovered secrets. The light penetrates a little way below the surface; but lower down all is darkness and silence, abyss opening into abyss. . . . 'But have you reached no conclusion, M. Fabre?' one asks. 'Does no hypothesis lead to the heart of the mystery?' He shakes his head. 'I have found none. To science nature is an enigma without a solution. Every generation has its own pet hypothesis. We climb over the crumbling ruins of forgotten theories, but truth always escapes us. We have no net with which to capture truth.' So talks a very wise man and certainly one of the best-read in the book of Nature of whom the centuries have left us any record." The honest scientist confesses that he knows but little. He and we and all men will come nearest to finding a clue to life's greatest problems by heeding Browning's words: "I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ, accepted by thy

reason, solves for thee all questions in the earth and out of it, and hath so far advanced thee to be wise." When science confesses bankruptcy as to any solution, the Christian spiritual interpretation of God and man, life and the universe is the only refuge for the reason as for the soul. Finding no rest for mind or soul in Nature, Fabre says, "I find God in my own heart," which is like Augustine's "Thou hast made us for Thyself and our hearts are restless till they find rest in Thee." Even Zola exclaimed, "Ah, this thirst for the Beyond, this need of the Divine!' Maeterlinck spends the later years of life in trying to give expression in artistic form to this persistent desire, which is stronger and more enduring than man's reason, this thirst for something beyond ourselves and above, which makes the sons of men dimly suspect, even when not fully realizing, that they are in very truth the sons of God, too. And Rodin, the modern Michelangelo, asserts that a real artist is constrained to be religious, because, he says, "No good sculptor can model a human figure without dwelling on the mystery of life; this individual and that in fleeting variation only remind him of the immanent type; he is led perpetually from the creature to the Creator. . . . All the best work of any artist must be bathed, so to speak, in mystery. That is why many of my figures have a hand or foot still imprisoned in the marble block; life is everywhere, but rarely indeed does it come to complete expression or the individual to perfect freedom." George Meredith writes to his son: "Belief in religion has done and does this good to the young; it floats them through the perilous period when the appetites most need control and transmutation. Set yourself to love virtue by understanding that it is your best guide, both as to what is due to others, and what is for your positive personal good. You know how Socrates loved truth. Truth and virtue are one. Look for the truth in everything, and follow it, and you will then be living justly before God. Let nothing flout your sense of a Supreme Being, and be certain that your understanding wavers whenever you chance to doubt that He leads to good. We should grow to good as the plant grows to the light." From this book, which seems not to steer steadily by any guiding moral star, and which is frankly pagan, we quote, as a specimen of rich and supersplendid English, a picture of the desert by Sir Richard Burton: "Again I stood under the diaphanous skies, in air glorious as ether, whose every breath raises men's spirits like sparkling wine. Once more I saw the evening star hanging like a solitaire from the pure front of the western firmament; and the after-glow transfiguring and transforming, as by magic, the homely and rugged features of the scene into a fairyland lit with a light which never shines on other soils or seas. Then would appear the woolen tents, low and black, of the Bedawin, mere dots in the boundless waste of lion-tawny clays and gazelle-brown gravels, and the camp-fire dotting like a glow-worm the village center. Presently, sweetened by distance, would be heard the wild, weird song of lads and lasses, driving, or rather pelting, through the gloaming their sheep and goats; and the measured chant of the spearsmen gravely stalking behind their charge, the camels; mingled with the bleating of the flocks and the bellowing of the humpy herds; while the reremouse flit-

tered overhead with his tiny shriek, and the rave of the jackal resounded through deepening glooms, and—most musical of music—the palm trees answered the whispers of the night breeze with the softest tones of falling water."

HISTORY AND BIOLOGY

Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother. By ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON. 12mo, pp. 265. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, cloth, with portraits and illustrations, $1.75.

DOUBTLESS there are millions of good people as important to the world as Hugh Benson; and if everybody who is as worthy as he were made the subject of a book, not only would the earth be insufficient to contain the volumes, but the entire solar system would be so cluttered up that the planets could not make their rounds, and the only way the sun could escape being buried and smothered by verbiage would be by his making a bonfire of them. Once when Hugh asked his voluminously fluent elder brother Arthur why he was not writing another book, Arthur said he had nothing to write about, whereupon Hugh asked, "Why not write a book about having nothing to write about?" which Arthur actually proceeded to do! That incident seems perfectly natural in the Benson family; but does anybody know any other family circle where it could have happened? Archbishop Benson had three boys, Arthur, Fred, and Hugh, no one of them equaling in earnestness and strength and force the father. He loved his boys with a deep, solemn, and passionate affection; did his full duty by them, and his letters to them are pathetically beautiful documents, full of good advice, criticism, gentle but urgent suggestion, anxious inquiries about work and religion, studies and character. On that level the father lived. He was so absorbed in his work, found life such a tremendous business, was so deeply in earnest, had so great a sense of responsibility that he could not relax, could not enjoy an idle, leisure, or amused mood. There is no counterpart to him in any one of his sons. The Benson boys have lived in too much refinement, culture, elegance, for the production of sinewy and rugged character. None of them is idle or worthless; all are industrious and worthy, but they have not been under the compulsions which compact and discipline man's faculties into hardy strength. Their danger is a tendency toward daintiness, dilettantism, over-refinement, indulgence of the artistic temperament. The captivating charm of these gifted and engaging boys showed markedly in the youngest, of whom Arthur says that the characteristic he most remembers in Hugh is that "beautiful personal charm, not without a touch of willfulness and even petulance about it, which gave him a child-like freshness, a sparkling zest, that aerated and enlivened all he did or said." In one way or other these Benson boys were all "spoiled"; lovely and pleasant in their unsullied and measurably useful lives, but not powerful nor greatly influential. In their refined home they were blessed with a wise, good mother of much dignity, sense, and sweetness, under whose overbrooding influence they grew up clean and honorable, kind

and courteous. Arthur's reminiscences of his brother's boyhood are interesting enough, but not remarkable. He remembers that Hugh was an extremely nervous and imaginative child. He would never go alone into a room in the dark, and when asked once what he was afraid of, what he expected would befall him, he answered with a shudder and a stammer, "To fall over a mangled corpse, squish! into a pool of blood." He was always very sensitive to pain and discomfort. Once when his hair was going to be cut, he said to his mother: "Mayn't I have chloroform for it?" Who but the Bensons would think of printing in a book such common family happenings as this: "Sometimes my sisters were deputed to do a lesson with him. My elder sister Nelly had a motherly instinct, and enjoyed a small responsibility. She would explain a rule of arithmetic to Hugh. He would assume an expression of despair: 'I don't understand a word of it—you go so quick.' Then it would be explained again: 'Now do you understand?' 'Of course I understand *that*.' 'Very well, do a sum.' The sum would begin: 'Oh, don't push me—don't come so near—I don't like having my face blown on.' Presently my sister with angelic patience would show him a mistake. 'Oh, don't interfere—you make it all mixed up in my head.' Then he would be let alone for a little. Then he would put the slate down with an expression of despair and resignation; if my sister took no notice he would say: 'I thought mamma told you to help me in my sums? How can I understand without having it explained to me?' It was impossible to get the last word; indeed he used to give my sister Maggie, when she taught him, what he called 'Temper-tickets,' at the end of the lesson; and on one occasion, when he was to repeat a Sunday collect to her, he was at last reported to my mother, as being wholly intractable. This was deeply resented; and after my sister had gone to bed, a small piece of paper was pushed in beneath her door, on which he had written: 'The most unhappiest Sunday I ever spent in my life. Whose fault?' " An Anglican bishop's house is luxurious. In a family like the Bensons we expect exquisite æsthetic sensibilities as well as extraordinary mental development. Though not professedly an artist, Hugh's artistic enthusiasm found satisfaction in the music and ceremony of the stately cathedral ritual at Saint Paul's, so that he once wrote: "Music is to me the great reservoir of emotion from which flow out streams of salvation." To the Bensons ritual is a fascinating province of art, and all art is an attempt to express a sense of the overwhelming power of beauty. Beauty seems to be one of the inherent qualities of the Unknown, an essential element in the Divine Mind. The artist is conscious of an amazing and adorable quality in things, which affects him passionately, and to the saint holiness itself is a passionate perception of moral beauty, an attraction to virtue and purity and nobleness, and an aversion to sin, disorder, disobedience, selfishness, and meanness. The danger of devotion to ritual lies in a tendency to substitute a taste for and enjoyment of beauty in place of personal religion, devotion to righteous, unselfish, and useful living and zeal in saving men by spreading a knowledge of the truth and of real godliness among them. The service rendered by liturgy is through its

recalling to our minds momentous facts, as for example the ceremonies of Holy Week recall and represent such facts as the Sufferings and Atonement of Christ, the sins of men, the Resurrection and eternal Sovereignty of Christ. Arthur tells some stories of Hugh's sermon adventures. He was to preach a Harvest Festival sermon near Kemsing, in the days when he used a manuscript; he found on arriving at the church that he had left it behind him, and so he remained in the vestry during the opening service, writing out notes on the inside of envelopes torn open. The service proceeded with a shocking rapidity, and when he got to the pulpit, spread out his envelopes, and addressed himself to the consideration of the blessings of the Harvest, he found on reaching the end of his notes that he had only consumed about four minutes. He went through the whole again, slightly varying the phraseology, and yet again repeated the performance; only to find, on putting on his coat, that the manuscript was in his pocket all the time. Hugh used to say that the most nervous experience in the world was to go into a street or market-place of a town where he was to hold a Mission with open-air sermons, and there, without accompaniment, and with such scanty adherents as he could muster, strike up a hymn. Bystanders would shrug their shoulders and go away smiling. Windows would be opened, figures would lean out, and presently withdraw again, slamming the casement. He was always extremely nervous before an extempore sermon. When he was about to preach he would lie on a sofa or sit in a chair, in agonies of nervousness, with actual attacks of nausea, and even sickness at times, until it was time to enter the pulpit, feeling that he could not possibly get through. This left him after speaking a few words: but he also maintained that on the rare occasions when he felt quite confident and free from nervousness, the result was a failure: he said that a real anxiety as to the effect of the sermon was a necessary stimulus, and evoked a mental power which confidence was apt to leave dormant. It is clear that Hugh Benson was more æsthetic than evangelical. His brother says: "He had little of the pastoral spirit. I do not think that he yearned over unshepherded souls, or desired primarily to seek and save the lost." Being a real Benson, Hugh wrote a number of books, from which he derived some income. He left the Anglican for the Roman Church and became a priest. He died in 1914 of pneumonia at the age of forty-two. The last words of this priest of the church which claims Peter as its head were, "I commit my soul to God, to Mary, and to Joseph" —no mention or recognition whatever of our Saviour and Lord, whom Peter called "the Christ, the son of the Living God"! What would Hugh's father say to that?

The Journal of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M. Enlarged from Original MSS., with Notes from Unpublished Diaries, Annotations, Maps, and Illustrations. Edited by NEHEMIAH CURNOCK, assisted by experts. Standard edition, Vol. VI. London: J. Alfred Sharp. New York: The Methodist Book Concern, 1915. Pp. VI, 526, 22 ills. $3.00.

ONCE more Dr. Curnock, assisted by those indefatigable investigators who have poured their wealth into the volumes of the Wesley Historical

Society, has given us a noble volume of the celebrated Journal. One hardly knows which to admire most, the labor of Wesley, of which the Journal is a record, or the labors of Curnock and of others, of which this edition is a record. Fortunately for this volume the shorthand Diary becomes available, and it is printed in full at the foot of the page under the Journal date according to Curnock's decipherment. As remarked before it is brevity itself—so brief that it helps to reconcile us to the loss of the parts not yet recovered. Almost at random we give the reader a selection, so that he may see the difference between Diary and Journal (June 19, 1784):

DIARY

Saturday 19 4 Prayed, 1 Tim 6. 20, sermon; 8 tea, conversed, prayer, sermon, prayer; 10 chaise, the Bay [Robin Hood's]; 11.30 sermon, 12 Heb ii. 3, chaise, Scarbor [ough], tea, conversed, prayed; 6 Psa cxliv. 15! society, supper, conversed, prayer, on business; 9.45

JOURNAL

Sat. 19 I met such a select society as I have not seen since I left London. They were about forty, of whom I did not find one who had not a clear witness of being saved from inbred sin. Several of them had lost it for a season, but could never rest till they had recovered it. And every one of them seemed now to walk in the full light of God's countenance.

The parts in brackets are added by Curnock. "4" means he rose at four, his usual hour. Texts of Scripture mean that he preached on those texts. "Society" means he met the Methodist society. Between 6 P. M. and 9.45 P. M. he preached, met the society for counsel, address, canvass of their spiritual state, etc., had supper, conversed, had prayer, and transacted business. At 9.45 he went to bed—a very exceptional delay, because as a rule he went to bed on the minute at 9.30. The marvelous precision with which he organized his own life, like everything, is especially apparent in the Diaries. Like a railroad, everything is run on schedule time. He no more thought of omitting to rise at four and preach at five than the modern man does of omitting his breakfast (Wesley frequently fasted and asked his societies to fast). Toward the close of this volume (last entry July 15 [Diary, July 17], 1784) we find the societies dropping the five o'clock A. M. preaching service, and it grieves Wesley much. He thinks its omission is the death knell of Methodism. We must remember that artificial lights were scarce in those days, the twilight long in Northern Europe, and that people usually went to bed with the falling of night. To attend service at five, therefore, was not at all the hardship then that it is now. "As soon as I set foot in Georgia," says Wesley (p. 492), "I began preaching at five in the morning, and every communicant, that is, every serious person in the town, constantly attended throughout the year; I mean, came every morning, winter and summer, unless in the case of sickness. They did so till I left the province. In the year 1738, when God began his great work in

England, I began preaching at the same hour, winter and summer, and never wanted a congregation. If they will not attend now [1784] they have lost their zeal, and then, it cannot be denied, they are a fallen people." This was a sore point with Wesley, and he goes on to enforce it with burning emphasis. Besides, Wesley's religious services, like all his work, were short, sharp, and to the point. His sermons and prayers were brief, and the whole service was over in a few minutes. But his preachers did not have his liking for brevity, and we imagine the accomplished editor is correct when he says (note, p. 493) that "probably long prayers, long hymns, and long prosy sermons more than anything else destroyed the early morning services of the Methodists in the last years of the eighteenth century." In a printed order of service in a certain church of which a Methodist clergyman is pastor we notice that all prayer is eliminated except the invocation and Lord's prayer. Is that the work of the pastor in saving himself the burden of the main prayer, or of the laymen as a reaction from the too long prayers of their ministers? Dr. Jowett's church provides for three prayers. The so-called "long" prayer should never exceed five minutes, at the most, but when prepared for by the pastor it ought to be the most helpful part of the service. Editor Curnock remarks: "It should be remembered that in dividing the day, beginning at five in the morning, Wesley followed the original appointment of the early church, which prescribed matins, lauds, vespers, and compline." He uses the word "early" as equivalent to ancient. The first three centuries had no special hours of prayer, except as some of the first Christians followed the Jewish third, sixth, and ninth hour. In the fourth, and especially in the fifth, century we begin to read of what came to be called in the sixth century the canonical hours, referred to by Curnock. These were specified hours of prayer for monks. It is well known that Wesley was not only a student of Church History, but an ardent admirer of some institutions in ancient Christianity, and the editor is right in ascribing a strong influence to this study. If he had had a more thorough knowledge of apostolic Christianity and of the Catholic evolution in the second, third, and following centuries, his life might not have presented that strange contrast between an evangelical theology and occasional High Church or Catholic views and practices. Again we find the frankness of Wesley in describing his congregations, frankness all the more striking when we know that each section of the Journal was published three or four years after the time of which it tells. We often read such entries as this: "I preached at noon [in this case at Cheltenham] to half a houseful of hearers most of them cold and dead enough." In fact the English of that age were exceedingly plain spoken, and Wesley—with all his inborn courtesy—not less. This his sermons show. But in personal intercourse he was the soul of politeness, and even his casual rebukes of swearing and other public sins were done with inimitable tact and suavity. See the incident quoted on p. 511, note 1. For a man who took religion so seriously as Wesley, his perennial cheerfulness was a marvel, and this in spite of persecutions from many

quarters. This amazing elasticity and healthfulness of body and spirit, as shown in his imperturbable good nature and ἀγαλλίασις (the word used to describe the exulting happiness of the first Christians in their eucharistic meals, Acts 2. 46—is "hilarity" a good translation?—recall the line in the hymn: "The shout of them that feast")—this cheerfulness was almost a stumbling block to some of his followers. Our accomplished editor tells the story, in a note on pp. 9-10, of an answer made to Wesley by the saintly and scholarly and too early sainted Thomas Walsh, who was once asked by Wesley (probably not by way of rebuke as much as of curiosity) why he was not as "serious as Sister Aspernell." "The reason is not," replied this brilliant student and preacher, who burned out his life so quickly, "because I do not bear so high a character, but because I am not so high in the grace of God. There is no moment, in which I am not serious and circumspect, but I am condemned by my conscience, or reproved by the Spirit of God. There are three or four persons that alarm and entice my natural propensity to levity. You, sir, are one, by your witty proverbs." We call attention again to the tremendous emphasis placed by Wesley on sanctification and perfect love, to which there are about twenty-five references in this volume alone. With him it was the "article of a standing or falling" Methodism. The whole volume, text, and notes, is a treasure house of riches, a literary counterpart to Isaiah 25. 6.

John Huss—His Life, Teachings and Death—After Five Hundred Years. By David S. Schaff, D.D., Professor of Church History, The Western Theological Seminary. 8vo, pp. xv+349. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $2.50 net.

This is a year of several noteworthy celebrations. The signing of the Magna Charta on June 15, 1215; the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo, June 18, 1815, which Victor Hugo described as the change of front of the universe; the six hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Dante, rightly known as the greatest of Christian poets outside of the New Testament—these events furnish solid food for thought to the student of human progress during the centuries. There is, however, yet another outstanding event which is deservedly celebrated during this year. It is the martyrdom of John Huss, who was burned at the stake July 6, 1415, for maintaining his convictions concerning the rights of the individual conscience, the authority of the Holy Scriptures, and the spiritual independence of the church. His renowned ministry has been fittingly commemorated by the University of Prague in a testimony dated May 23, 1416, which deserves to be here quoted because it is a striking portrait of a Christian minister: "O matchless man shining above all by the example of splendid sanctity. O humble man flashing with the ray of great piety, who contemned riches and ministered to the poor even to the opening out of his bosom—who did not refuse to bend his knee at the beds of the sick—who brought with tears the hardened to repentance, and composed and softened untamed minds by his unspeakable sweetness—who burned against the vices of all men and especially the rich and

proud clergy, basing his appeals upon the old and forgotten remedies of the Scriptures as by a new and unheard-of motive, conceived in great love, and who, following in the steps of the Apostles, by his pastoral care revived in clergy and people the righteous living of the early church—who by braveness and wisdom in utterance excelled the rest, showing in all things the works of love, pure faith and undeviating truth . . . that in all things he might be a Master of life without compare." It is interesting to know that the memory of Huss is to be revived by his countrymen. They are to erect a monument to his honor in Prague, near the spot where twenty-seven distinguished Protestants were executed after the fatal battle at the White Mountain, 1620. This volume by Professor Schaff is a thoroughly reliable and scholarly study of all the relevant matters pertaining to the checkered career of Huss, who was burned but not vanquished. He exercised a distinct influence on the Protestant Reformation, as is seen in the frequent acknowledgment made by Luther of indebtedness to him. He was far in advance of his own times in his conception of the church, which is "the number of all the elect and the mystical body of Christ, whom of his great love he redeemed with his own blood." The word "elect" need not necessarily be interpreted in any Calvinistic sense. The age in which Huss lived witnessed the tragic papal schism, 1378-1417, so that during this period, three rival popes at Rome, Avignon, and Pisa were engaged in the unwholesome work of issuing fulminations against each other. It is one of the ironies of history that the Council of Constance, which was convened to correct the papal abuses of the church, should be best remembered as having condemned John Huss to be burned. Dr. Schaff makes a careful examination of all the circumstances of this period and he enables us to understand the course of events which were transpiring throughout Europe. The absolute papacy, the sacramental church and the inquisition were the three mighty constructions of mediæval thought. They were challenged and openly assailed by five different groups of thinkers. The first was the group of pamphleteers, whose most eminent representative was Dante; then there were the German mystics, whose notable contribution was a remarkable volume entitled The German Theology. The Humanists composed the third group; the ecclesiastical and disciplinary reformers whose celebrated discussions centered in the university of Paris were the fourth group; while the dogmatic innovators who insisted on personal piety constituted the fifth group. Among these last were Wycliffe, Huss, and Savonarola, who are truly recognized as the forerunners of the Protestant Reformation. The qualities of eloquence, moral elevation, and personal magnetism which characterized the preaching of Huss and the tact with which he got at the very heart of subjects under discussion; his indebtedness to Wycliffe, the fearless professor of Oxford University and herald of the new day of spiritual freedom; Huss's work as a national leader, in which capacity he exposed the corrupt practices of the clergy and publicly rebuked their vices and their failure to serve the people—all these subjects are discussed with clearness in as many

chapters. The series of controversies with Archbishop Zbynek and Pope John XXIII, the withdrawal from Prague and his exile at Kozihradek, during which time Huss prepared several of his writings, including his important treatise on the Church, are also comprehensively considered. There is a long chapter on "Huss Before the Council of Constance"; here Professor Schaff is eminently impartial in his treatment of all the parties concerned in that historic gathering. In illustration of his judicious character as a historian, the following sentences are given: "The council does not deserve unmixed blame. It was the creature of its age and its predecessors, and the same palliation can be made of its action as is made for John Calvin in Geneva. Its misfortune was that it represented the system which had exalted an organization at the expense of the authority of the Scriptures and individual rights of conscience." This Council, which condemned Huss to the stake, July 6, 1415, meted out the same treatment to his friend and disciple, Jerome of Prague, May 30, 1416, and then proceeded to depose the three rival popes, Gregory XII of Rome, Benedict XIII of Avignon, and John XXIII of Pisa, and to elect Martin V, who was acknowledged by all Western Christendom. There is a luminous chapter on "Huss's Place in History" in which the conspicuous services of this martyr are adequately appraised. It is the ablest book on the subject and deserves the careful study of all interested in the history of religious thought. Mention should also be made of a smaller volume on John Huss: The Witness, by Professor Oscar Kuhns, which is published by The Abingdon Press for the small price of fifty cents. It is very well worth reading, and within the compass of 174 pages the author has packed a great deal of valuable information. The name of Huss continues fragrant after five hundred years and he will ever remain among the seers and teachers of the church. Huss's treatise on "The Church" is of value for many reasons: It is one of the great books written with the heart blood of a man who was expressing his deepest convictions, for which he was sentenced to death. This is his *Apologia pro sua vita.* The conclusions which he reached on the spiritual conception of the church and the right of individual judgment were based upon the Scriptures whose authority was supreme and final to him. It is interesting to know that Huss quotes the New Testament at least 347 times and the Old Testament 72 times. Many of his expositions show traces of the influence of Augustine, and while parts of this treatise are tinged by the fallacies of scholasticism, we are also charmed by the way in which he gives Christ the central place. There is an absence of the acrimony and severity which Wycliffe frequently showed. The persuasiveness of the advocate is all the more surprising when we consider that this was a controversial writing in which the corruptions and superstitions of the papacy and the priests are fearlessly exposed with convincing insight and understanding. This book, which influenced Zwingli in his reforms at Zurich and to which Luther acknowledged his indebtedness, must be placed beside The City of God, by Augustine, and The Christian Ecclesia, by Hart. Professor Schaff has rendered a great service by

his translation of this treatise with Notes and Introduction. It thus supplements his authoritative life of the pioneer martyr and preacher of a full Christianity.

The Making of a Nation. The Beginnings of Israel's History. By CHARLES FOSTER KENT and JEREMIAH WHIPPLE JENKS. 12mo, pp. x, 101. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, net, 75 cents.

The Testing of a Nation's Ideals. Israel's History from the Settlement to the Assyrian Period. By CHARLES FOSTER KENT, Ph.D., Litt.D., Woolsey Professor of Biblical Literature in Yale University; and JEREMIAH WHIPPLE JENKS, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Government and Director of the Division of Public Affairs in New York University. 12mo, pp. vii, 149. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, net, 75 cents.

THIS is one of the best series of text books for college students and adult Bible classes. They will also be found of value to the preacher who is planning a course of sermons on the message of the Bible to modern life. The charge has been frequently made that the Bible has been studied, apart from life, in a purely academic spirit. Thanks to the rediscovery of the Bible by consecrated scholars, this charge will soon cease to be made. We are learning that "most of the problems which Israel met and solved are similar to those which to-day are commanding the absorbing attention of every patriotic citizen, and that of all existing books the Old Testament makes the greatest contributions to the political and social, as well as to the religious thought of the world. National expansion, taxation, centralization of authority, civic responsibility, the relation of religion to politics and to public morality were as vital and insistent problems in ancient Israel as they are in any live, progressive nation to-day. The gradual discovery of this fact explains why here and there throughout the world the leaders in modern thought and progress are studying the Bible with new delight and enthusiasm, not only because of its intrinsic beauty and interest, but because in it they find, stated in clearest form, the principles which elucidate the intricate problems of modern life." The topics considered in the first volume indicate the character of these twelve studies, which cover the period from the creation to the settlement in Canaan: "Man's Place in the World," "Man's Responsibility for His Acts," "The Criminal and his Relation to Society," "The Survival of the Fittest," "The Pioneer's Influence upon a Nation's Ideal," "The Power of Ambition," "A Successful Man of Affairs," "The Training of a Statesman," "The Origin and Growth of Law," "The Foundations of Good Citizenship," "The Early Training of a Race," and "A Nation's Struggle for a Home and Freedom." The treatment of the subjects is in the style of the seminar where suggestions are thrown out and discussion invited as though the class were a conference for the exchange and elucidation of thought, which, indeed, it ought to be. The second volume continues the study from the establishment of the Hebrew commonwealth under Saul to the close of Ahab's reign.

METHODIST REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1915

RESTORE OUR EPISCOPACY

(Second Article)

When my greatly esteemed friend of many years wrote me that he felt constrained to answer my article in the March-April Review upon our episcopacy, I hailed his purpose with great satisfaction, for I felt that if any man in our church could defend successfully the changes in our episcopacy it was Dr. Buckley, and if these radical changes could be shown to be wise and best for our church I would accept them and acknowledge my mistaken opinions. I wanted facts that I did not have and logic that I could not answer and philosophy sound and convincing that I had overlooked.

Far oftener than otherwise I have found Dr. Buckley's contentions conclusive, although in three great cases he has failed to convince me, and in two of them he did not convince the church.

I read his article with unusual interest. I was not disappointed in the remarkable force of his statement, the art of his arrangement, the directness and clearness of his rhetoric, the characteristic assembling of his favorite historic data, the old-time tricks of his *ad hominem* and witty *ad captandum*. But I was not convinced. His historic facts were too common and elementary to have been overlooked and they helped my contention more than his. His logic was at more than one point, as I will show, inconclusive, and his philosophy, contradicted by the records of old age, would be very unfortunate to apply to men of increasing years.

Dr. Buckley's Facts

He claims that I err in saying that our "old-time episcopacy" is essentially gone. Will he contend that we have an episcopacy which is not permitted to resign and from which men are not retired except in extreme age and infirmity; that we have an

episcopacy that travels at large throughout the whole connection and that is not limited by local districting? Will he say that we have an episcopacy that chooses its residences according to its own judgment? If we have not such an episcopacy, have we the "old-time" episcopacy, and was it a "startling cry" to state that we have not?

I did not say that all the changes were unwise. I simply said that we have done away with the episcopacy of our fathers—the authority, the scope, the privilege, the power and dignity of the earliest days.

We have an episcopacy elected by a two-thirds vote of the General Conference, which has its residence read off to it, which is districted in its official work, and which cannot serve beyond the nearest General Conference to the seventy-third birthday; which is not permitted the privilege of a retiring superannuate but is discussed behind closed doors, where unfriendly and unfair things are often stated in the absence of the Bishops, where they are voted out by a majority, with an appeal by the committee to the General Conference to accept the verdict as it would be embarrassing to the condemned Bishop to have his case opened in public!

Will Dr. Buckley say that this is the episcopate he first knew?

Dr. Buckley gives the impression that the Bishops recently retired accepted their fate cheerfully. He is greatly mistaken. Has he forgotten the speech of Randolph S. Foster when, waving him aside, he challenged the power of the General Conference to take away his Bishopric? I was present. Who will forget the beads of sweat on Bishop Foss's brow and his pitiful appeal to have his case "reviewed once more"?

Many of us remember Bishop Mallalieu's protest, repeated in his strength years after he was retired. It has been far from a happy family affair. It has been an agony in most cases, an ordeal which no other class of ministers in our church is called to face.

Dr. Buckley charges me with using exaggerated sentences when I say that our Bishops have been attacked at General Conference where they sat upon the platform, not permitted to speak for themselves. He says that I do not give "any specimen of the grievances." As my friend was one of the chief offenders I refrained!

Has he forgotten Chicago? Among other things the Bishops were charged openly before the "enemies of the Methodist Episcopal Church" with having lectured for money. Dr. Buckley was one of the most earnest speakers against them. When I told him at the Victoria Hotel at the close of the session that I regretted that I could not get the floor to answer him, he asked me to tell him what I would have said. I counted off four points on my fingers. He replied: "If you had stated those points with your usual clearness and force, you would have carried the General Conference against me." I answered: "You ought to have had it carried against you. Those speeches were disgraceful." I could give other "specimens."

Dr. Buckley takes issue with my comparison of the retirement of a Bishop with that of an elder. He then proceeds to prove exactly what I contended. The Conference requests a member to locate. No Conference can locate him without his consent except by "formal trial and conviction."

Dr. Buckley thinks I reflect upon the "whole number that have been retired" by saying "with one possible exception." As that exception refers to a condition of old age and infirmity which did not permit of work, and had no other reference, I cannot see how it casts a shadow on anybody.

Dr. Buckley makes another mistake of fact in making me compare the former Bishops with later Bishops in the remark "old-time Bishops." The whole paragraph, as any one ought to see, was a reference to "old men at work," and the "old-time Bishop" was a Bishop of the time when Bishops were not cut off from their work in the youth of old age. There was no other comparison made. There is not a line in my reference to "old-time Bishops" which conflicts with the quotation made from my article in 1912. I now say that the election of Bishops in 1912 will compare favorably with any election in the history of the church, if you compare the men at the point of election.

The doctor's statement that I referred to "these men and their advocates as tearing the episcopacy to pieces" is wrong. The men I referred to were not elected! The men I was discussing were men who "take themselves seriously for the episcopacy," and

I never have heard of such men advocating or championing anybody else for the episcopacy!

Dr. Buckley's Logic

My revered friend cites the historic facts of the earlier Bishops to prove that there should be an arbitrary point of seventy-one for retirement of our Bishops!

Asbury requested to be retired in 1800, but by act of the General Conference was kept in the saddle twelve years after he asked to retire, and did grand service! Therefore we should retire our Bishops at seventy or seventy-one with the vigor of Andrews and Warren and Neely. Think of retiring Andrews at seventy-one. The church would have lost his greatest decade. Think of retiring Warren at seventy-one. What of his last ten years?

The General Conference refused to retire any Bishop, from Asbury to Morris inclusive, without his request or the request of his colleagues. Therefore we should retire Bishops at seventy-one. Bishop Scott's case was so conspicuous in age and feebleness as to be an exception.

Bishop Roberts, according to Dr. Buckley, was not permitted to resign because he was one of the fathers of Methodism and *"was able to do some work"!* Therefore retire Hamilton and Cranston at seventy-one, work or no work. They were never more vigorous nor acceptable than they are now.

One of the examples of Dr. Buckley's logic is his clincher in which he rejoices in double quotation marks! Annihilating my contention with that 42 gun which we have seen him so often bring into action, and in the smoke and noise of which he used to retire in triumph from before the audience, he cites an article in which I praised the act of retirement of Bishops which I now condemn. Of course any one knows that there is no argument in such a statement unless there has been a claim that the contestant never believed the opposite of what he now contends. That I have nowhere claimed. And it was so recently that I wrote the article to The Advocate that it was not necessary for me to refer to it. My position is precisely that of prominent men who have written me saying that, although they voted for the measure,

they would not do it again if the case were submitted. Is a man not permitted to change his mind? Has Dr. Buckley never done so? Is no new light permitted to shine? That homely philosopher of ours, "Josh Billings," once said: "The difference between a fool and a wise man is that a wise man changes his mind sometimes!"

We were ready to escape from the crude and illegal way we were doing, but some of us believe now that we made a mistake. There was a better way.

Dr. Buckley's Philosophy

He brings to his aid Bacon and Sir Thomas S. Coulson for his contention that a man cannot be as mentally vigorous at seventy as in middle life! He certainly has not forgotten the large per cent of the great in old age, in statesmanship, in art, in literature, in the church. The Review could be filled with examples and illustrations of the grandeur of the achievement of men fifteen or twenty years beyond the time we arbitrarily lift the hammer in the clock of old age.

It would only lumber the page to give names of scores who will recur to any reader of the Review. There are pursuits in life where men are not permitted to retire when they want to hand the burden over to others, as Asbury and Roberts were not, and they go on for years doing their greatest work.

It is an unfortunate philosophy that condemns men to retirement at seventy plus because some scientist thinks he has discovered that science has demonstrated that the old man "has fewer brain cells, less muscular coordination, and less delicacy of sense of perception." It depends upon the man and the age and the aids and stimuli in which the man lives. "The virtues of old age" will correct many of its defects is the doctrine of Bacon. The teaching quoted by Dr. Buckley is not a good doctrine to preach. Men will grow old fast enough if you do not chalk down their years and toll off their birthdays. They will feel the burden soon enough if you do not set an arbitrary limit to their efficiency. Even the Bible limit that was once true has been moved up and has become a matter of statistical demonstration by improved physical conditions. Insurance companies recognize it. What was true

of the Psalmist's time is not true now. We have overcome much of the labor and sorrow beyond three score and ten. There was a man who had not the faith of Dr. Buckley in a risen Lord and Saviour to help him, who preached a better philosophy of old age than my friend does, Cicero in De Senectute: "The old retain their own abilities if they but retain their study and industry. . . . Sophocles wrote tragedy to the very end. Of whom they say that [when his sons would take from him control of his affairs as being in his dotage] the old man then repeated before the court that play on which he was at work, the Œdipus at Colonus, and then asked the judges if they thought this could be the work of dotage, and received full acquittal. . . . Did old age compel him to become silent in his studies? Or Homer? Or Hesiod? . . . Or the princes of philosophy, Pythagoras, or Plato, or Zeno, or Cloanthus? In them all was not the pursuit of studies coeval with life? . . . And now, passing by the inspired studies, I might name you Roman peasants from out the Sabine country, my neighbors and familiar friends, in whose absence scarce anything of importance is done, not in the sowing, not in the gathering, not in the garnering of fruits. . . . And the same spend toil in things they know they may not share. He is planting trees that may benefit a coming generation, as says our Statius in his Young Comrades. Nor does the farmer doubt though he be old to answer him who asks for whom he sows: Unto the immortal gods I sow, who willed that I should not only receive from the fathers but should hand this on to those hereafter.

"But you see that age, far from being languid and sluggish, is laborious and always doing and achieving something—something of course congenial to the ruling passion of the life."

This seems to me a more wholesome philosophy than that of Sir Thomas S. Coulson counting old men's brain cells. There is more of our faith and hope in it. Brain cells are not all of a man.

But Cicero goes on in De Senectute and sums up his conclusions: "With more aged men life would itself be better and more wise. . . . For there is intelligence and reason and wisdom in the old. Had there been none of these there scarcely could have been commonwealths."

Dr. Buckley has not forgotten Longfellow's Morituri Salutamus:

> Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
> Wrote his grand Œdipus, and Simonides
> Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
> When each had numbered more than fourscore years;
> And Theophrastus at fourscore and ten
> Had but begun his "Characters of Men."
> Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingales,
> At sixty wrote the Canterbury Tales.
> Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
> Completed Faust when eighty years were past.

Nor has Dr. Buckley forgotten Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra:

> Grow old along with me,
> The best is yet to be,
> The last of life, for which the first was made.

Perhaps Dr. Buckley will say: But these are the exceptions that but prove the rule. He will permit me to call his attention to Emerson in Society and Solitude: "The cynical creed or lampoon of the market is refuted by the universal prayer for long life which is the verdict of nature and justified by all history. We have, it is true, examples of an accelerated pace by which young men achieved grand works, as in Macedonian Alexander, Raphael, Shakespeare, Pascal, Burns, and Byron, but these are rare exceptions. Nature in the main vindicates her law. Skill to-day comes of doing, knowledge comes by eyes always open, and working hands; and there is no knowledge that is not power."

Beranger said: "Almost all good workmen live long." And if the life be true and noble, we have quite another sort of seniors than the frowsy, timorous, peevish dotards who are falsely old—namely, the men who fear no city but by whom cities stand; who appearing in any street the people empty their houses to gaze at and obey them. As at my Cid, with the fleecy beard, in Toledo; or Bruce as Barbour reports him; as blind old Dandolo elected Doge at eighty-four years, storming Constantinople at ninety-four, and after the revolt again victorious and elected at the age of ninety-six to the throne of the Eastern Empire which he declined, and died Doge at ninety-seven.

We still feel the force of Socrates whom, well advised, the oracles pronounced wisest of men; of Archimedes holding Syracuse against the Romans by his wit, and himself better than all their nation; of Michael Angelo wearing the four crowns of architecture, sculpture, painting, and poetry; of Galileo, of whose blindness Castelli said: "The noblest eye is darkened that nature ever made —an eye that hath seen more than all that went before him, and that opened the eyes of all that shall come after him"; of Newton, who made an important discovery for every one of his eighty-five years; of Bacon, who took all knowledge to be his province; of Fontenelle, "that precious porcelain vase laid up in the center of France for a hundred years"; of Franklin, Jefferson, and Adams, the wise and heroic statesmen; of Washington, the perfect citizen; of Wellington, the perfect soldier; of Goethe, the all-knowing poet; of Humboldt, "the encyclopedia of science." And to Emerson's list could be added a volume: Verdi composing the Ave Maria and Te Deum at eighty-five, Holmes writing vigorously at seventy-nine, Bryant, Robert Browning, and scores of others. Tennyson gave us "Crossing the Bar" at eighty-five. Time would fail me to list the mighty old men who disprove Dr. Buckley's Coulson philosophy —a most wretched philosophy to preach to either young men or old men; a philosophy disproved by Dr. Buckley himself, who in his old age still shakes a lion's mane!

We may be pardoned a practical reflection or two. It is not a question of theory or precedent. We cannot predicate our conclusions upon what might happen to a strong man of seventy in a quadrennium.

We none of us have forgotten how, at a General Conference at which we carefully weeded out the infirm (?) and inefficient (?), the effective died and the retired lived on, picking up such work as they could find! Prescience is not given to us. We must take the facts as we find them. We have these men with us. We must use them as the good stewards of the church while they are useful. They have talents which have been increased in their office and by that office from five to ten. It is in this field of administrative work and as interpreters of our laws and usages that they are valuable beyond inexperienced men. The men we

elected at the last General Conference are worth to the church four times as much as they were when they entered upon their work. Every quadrennium adds to the stature of a Bishop if he keeps consecrated and faithful. The office carries a man far beyond the limits of men in the pastorate. It is not that they are always greater men, or would have been, but they have been increased in power and influence by the office we have put upon them and they should serve longer and with increasing efficiency. The office has not worn them. It has been an inspiration to them.

There is inspiration that is propelling and stimulating in the greatest office since the days of the apostles. Wesley found it so. And Asbury is our Wesley.

Think of our British brethren pulling Wesley off his horse as he neared his seventy-third birthday—or Asbury, or Buckley, or Warren, or Eaton, or Hamilton, or Cranston! We have an accountability to the Kingdom. We shall find ourselves often with something more valuable to keep than anything we are likely to elect. We are told that coal, corundum, and diamonds are of the same material. Young men burn with a fervid heat and fire the church. Middle-aged smooth the rough surfaces and polish minds and hearts with the force of example and the strength of disciplined minds. The old men are the diamonds that absorb the light which they carry into darkness, and before their brethren their countenances shine like the face of Moses on the Mount.

I call Dr. Buckley's attention to the changed conditions by which men can do their work with greater ease and endurance than those under which our fathers toiled.

Strange if Asbury and his colaborers could work on through malarial regions, on horseback, poorly sheltered and worse fed, into extreme old age, and our Bishops must "lose their balance in middle life" in parlor cars, palace hotels, and palatial residences of our laymen as they attend their Conferences and general committees and dedicate churches, etc.

Their labors are abundant if they do them, but the conditions are most helpful and congenial and they ought to work up to the limit of their age and powers, every man in his own order and not by an arbitrary rule applied to all men alike.

It is efficiency we want. It is not seemly nor just in these terrible times to pull any man out of harness whose shoulders are solidly in the collar and whose back is stout for the burden.

The old man, even if somewhat infirm physically, can do royal service with the facilities and helps of the present. He does not have to swim his horse across streams, nor ride him in pelting rains and drifting snows. He does not have to ride weary days and wretched nights through alkali deserts in stuffy stage coaches. He knows nothing of the discomforts of the "old-time Bishops" and he should expect and demand the right to fill up to the brim the measure of his powers.

It is folly to say that he is not denied the right of labor. He is taken out of his most valuable labors. He is notified that he is not to be trusted with himself or the Conference. He is turned out to nowhere and he must pick up work if he can. It is a most pitiable plight for a Bishop. Far more than for an editor, who can continue to write, or for ministers of lesser responsibilities like the superannuates, who naturally fall into their churches and have the fellowship of intimate brethren in their Conferences, and who do not retire until they feel that they cannot carry the burden longer, and who have asked to be retired.

My plea is for the Bishop whose strength is not abated and whose eye is not dim. He should not be retired at seventy, or just past seventy, if he has a reserve of usefulness to the church at large. I contend for his right to go on to the end of his powers. It is both his right and his duty.

We are poor statesmen, we are blind legislators, if we cannot provide for the use of these invaluable powers but must throw a deadline across the highway of living men. We are responsible to God for the waste of such talent. The church needs it.

We are influenced by a man's call when we take him into the church. That should be an element in taking him out of the active ministry into which we have placed him. If not conclusive and final, it should weigh in the balances. When men strong in body and mind declare that their call is upon them and demand the right to go on with their work, and there is no visible infirmity to dispute the claim, we contest our doctrine of the divine call if we

do not give it serious consideration. Has any one in the committee ever heard of the question being even raised? The subcommittee often determines the question before it reaches the committee. The whole question is prejudged often by a few men and in the committee is argued upon a previous understanding and agreement. I contend that this question should be put far up upon the most spiritual plane. It should be discussed in whatever committee considers it with the seriousness that attaches to a call to the ministry, and the Bishop should be brought into it with the spiritual convictions of his call unless we are to discard this spiritual element entirely in both election and retirement.

If we find a man unable to do his work the case is clear, and can be made clear to him; but if he is sound in mind and strong in body, however we may have objected to his election, we have no moral right to retire him upon a supposition that he will probably not last four years more. Such men have been known to outlive the men who prudently retired them!

I will be pardoned a word upon the districting the Bishops. Dr. Buckley confuses my thought with regard to retirement with what I contend as to districting the Bishops. Probably because I did not express myself with sufficient clearness.

There are things to be said for the plan we adopted at the last General Conference and no man could enjoy more fully the working of this plan than I in my two Bishops, the Bishop of my Conference in New York city and the Bishop of the University in Buffalo. But I believe that, while a Bishop should be given more responsibility in the Conference of his residence, he should be sent to the ends of the earth more often, taking with him the riches of our long-established faith and bringing back stories of those marvelous far lands. I was greatly impressed with this as I journeyed around the world a few years ago. The administration may be secured by the present plan but the effect upon the mighty cause at home would be incalculable. And the encouragement in those distant lands would be great. To travel through our own land, both carrying and bringing messages, with the broadening effect upon our general superintendents, was the prescient wisdom of our fathers which should not have been put

aside at the commercial appeal of our laymen and the economic theories of some of our ministers who inquired, "Why this waste?" A diocesan Bishop is not a general superintendent. Our work is not diocesan. "The world is my parish." And the Methodist Episcopal plan has been the only application of Mr. Wesley's parish plan and proclamation. We have not improved our episcopacy in any particular, except possibly by fixing the residences (and in this they are not consulted as much as the preachers are), since the first Bishop was elected.

To retire these men from their work while they are able to work is a responsibility which we cannot escape by pointing to the calendar. There is no comparison possible with the army or the judges of the higher courts. The first prerequisite of the army is physical strength for great endurance. Old men would impose a burden upon the army, although some great generals have been greatest in their old age. The highest judgeship in our land is a life tenure. And, remarkable to say, these justices do find out about their limitations and how to adjust them. They know when to retire without being told by Congress, and when the burden weighs too heavily their colleagues do what Dr. Buckley thinks is the impossible. They apportion their work accordingly. I met this summer Chief Justice White, who would have been retired long ago upon our plan. I was impressed with the earnestness with which he spoke of returning to his work. When the remark was made that he should not hurry back to Washington, that he had earned a full vacation, he replied, "But I must take my share and do my part." When the secular world is lengthening the years of a man's life, when efficiency is now come to be a science, it is a poor time for the Church of God to stop great and useful men who are efficient in the youth of their old age, upon the supposition that they may become inefficient before the body to which they are responsible shall meet again and fill their place with inexperienced men who will bring to the office no positive guarantee of life. We should keep our temporizing hands off from our glorious old men who are yet young.

James R. Day

THE NEW PHILOSOPHY AND THE RENAISSANCE OF SPIRIT

A good deal has lately been written about an alleged dearth of men of letters at the present time, and the suggestion has more than once been made that the rapid rise of science is largely responsible for a certain matter-of-fact mood and a prosaic habit of mind which are essentially unfriendly to the production of imaginative literature. And when one tries to recall the names of living writers whose genius compares with that of the great literary figures of even the last generation or two, Goethe and Schiller in Germany, Browning and Tennyson in England, Emerson and Poe in America, one cannot but feel that the observations referred to have some force.

That disillusionment is a genuine trait of the modern mind is undoubtedly true. One or two other considerations, however, must be kept in mind. One is that fame is usually acquired tardily. Temporary obscurity must be the normal lot of a creative mind in the very nature of the case, since the ideas and forms created must, just because they are original, first make their way in the world before they can reflect honor upon their source. Thus are genius and mediocrity often indistinguishable (a dangerous doctrine to promulgate) until time has told between them. And even time's judgment may to the end remain ambiguous and incompetent.

A second very interesting reason for the apparent dearth of creative talent is that this is due, not to the fact that there is no such talent, but that there is so much. In an earlier day, when the means of publishing were meager, only a few men engaged in literature, and the public notice which they received was proportionately general. With the increased facilities of printing, however, and the mental stimulus due thereto, a much greater number of men enter literature, with the result that it is becoming increasingly difficult to rise above the great mass of talented writers who are competitors for public favor.

The observations made of fine literature apply equally to other forms of spiritual endeavor, to fine art, invention, science, and philosophy. It is truly interesting and remarkable, therefore, when a man arises who, amid the enormous intellectual competition under which he works, and in his own time and generation, achieves the much-coveted distinction of greatness. It is the more remarkable when such a man arises in a branch of learning like philosophy, which is at present suffering wide-spread indifference, or even positive disaffection. Paulsen has somewhere divided all knowledge into two fundamental kinds, that which is capable of direct application to the practical problems of life, and that which gives an added insight into the nature of the universe in which we live. Granting such a division to be a valid one, philosophy and literature would doubtless fall under the second head. Their value is theoretical and sentimental, rather than utilitarian or practical. But this is evidently not an age fond of pure speculation or of useless forms of sentiment. Knowledge, to repeat a well-worn commonplace, has no value for itself; its only value lies in its practical uses, whatever may be meant by this all-embracing piece of ambiguity. Philosophy, particularly, falls under the general condemnation. Unable to bake bread, and bringing nothing in her hand but the modest offerings of God, freedom, and immortality, she has suffered a temporary eclipse, while the more hopeful members of the scientific fraternity are even ready to predict her eventual and ultimate extinction.

In spite of these obvious difficulties, three philosophers, at least, have lately achieved world-wide recognition, Eucken in Germany, James in America, and Bergson in France. It would be a most fascinating psychological study to analyze the type of mentality represented by these various writers with a view to finding the secret of their enormous popularity. Is this popularity only another illustration of crowd contagion? In a book like James's Pragmatism or Bergson's Creative Evolution, have we simply to do with a case similar to that of one of the "ten best sellers" which is read by multitudes, only because everybody is reading it?

Doubtless, crowd contagion plays its part in spreading the repu-

tation of a truly significant book as well as that of the latest novel whose cheapness is only surpassed by its hopeless inanity. The true explanation, however, must strike deeper. Philosophical ideas, like other things, survive only in an environment fairly friendly to their existence and support. It will therefore likely be found that all these writers appeal in one way or another to that indefinable but very real and solid thing the Germans call Zeitgeist, the intellectual atmosphere and tendencies of the time. The analysis of these writers should, therefore, turn out to be also an index of the intellectual temper and outlook of their generation. They are truly representative men, taking up into themselves and voicing the insights and feelings widely distributed throughout society, but too vague to find elsewhere clear expression.

It is interesting to note, in any case, that in an age which has seen the apotheosis of power Eucken's system has been called activism, James's pragmatism, and Bergson's activism and pragmatism in turn. Doubtless, all these systems are phases of what is broadly called voluntarism in modern psychology and philosophy, the view which proclaims will or activity as the bottom property of things, the pivotal reality of the universe. An examination of the writings of these philosophers will reveal other traits which are common to their generation. Let us notice these briefly.

One is the strong feeling of discontent with the intellectual achievements of the past. They show almost an antipathy to the stereotyped forms in which traditional thought has prevailingly been cast. They all alike attack the riddle of existence in a new way, or else seek to express old truth with freshness and sincerity.

Another trait common to these writers is their hearty sympathy with science, although they are ready enough to criticize science when it extends its jurisdiction beyond its legitimate domain. James and Bergson, indeed, began their academic careers as students of science, James in physiology and psychology, Bergson in mathematics. The admirable acquaintance of these writers with contemporary scientific literature of both the physical and the life sciences has done much to regain for philosophy the respect of students of science which it has not always enjoyed. Indeed, science has a good deal to learn from a man like James, who was

able to take facts as he found them, and to treat them in an impartial spirit, even if they belonged to departments of life which few men can enter without suffering disturbance of judgment. I have in mind, of course, James's classic studies of the phenomena of the religious consciousness, the results of which we have in his Varieties of Religious Experience, a model and a monument for every future scientific investigator in this field of study.

There is a third characteristic which is common to all these writers, and that is their effort to bring philosophy down from heaven to earth, to bring it into a living relation with the problems of our daily existence. "The great masters of English and French philosophy," Bergson has recently been quoted as saying, "have this in common, that philosophy is not a thing of schools only; that it takes its origin in life, and that if it passes through the schools it has to enter again into life." In conformity with this thought that philosophy must connect itself with the problems of real life, all these writers seek to give their thought an intelligible and even an attractive expression. English and French philosophy have another thing in common, according to Bergson: the striving for clearness. "If one reads a passage from Locke," he recently said, "of David Hume, of Berkeley, or of Mill, or a passage of Malebranche, or of Condillac, one arrives at the conclusion that there is no philosophy, however subtle, however profound, which cannot express itself in language which everyone can understand."

Bergson's gifts of philosophic exposition are, indeed, quite extraordinary, surpassed, among recent writers, only by those of James himself. It is not easy to speak with moderation of one loved and lately lost, but was there ever a style like James's, combining to an equal degree strength with simplicity, vigor with deftness of touch, copiousness of thought with economy of expression? It makes one thing of a vigorous tree from which every dry limb has been cut away. James' style has not the blinding brilliancy of Nietzsche's; it has become a perfect medium through which thought can pass with no perceptible loss from opacity or refraction. Not least of the services of William James to philosophy (especially American philosophy, which has not learned to speak its mother tongue) is the noble heritage of a really competent

philosophic style, represented in his Principles of Psychology, The Will to Believe, and Varieties of Religious Experience.

There is a fourth characteristic of the new philosophy which seems to be symptomatic of the new humanistic renaissance that has been such an unmistakable characteristic of the last decade or two. This is the new romanticism or idealism which it reflects. The philosophy of the last generation, deeply affected as it was by the results of physical science, tended strongly toward naturalism, which sought to extend conceptions whose employment had yielded such rich results in the study of nature—conceptions like force, mechanical causation, evolution through the survival of the fittest, etc.—to the universe as a whole, including the realms of life and mind. Life and mind were thus dislocated from the strategic place in the universe which they were once supposed to occupy. Man was a bird on the mountain, consciousness an ephemeral feature in the material universe, destined to disappear as soon as the physical conditions making it possible should no longer be realized. Cosmic purpose, the freedom of the will, immortality, and other historical doctrines of much ethical and sentimental interest, were so many fictions which had been rendered unworthy by the increase of knowledge.[1] The resulting mood was one of wide-spread disillusionment. The end of wisdom was to be content with a modest lot, and to face uncomplainingly the eventual extinction awaiting man and the race of men alike. Never has this mood been more eloquently voiced than by Bertrand Russell in his essay, The Freeman's Worship: "Brief and powerless is man's life; on him and all his race the slow, sure doom falls pitiless and dark. Blind to good and evil, reckless of destruction, omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way; for man, condemned to-day to lose his dearest, to-morrow himself to pass through the gate of darkness, it remains only to cherish, ere yet the blow falls, the lofty thoughts that ennoble his little day; disdaining the coward terrors of the slave of fate, to worship at the shrine that his own hands have built; undismayed by the empire of chance, to preserve a mind free from the wanton tyranny that rules his outward life; proudly

[1] For a further discussion of this see my recent book, The Problem of Religion, especially Chapters I, III and IV.

defiant of the irresistible forces which tolerate, for a moment, his knowledge and his condemnation, to sustain alone, a weary but unyielding Atlas, the world that his own ideals have fashioned despite the trampling march of unconscious power." Well, in Eucken, James, and Bergson, intrepid thinkers though they are, and willing to follow the truth wherever it leads, we see a notable revival of anthropomorphic, humanistic ways of thinking, in which man comes to his own again. Idealism, teleology, the creation of novelty in the world, ethical optimism, even immortality, again find a significant place in philosophy, thus affording a fresh illustration of a statement of William James written more than thirty years ago. "Nothing could be more absurd," wrote James, "than to hope for the definitive triumph of any philosophy which should refuse to legitimate, and to legitimate in an emphatic manner, the more powerful of our emotional and practical tendencies. Fatalism, whose solving word in all crises of behavior is 'All striving is vain,' will never reign supreme, for the impulse to take life strivingly is indestructible in the race." True, the idealism of our newest time cannot be the same idealism that we knew before science and naturalism had their say. The new idealism is a chastened idealism, with the cruder features of the older systems pretty thoroughly left out; teleology is not of the old watch-making type; optimism rests upon the possibility of the world's becoming perfect rather than already being so; creation is evolutional in its method, and immortality may be a hard-won conquest rather than a present gift. The ancient idol, it will be seen, is on its base again, but it wears a new aspect, and its base is wider and laid more deeply than before. It is the old idealism come to life again, like a root which sends new branches forth when the winter relaxes its grasp; it is the old idealism with new features; the old idealism without the old complacency; a critical, enlightened idealism; an idealism conscious of its strength, but conscious, too, of the vastness and the variety of its problems and of the difficulty of their solution.

Emil G. Hirsch

THE RIGHT TO THE AIR

I WAS present the other evening at a gathering of wise men. How I came to get in is no matter. And besides, I am not a real person. I am only one of the representative persons you read about.

The wise men were not only wise, they were enthusiastic—vociferously devoted to a variety of praiseworthy causes. There were men who were giving their lives to charities and who never really enjoyed a meal because of the thought that others might at the moment be hungry. There were conservationists who never were warm in real comfort because of the fear that coal might fail the generations of the future, and never were cool with peace of mind because they foresaw a possible failure of ice in their children's children's time. There were universal linguists and spelling reformers whose hearts were chronically swollen with sympathy for school children and college students yet unborn.

There were apostles of humanitarianism for the present as well as for the future. There were professorial sociologists who sympathized with the downtrodden—who were less downtrodden than themselves; there were professorial socialists who championed the cause of the poor—who were richer than themselves. There were promoters of pure food laws, and crusaders against patent medicines, and missionaries of the simple life. There were ministers. There were prohibitionists who were all for saving innocent mothers and children and sisters from their sons and husbands and fathers and brothers, and the sons, husbands, fathers, and brothers from each other and themselves and their neighbors. There were professional investigators, ready to find out under contract all the bad or all the good about any man or any thing, or all men and every thing, results guaranteed at twenty-five dollars a day, reduced rates by the year. There were advocates of the right to labor, of the right to keep others from labor, of the right to be amused, of the right to be educated, of the right to be healthy, of the right to be born, to be well born, to be born rich, to be born wise, of the right not to be born at all, of the right to write poetry.

And there were others of a more aggressive sort. There were deadly enemies of the smoke nuisance, who flew into a fury at the scent or the sight of bituminous coal. There were equally mortal enemies of noise. There were enemies of smells, with noses that from constant sniffing had acquired inquisitive sharpness and a pronounced tilt. There were enemies of dust, who thought of dust as a sort of Milky Way of atoms, each one of which was a densely populated planet of microbes all with merry, daredevil malignance cruising through space in the search for new worlds to overrun. This evening the pulverophobiacs were talking of star-dust and its possible contributions to intersolar, interstellar, and interplanetary infection. There were doctors and professors who thought in terms of bacilli, and scientific fathers whose households were daily sterilized according to the directions of the morning paper. There were men who never drank water not boiled, and men who never touched a doorknob barehanded or a floor barefooted. There were men who used paper handkerchiefs and never applied them more than once, who kept their friends at arms' length and to leeward for fear of the deadly spray, and who shook hands with mental reservation. There were advocates of athletics, of hygienics, calisthenics, eugenics, euthenics, and hysterics, of scientific management, and optimism, and progressivism, and fletcherism. There were bungalomaniacs.

To anyone who had at heart the general welfare of the universe it was an edifying and a reassuring sight. Somehow it reminded me of the Fourth International Congress on Home Education, held not long before, whose modest and shrinkingly advertised purpose was (the italics are going to be mine) "*to sum up and apply everything that is being developed with regard to any phase of the nature of childhood and youth and means and methods of education*"—and which, incomprehensible as it may seem, will meet again in only three years.

After a half hour of extemporaneous batting and fielding of ideas, during which I sat figuratively on the bleachers bewildered by the brilliant play, there was a dinner—of whose composition and quality no one really took note except the fletcherists and the scientific managers; and then, *conticuere omnes,* and the speeches

began. As you might expect, they were mostly uplift speeches. They were predominatingly on democracy, service, efficiency, and progress. It was a great age, an exceptional age, an age of service, an altruistic age, a marvelous age. No other age had ever declared itself so marvelous. The closest second had been that of one Pericles, an Athenian, who boasted that he and his fellows were leaving monuments that would make their community the wonder of its own and succeeding ages. But it was absurd to speak of ancient Athens in the same breath with the twentieth century. The Athenians never concerned themselves about reform and service, as was more or less clear from the fact that they said little about either, and were all for ideas and fine ways of expressing them; their age was not such a wonder as some people would have you believe. The present was an age of action, a practical age. All men were now equal before the law—or would be soon. Every man now had before him the open door of opportunity—or soon would have. No man should work too long or too hard or for too little pay. No man should lack time and means to cultivate body and mind and soul. Things were to be done more quickly, and more thoroughly, and with less waste—less waste in material, in energy, in time. The wonders of standardization and scientific management were to be wrought not only in mechanics, but in agriculture, in education, in hygiene, in art, and in religion. The inefficiency of lectures and sermons and music and the drama and literature had been the scandal of the ages, and it should come to an end. It was absurd to spend so much time and money and breath in the cultivation of an intellect or the saving of a soul.

By this time I smelled something. I smelled two things: I smelled smoke, and I smelled self-contradiction, and it would go hard to tell which was the more pungent. I endured as long as nature allowed, and then, at the risk of interrupting the streaming eloquence of the fresh-air enthusiast, got up and opened a window behind and above me. To be sure, this would dilute only one of the smells; but I hoped thus to revive, or at least to survive.

Everybody was smoking—everybody but myself, the only unenthusiastic person present—and smoking hard. The dinner was given by the local Fresh Air Fund Committee, and the

cigars were free. The windows had all been tightly closed, and the room was clouded. You couldn't see the Horrible Examples of Insufficient Oxygenation on the charts that hung about; you couldn't see your hand before your face, as the novelists always used to say of dark nights. The lamps were feeble in smoky halos; they were electric lamps, or they would surely have been asphyxiated. The nebulous ambient vibrated with the rhythm of the fresh-air toastmaster, hardly visible in a *sfumato* of Italian blue-gray, as he told of the polluted atmosphere our children breathed at school, and vehemently demanded immediate remodeling of last year's new ventilating system.

Everybody was smoking, I say. The minister who on Sunday mornings interrupted himself at divine service to yell for the ushers to open doors and windows during prayer—was smoking. The consistent man who never slept indoors and who never let his family do it, and who spent a small fortune in apparatus to keep him from freezing to death when on January nights of thirty below he was driven by fear of tainted air to face the dangers of catarrh, rheumatism, frozen cheeks, insomnia, pneumonia—was smoking. The professors in the school of medicine who had drawn up for the board of public affairs a report on the effects of tobacco—the embarrassing report in which they had recommended abstinence from every form of the weed on the part of the very young, and abstinence from the cigarette up to the age of twenty-five (the youngest professor was twenty-six)—were smoking. The doctors who inspected the public schools, and the slum worker who had been describing the horrors of opium—were smoking. The professor of Greek who preached the Golden Mean, the clergyman who preached the Golden Rule, the scientist who saw cosmic horror in every grain of dust and atom of spray, the editor of Health Hints in the syndicated insides, the throat specialist who was considering another climate for his catarrh, the health officer who was distracted with nervous heart and torpid liver, the initiator of the Good Cooking Movement who lamented that food didn't taste as it did in the olden time—all were smoking. They were smoking cigars, smoking cigarettes, smoking pipes saturated and reeking with the awful distillation one drop of which placed on the

tongue of a and-so-forth; smoking long and hard, fuming like so many dragons.

By and by a man near me got up and closed the window I had opened, saying briskly in the process: "You won't mind if I suffocate you, *will* you?"

No; of course I wouldn't. I never did mind suffocation. The room was once more hermetically sealed. Every man in his humor, I thought; I can't smoke *with* you, and I can't talk *like* you, but I *can* philosophize, and

I marle what pleasure or felicitie you haue in taking this rogish Tabacco: it's good for nothing but to choake a man, and fill him full of smoake, and imbers: there were foure died out of one house last weeke with taking of it, and two more the bell went for yester-night, one of them (they say) will ne're scape it, he voyded a bushell of soote yester-day, vpward and downeward. By the stockes, and there were no wiser men then I, I'ld haue it present death, man or woman, that should but deale with a Tabacco pipe; why, it will stifle them all in th' end as many as vse it; it's little better than rats bane.

The uplift speeches went on—or at least so I gathered from what I heard. I could no longer see. I was not among those invited to speak; I had no uplifting enthusiasm. I am only one of the kind of citizen who is so busy attending to his own duties that he has little time to spend in watching to see if his neighbor is attending to his. I might have said a few special words in amplification of the fresh-air enthusiast's speech, but I could see that everyone, including the speaker himself, was convinced that he had covered the subject. But if I had been on the program, and if my words had been as outspoken as the smoke was thick and the talk was thin, they might have been something like this:

"Gentlemen, for the love of a truth-loving God, let us change the subject! Let's talk about taxes, or politics, or death and our immortal souls. Let's talk a little less about efficiency, and a little more about consistency. You have a great deal to say of waste and the high cost of living, and you complain of taxes; yet you give up to tobacco one sixth of the country's vegetable-raising area, and spend annually on your habit a billion two hundred million dollars, enough to support the government twice over and pay the

interest on the public debt, enough to support three times over the public school system, enough to provide every man and woman in the world with a first-class atomizer, every boy and girl with a sanitary tooth-brush, and every innocent babe with a hygienic nipple. From what I have read in my Sunday school paper, I am sure that if the money you have spent for tobacco since you formed the habit had been placed at sixteen per cent compound interest with some banker brought up in the benevolent and self-sacrificing atmosphere of the social center, every one of you would by this time be able to own and maintain rent free a number of first class apartments for the poor, with all the modern conveniences usually mentioned in the real estate advertisements. You all boast allegiance to science, yet science calls nicotine a poison, and medicine calls the cigarette a coffin-nail and talks of smoker's heart and liver. You all know very well that this very night if you were cats and dogs you would have been dead men two hours ago. You won't let your children smoke because it is injurious to health and morals, nor your wives because it is unbecoming, yet you yourselves keep on—with a little weak and flabby and hackneyed sentimentality about the 'King of Vegetables' and its inspiration, 'My Lady Nicotine,' the meerschaum with the 'fire lighted in its central shrine,' 'the cumulative wealth of its fragrant reminiscences,' 'the old joys that hang round it,' and other pretty phrases of slaves in love with servitude. You talk of scientific management and efficiency, and excuse your smoking by saying you work better with it. You know well enough that the only man whose effort is aided by a pipe is a man so enslaved to a poisonous drug that he cannot leave off its use. You say that the system becomes accommodated to it, and it really does no harm; but that isn't the way you talk about the drugs and the alcohol in patent medicines, and about other insidious encouragements to habit. Your indulgence makes you ill when you begin, you waste your own time, money, and energy, and interfere with your neighbor's peace and efficiency, while you continue, and you can discontinue only at the cost of further efficiency. With the time you spend and the energy you lose you could easily browbeat some prosperous merchant or manufacturer into giving up some of the ill-gotten gains which his own

industry and sobriety have somehow forced upon him, and equip more playgrounds with the latest play-machines, and with scientific play-leaders to entice the boys to use them.

"We all know what you say about the social advantages of your habit. I suppose it does draw you together, and set you at ease in each other's company. There is nothing like the mutual possession of a bad habit or the knowledge of mutual guilt to make men feel sympathy and kinship. Your sociology must have taught you that, though there is no reason why you shouldn't have learned it without. There is the *camaraderie* of labor, and the *camaraderie* of sport, and of intellect, and of art, and of villainy and crime, and of ordinary foolishness. The last is yours. When you meet your fellow it amounts to something like this: You produce your cigar, as much as to say, 'This is the sort of fool I am: what sort are you?' Your fellow then produces his cigar, which amounts again to saying: 'Why, I'm the same kind as you.' And then you both light up, with a self-satisfied smile that says as plainly as any words: 'How fortunate! We're both fools of the same sort, and understand each other perfectly.' There's nothing like it for the promotion of sociability or salesmanship, and I suppose that the wonderful progress of the present age is due really to the democratization of tobacco. If I thought you believed in any monuments except monographs, I'd propose a statue to Walter Raleigh, Popularizer of the Pipe and Parent of Progress, to be erected by smokers with a Temporary Abstinence Fund. A few hours would do it.

"All this might not be worth mentioning if you alone were concerned. Among the multitudinous rights of mankind possibly there is the right to mutual poisoning and the mutual esteem of rowdyism. But other men also are affected by your habit—and women. You know we are social beings: I have heard you insist on it a hundred times this evening; we must remember that our neighbors have rights. You seem to have this very much at heart, and I am glad. You have been talking about the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, the right to work, the right to a minimum wage, the right to leisure, the right to a share in the wealth of the world, the right to be well born, well bred, well

fed, and well read, the right to speak, and the right to keep still, until I have begun to think that about the only right of the public at large left unchampioned is the right to perform in peace a few of the ordinary duties of life. But there is one downtrodden member of society of whom in your all-wisdom and all-mercy you haven't thought to-night, one right you haven't mentioned. Congratulate yourselves: you have still further fields for the zealous service to humanity which is the fountain of your abiding happiness and the excuse for your demand of higher salaries. Behold in me and my unfortunate class another object for your compassion, another opportunity for your unweariness in welldoing. We cry from the depths for a right to the air, and the tyranny of human society refuses to heed our despairing call. Yes, gentlemen, countless thousands of us, and among us many widows, widowers, and orphans, are sending forth daily the appealing cry for air—and echo answers only—'air!'

"No, don't get excited; it isn't the air above us that I mean. What I mean is the right to breathe, and to breathe pure air, the air that God gave us for our use in the strictly approvable sociological business of multiplying and replenishing the earth. Of course I am aware that you already insist on pure air; but to you pure air seems to mean only the air of sleeping-chambers and recitation rooms. Of an atmosphere like this, charged not only with the two hours' breathing of threescore lusty talkers (I include my humble self), but with the fumes of fifty-nine pipes and free cigars and cigarettes, and the evaporations from a dozen spittoons and fifty-nine spouting geysers, you seem to take no account—doubtless from some superstition, or some conviction, real or assumed, that tobacco smoke is a disinfectant; for even scientists, and especially social scientists, have their superstitions, and smokers are not above citing the scripture of science for their purpose. You sit here in the midst of impenetrable clouds with every window tightly closed, breathing your own breath a hundred times over and filling your lungs with 'blacke stinking fume,' as King James would say, 'neerest resembling the horrible Stigian smoke of the pit that is bottomelesse,' and not ten minutes ago you were hysterical over the insufficient number of cubic feet of pure air in the

latest erected and most thoroughly modern school building. I have a little more of King James by me, and I'll read it to you:

"And for the vanities committed in this filthie custome, is it not both great vanitie and vncleanenesse, that at the table, a place of respect, of cleanlinesse, of modestie, men should not be ashamed, to sit tossing of *Tobacco pipes*, and puffing of the smoke of *Tobacco* one to another, making the filthy smoke and stinke thereof, to exhale athwart the dishes, and infect the aire, when very often, men that abhorre it are at their repast?

"Understand me, I am not complaining of your treatment of me here this evening. I came knowing well what to expect. I value your society so much that I am willing to purchase it even at this cost. But when I am about the ordinary business of life, at my work and play as a member of the society whose rights you believe in so jealously guarding, I insist on the right to breathe pure air. I don't mind star-dust, and I agree to say nothing about the ordinary dust and smoke of necessary commerce; and I don't demand *the* right to the air—only *a* right. What I object to is your befouling, for mere pleasure, the atmosphere which is as much mine as yours, and whose purity is necessary to my pleasure and health—and efficiency. If you should come upon me mud-dying for my pleasure, though not in defiance of the law, the water of your bathing-beach, you would rightly bid me begone. If, to suit an unnatural taste of my own, I insisted on tinting or flavoring the common water supply, you would have the law on me. Before accepting your hospitality I abstain from onions and certain nationalities of cheese, because a different course would not in my estimation constitute the highest type of citizenship. I have my ideals, though I don't express them in your vocabulary. For the same reason, I never allow a dead cat to lie unburied in my back yard, though I really like—only for the sake of argument, let it be clearly understood—the smell of good dead cat.

"Now what onions and garlic and other highly perfumed dietetic units are to your nostrils and health, tobacco smoke is to mine, and more. I do not inflict my pleasures on you; when I want to indulge in my favorite odors and tastes, I retire to the country, where the incense of my unburnt sacrifice will rise to

mingle with the air of heaven. I am a social being, if not a sociologizer, and I recognize the right of my fellows to pure air, and pleasant air. Do you do as much by me? Where is your boasted good citizenship? I walk to my office along the crowded street, and you taint all the atmosphere I breathe. You come into my place of business, cigar alight, without the least regard for either my pleasure or my right. I pay for my seat at the ball game, and you come and sit beside me, behind me, in front, and above, smoking and spitting. Talk about spray!—I sometimes need an umbrella. If you say I might have known you would be there, I say that you might have known I would be there. I go on a railway journey: I must buy my ticket in a room in which you are smoking, and ride in a train even whose no-smoking cars are tainted by fumes from the car where you smoke, and are sometimes invaded by you in person. When I pay for my journey I am helping to pay for two rooms for you in the station, and two seats for you on the train, and extra coal and service—for you, who take from the value of what I buy. At public dinners and in public places you let your smoke drift across my face and the faces of my wife and daughters—if, indeed, you do not puff it there. It never occurs to you, from anything I can see, to change your position for the sake of our comfort. In the lecture room of the college, and even in the auditorium of the church, you reek with odor disgusting to me and my family. You cut me off entirely from a number of social engagements, and you rob me of most of my pleasure in a great many others. Men's dinners and men's clubs and assemblies I cannot attend without annoyance and suffering and the risk of impairing my professional efficiency for at least the day following. My pleasure is not consulted in your home. I am not safe even in my own. You invite me to your house, and you smoke after dinner. You make a business call on me in mine, and hold a cigar in your hand. You make a social call, and ask permission to smoke. You accept my invitation to dinner, and politeness demands that I furnish you the means of nauseating myself and some of my guests, and filling my house for days with stench.

"And here is where we surpass you in the art of manners.

We know it is your pleasure to smoke, and we surrender our preferences in your favor. In your presence we assume—and with gladness—that what is agreeable to you is agreeable to ourselves. What is *your* assumption? If your conduct is any criterion at all, you assume that what is pleasing to you must be unobjectionable to others; and if you cannot assume that it is, you frequently seem to assume that it ought to be. I know that the best of you sometimes courteously inquire whether your smoking will be offensive. And of course we say no. Depend upon it, we lack so much neither in generosity nor in courtesy as to refuse you permission to indulge in what will give you pleasure; nor are we so ignorant as not to realize that your request is frequently a mere formality, accompanied as it often is, or even preceded, by the crackling of your match. We should grant you with equal politeness the permission to commit any other nuisance we thought you would enjoy. What kind of manners would you have us possess? Were you equally generous, you would assume from the very fact of our not smoking that we took no pleasure in it. You would make no mention of your desires.

"And finally, since by your smiles I perceive that my words are giving you a manner of pleasure, I will say the rest of what is in my mind. You have had a good deal to say this evening of the duties of men as classes—especially the cultured class and the rich class; but I haven't heard much about the good old-fashioned self-sacrifice of the individual. When it comes to individuals, all your talk is about rights rather than duties, and especially the rights of the materially less fortunate, which you seemingly expect to secure by laws, or social machinery, or the mere expenditure of money. Excuse me if I say that, while I appreciate what good you are doing, I don't think it either so far-reaching or so permanent as you do. You seem to think that things are easy. I doubt whether you have read history either very extensively or very attentively. Apparently, you and your whole class think that human instrumentality will accomplish all you have in mind. You seem to me on the whole to leave out of account the deep things of God—or, if you don't believe in God, the deep things of man. I am afraid that you not only leave him out of account, but are at

least partly responsible for the spreading of a sort of contempt for the faith which he has given men as the organ of understanding his ideas about human progress, and for the institution which represents him to men. Who says so much as you about the failure of the church to do its duty by man, and says so little about the failure of men to do their duty by the church? With all her imperfections, organized religion has not now and never has had a rival as the formulator and defender of ideals. If your mushroom schemes ever amount to anything, it will be because religion has already planted and watered. Don't for a moment think that depth of intellect, to say nothing of smartness, can work anything permanent without it. You are probably sincere in thinking that you are sincere, but with my nostrils full of the stench of this room, and my ears ringing with the declamatory cocksureness of your semi-scientific statements and the hysterical hurrahs of your exhortations, I find it exceedingly difficult to regard you as the chosen instruments of real reform."

This is what I might have said. Being a guest, however, I did not say it; and I never shall. I have friends who smoke. Of course I wouldn't have meant them. In matters like this, our condemnations are only of the ideal malefactor. We never condemn our own friends to hell fire; there are always mitigating circumstances. And then, as I said, I am not a real person. I am only a sort of lens that has gathered together and brought to focus the scattered rays of opinion.

But if I had said it, of the two men with a sense of humor who can be found in a crowd of fifty-nine uplifters, one would have cordially shaken hands with me and laughed out: "You really *must* learn to smoke! You're missing half your life!" The other would have said, with a like warm clasp of the hand: "O, come now, you can't expect a man to give up *all* the pleasure in life!" The other fifty-seven would have solemnly flicked the ash from their cigar-ends with the little finger (again the novelists), and said: "He's crazy!"

Grant Showerman

MESSIANIC PROPHECY—OLD AND NEW VIEWS

THE religion of revelation is the religion of redemption. In the Old Testament it is redemption hoped for; in the New Testament it is redemption realized. In the Gospels we have the Saviour, in the Prophets we have the promised Messiah. Up to a generation ago the Old Testament was believed to abound with prophecies of a coming Messiah; but after all the investigations of modern scholarship we naturally inquire, What standing now has Messianic prophecy? Such inquiry is especially appropriate on the return of the Advent season, when all the Christian world commemorates Messiah's birth.

Scripture prophecy has undergone considerable change in our day. We have come to see that prediction is but one element in prophecy, and that not the most common. The prophet is first and foremost a preacher to the people of his times, and that not with the view of gratifying an idle curiosity which seeks to lift the veil that conceals the future, but rather to exercise a molding influence upon the life and conduct of his contemporaries. Modern scholarship makes it clear that we must consider first of all the historical setting of the prophetic utterances rather than view them through "gospel glasses." The result is that the number of alleged Messianic predictions has been somewhat reduced, and we can no longer regard mere verbal similarities, however striking, as fulfilled prophecies. Such an instance is that of Jer. 31. 15, where the context clearly refers to the return of the Jews from Babylonian captivity; and we must conclude that it is merely a coincidence that the language describes events connected with Jesus' nativity, when the innocents were slaughtered in Bethlehem. Profoundly as we believe in divine inspiration, we cannot believe the prophets were merely automatons, the unconscious users of linguistic magic, or mere megaphones of the divine message.

We must, however, beware of the extreme to which some critics go, that of eliminating from the Old Testament all Messianic predictions whatsoever. Moses, Samuel, David, Isaiah, and

Jeremiah were great statesmen and theologians, with a grasp of political forces and ecclesiastical tendencies, enabling them to see the trend of events. Even in our own day there have risen men of remarkable vision in Church and State. Some of the Boston theological students well recall the predictions made by Bishop Thoburn, in his missionary lectures, concerning future developments in India, which have now been fulfilled. Hebrew prophets like Jeremiah unquestionably could forecast much in the national life of Israel. This will not account for all Old Testament prophecies, but it helps us to understand how they might arise.

At times the insight of the Hebrew prophet is so profound that it transcends the native energies of human perception, and requires an unusual inspiration, and especially in its anticipations of the Messiah. So that here we take issue with such radical critics as Kuenen, who goes groping through the whole Old Testament, and absolutely professes his inability to find any predictions of a personal Messiah. If this were true two things would remain unaccounted for: one, that prophecies which are destitute of reference to the Messiah should ever have given rise to the expectation of his coming, such as prevailed throughout the East and cheered all devout Hebrews; the other is, that so many prophecies admit of such ready application to Jesus Christ. Dr. Riehm, who is sparing of the number of Old Testament passages which he counts as Messianic prophecies, speaks of the correspondences between prophecy and fulfillment as to external incidents, and says, "those can hardly be considered by a living faith in God, otherwise than divinely intended."

This leads us to note a second characteristic of prophecy: the difference between the immediate force of the prophet's words and the larger meaning often wrapped up in them. Very properly we ask first what the prophet understood and what the people receiving the message understood. But these men often spoke wiser than they knew, gave seed-truths whose pregnant meaning became manifest in after years under the fostering care of Providence. Framers of our United States Constitution knew what they were doing, but they also built wiser than they knew. God's redemptive plan is wrought out in this world much like the build-

ing of a great cathedral, like the Gothic marvel at Cologne, requiring centuries of time and countless workmen. What a difference between the comprehension of the individual workman and that of the architect! The laborer who polishes a column may have a perfect comprehension of that piece of work and be full of enthusiasm for it; yet he may not be able to see the place it will fill in the completed edifice, or the greater meaning which may accrue to it from the whole. Obviously this can be perceived only when the structure is finished. In like manner in working out God's great redemptive plan there would naturally be a significance to the prophet's utterances beyond the comprehension of the time, whose fulfillment was both wider and more spiritual than they realized.

Even in the Gospels the same thing is true. Jesus's teachings had an immediate meaning to his disciples; but with every age new light breaks forth from his wonderful words. He told his disciples that he had many things to tell them, which they could not bear at the time, but that the Spirit of truth would bring all he said to their remembrance, and also lead them into all truth. Hence, the history of the church has unfolded much which the New Testament contains. The Spirit of truth ever teaches through an increasingly enlightened Christian consciousness. With the development of our wants and with our progress the old gospel truth is unfolded and receives ever-new applications.

Furthermore, when we take in the full sweep of biblical and church history, we are compelled to believe that God, in leading on his people, makes effective use of something akin to enticement or illusion (we do not say delusion or deception)—a kind of holy allurement. This is true of us individually as well as collectively. God gives us images and visions of better days to come, without telling just how, when, or where. An assurance, however, is given which begets hope and evokes earnest endeavors. So far as the vision reveals anything, it is trustworthy, but much is wisely concealed, either because man at the time has not the capacity for it or cannot bear it. Enough is shown to buoy up the heart and fire the soul to heroic efforts, which help forward God's cause and bring his kingdom nearer. This seems to be God's way from the be-

ginning and especially in unfolding the Messianic ideal and assuring his followers of its ultimate realization.

From this point of view do we not find a Messianic flavor in the promise to Eve, that "the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head"? She had no idea of the actual Messiah, who came into the world in the person of Jesus of Nazareth; but there came to her an assurance of victory over her enemy, though she did not know just how or when; and the language used is such as harmonizes with the generic pattern of redemption, which is struggle and suffering resulting in victory. So, too, of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, instead of trying to account for all that marvelous Messianic language, as some scholars do, merely on the basis of the captives suffering in Babylon, how much more just it is to see in that chapter language which had an immediate message of comfort to them in their sufferings and chastenings, but whose meaning was not exhausted, but was fully unfolded in the person of the suffering Saviour. And who knows but the author who spoke these and so many other words, in the latter part of Isaiah, which approached so closely to the gospel idea of salvation, may not have had some insight into the outlines at least of the essential character of the Messiah who was to come? We realize that this is largely speculation; and we do not dogmatize; but why may not the chastenings of the exile have been spiritually instructive to the more spiritual minded, as sorrow usually is to the teachable?

Perhaps the most valuable work of biblical scholarship has been the reproduction of the historical setting of Old Testament prophecies, enabling us to see the primary force of the prophet's words in their times, to the people receiving their messages. One of the Old Testament critics uses this illustration: "Years ago when I was studying in Germany, I took a trip to Berlin on purpose to see the pictures in that city. I was especially eager to visit the Royal Museum, where some of the finest works of art in the world are exhibited. From Berlin I went to Dresden, to be delighted and profited beyond measure. I happened in Berlin as the museum was being remodeled, and when, in consequence, the pictures were in disorder; but at Dresden all was order and harmony, so that only a few hints from a guide were needed to make

me feel at home in the gallery. From that day to this I have never ceased to be grateful to the King of Saxony for employing, as he did, experts in such matters, to arrange that wonderful collection so that one can not only see all pictures at their best, but can easily find each one's place in the history of art, and thus learn to appreciate its real value."

"The Bible with its precious contents may be compared to a great gallery. Its truths are the pictures; each of them has a value of its own; but is not the effect of any of them greatly enhanced by the knowledge which one possesses as to its date and the circumstances attending its origin? This has always been felt to be the case. Turn to the fifty-first, fifty-seventh, and fifty-ninth psalms and find proof of it. In all these cases the note introducing the psalm has been preserved so as to give vividness and effectiveness to the composition. What some one tried to do for these psalms some reverent scholars are attempting to do for the whole Bible, and especially in these times for the Old Testament scriptures. They are not trying to spoil, much less to steal our Bible pictures; they are simply trying to rehang them in their proper order and in such a light that they will only be more interesting and effective." Now, of course anything so vital to the Old Testament revelation as Messianic prophecy comes in for its share of attention and profit by such investigation; and by the term Messianic we do not mean what was fully realized in Jesus Christ, but we include as well those approaches to him, those blessings, comforts and inspirations which kept coming to the Old Testament people in their times of need, for there is a Messianic flavor to all Hebrew history.

The various conditions of Jewish life called out from the prophets now one set of ideas, now another, all containing germs of Messianic apprehensions, now the idea of the congregation of Jehovah, now that of the kingdom of God, now that of the theocratic kingship, of Davidic lineage, now that of the priesthood, now that of the enduring presence of God in the temple. Different prophets felt these phases of truth at different times, and at those times the conditions among God's people were such as needed those special phases of Messianic truth. To be a little more spe-

cific: take the idea of kingship in the prophetic message. When the Jews had been stripped of much of their royal splendor and the victorious Assyrian world power was felt on every hand, the Jews looked back longingly to the glorious days of Solomon and David. Then the prophets made use of those prosperous days in foretelling what the future had in store for them, if they were true to God, when David's great successor should come and triumph over their foes. We find Micah declaring that after God's judgment has gone forth against Jerusalem and the royal family for their sins, David's house should once again be lifted out of its deep humiliation and obscurity to highest power and honor. The Messianic branch will spring like David from its ancient stem—from the small unpretentious Bethlehem—and usher in a reign of peace and prosperity over all the people.

What was the nature of the prophet's message during the time of the exile? The hopes and prospects of salvation free themselves from connection with the Davidic kingship. In Isa. 40 to 66, when in many respects prophecy reached its loftiest strain, there is no mention of the future Messianic king. Why? At this time the theocratic state had collapsed and the temple-ritual had ceased; neither the king nor the priest could longer be the center of Israel's national or religious life. And even prophecy no longer had its old-time prestige. They had reached a time when the gift of the Spirit was promised to the whole people. God's people themselves came to be regarded as an organ of Jehovah, intrusted with a prophetic calling to humanity. The part formerly played by the Messianic king, endowed with the fullness of God-given might and sovereign power, and triumphing victoriously over all enemies, is assumed now by the people, called the servant of Jehovah, who fulfills amid shame and persecution his prophetic vocation with immovable faithfulness, and goes through suffering to glory, bringing to pass God's saving purpose concerning humanity.

This Messianic picture also harmonizes with the New Testament teaching, for the plan of redemption embraces the activity of God's people as truly as that of God's Son, placing upon them the same law of life as characterized him. There is a Messianic pattern of life for all to follow who are Christ's disciples, and it

is plainly revealed in the Scripture, which says, "He suffered leaving us an example that we follow in his steps." Messianic work, in a sense, is still incomplete. His advent in a sense is progressive. He is ever coming into the world, and his salvation is being realized through his people, as they follow his steps, doing good, in loving service, and when necessary in self-sacrificing love. The people are messiahs. Isaiah's suffering servant of Jehovah is sometimes required even to-day in the redemption of the world, in the regeneration of the cities, and in the evangelization of heathenism. This is essential to Messiahship or salvation in both Old and New Testaments. In a deeply spiritual sense we are all to be messiahs or saviours of the world.

One more phase of Messianic prophecy should be noticed. It has already been suggested, but it deserves fuller treatment. It will be seen as we pass from the strictly historical to the spiritual interpretations of prophetic messages, or, rather, as we combine these methods.

In appreciating a flower's aroma and æsthetic beauty much will be missed if the flower be subjected to botanical analysis alone. The same applies to Messianic prophecies. Their very rhetorical forms, the large use of figure and metaphor, and the poetic cast of many prophecies, compel the use of something more than the critical yardstick; they cannot be fully appreciated unless treated as religious poetry. The value of such treatment is felt in our great Advent oratorio, "The Messiah," and especially in those inspiring strains where the Messianic name is called, "Wonderful, Counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

Now, what was the origin of this poetic outburst? Primarily it had to do with the history of the prophet's own time, seven centuries before Christ. Judah had been suffering from foes without and evils within. Invasions and devastations had been experienced and they were threatened again; while Judah's own iniquities and idolatries were added, making the whole head sick and the whole heart faint. Darkness covered the earth and gross darkness the people. A few, represented by Isaiah and his associates, longed for better government, for a righteous rule and

a righteous peace. These troubled folk in Judah began to think how this could be realized, and they were led to desire a perfect king. This voiceless passion possessed Isaiah's receptive heart, and he had what the people had not, the power of shaping this passionate feeling into form, and he went abroad preaching it. And God himself breathed upon the prophet's soul. As Stopford Brooke says: "The great Inspirer, who has breathed in all poets since the world began, added his shaping power to his servant's and the whole of the dim aspirations of the people, and with them, also, the passion of his own heart rushed to Isaiah's lips in expression; till, like a torrent let loose from a cavern, poured forth the words, and all that follows them, 'Unto us a child is born.'"

Of whom did the prophet speak? Stopford Brooke traces these stages in Isaiah's thinking: "There was a fact at the back of the prophecy. It was the birth of Hezekiah; and the prophet, borne away on the hopes he cherished for Israel, at first believed he saw in him the perfectly righteous and just king to be, and sketched the reign of peace." "Of the increase of his kingdom and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David and upon his kingdom, to order it and to establish it with judgment and justice, from henceforth even forever." As the enkindled words ran through the people, they embodied all their hopes; they gave form to all of their undefined aspirations; they seemed to make a perfect king a possibility and the coming of a just kingdom real. Thus they gave a basis to life; and in the faith they encouraged and established, action toward the far-off perfection grew and multiplied, until the reign of Hezekiah actually became one of those parentheses of vigorous reformation which save a people, for a time, from decay and ruin.

This, however, did not exhaust the meaning of the prophet's noble words. Isaiah's vision of Hezekiah as the perfect monarch rose much higher than reality ever became. He went beyond himself and beyond Hezekiah. He sang a song of hope prosaic prudence would have censured. Himself in higher life, the Messianic spirit within him seemed to take up the strain he had begun and carry him, not unconscious, but in a wonderful thrill of joy, into a sphere where for once he saw, not darkly, but face to face, the

perfect vision of a king of men. His divine insight gave him divine foresight. Even after making due allowance for Oriental exaggeration, we feel Isaiah's language expresses not what Hezekiah will be, but what ought to be, and hence, what in some far-off day will be. Had Isaiah felt any misgivings because of the false expectations aroused by his prophecy, we can fancy God quieting his disturbed mind by saying: "No, my prophet, this is no falsehood you have spoken. This is your moment of perfect truth. It is not too good to be true. The best will come true some day. You have gone beyond the present, through the path of the present into the far-off future. Hezekiah only meagerly fulfills your words, but his very imperfections of fulfillment point to the perfection of another yet to come. Look onward still. See far off that glorious light rising on the horizon of the centuries. It is, indeed, the Prince of Peace, the King of Justice and of Love, and the Messiah of Nations." And this vision was realized when in Bethlehem was born the Babe who alone is worthy to be called Wonderful, Counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

Here again, do we not see by the use of something almost illusive God led Isaiah, giving him something real and assuring, but something he could not fully grasp? He comprehended enough, however, to be content, for he felt the pacifying influence of Messiah's sway. This is God's message of comfort to his servants always in a turbulent world, even in a world like ours today, where Messiah is already come, but where his kingdom of righteousness and peace has not yet had its full realization.

An illustration from E. Paxton Hood, which we adapt for our present purpose, combines all these points of view, and will indicate the universal and age-long sweep of the Messianic idea, of that government and peace which will ever increase and never end. "I went into a German church," says Paxton Hood, "in one of the quaint cities of the Middle Ages at twilight, to hear an organ. The building was dark when I entered it, for only a single candle struggled with the aisles and nave, the columns and arches, and made all things weird and spectral. Some hundred people sat there; and the strange thing began its wonderful work of sound,

calling up all the faculties from their chambers—the watchmen of the soul from their citadels and cells. How it groaned through the old building! How these wonderful sounds throbbed against the pillars and shook them, and rumbled along beneath our feet, and traveled thrillingly and palpitatingly overhead among the arches! You know what an organ can do, how it can sigh, and shout, and storm, how it can madden, and how it can soothe! And then, when the wonderful creature I was listening to had poured out these preludes of its power, it began to utter some marvelous delirium of music (I think Mendelssohn's Walpurgis Night). It imposed upon the imagination the whole scenery of a wild tempest—a storm of nature among heaths and mountains. The thunder rolled near and far among the crags; the rain hissed in the wind; the flash of the lightning went by you; the storm possessed—it overwhelmed you. The blasts of the tempests and the bolts of the thunder were like giant spirits striving in night and in solitude, while terror and awe held revelry and carnival.

"And then I will tell you what came. I had never heard it before. I thought it was a human voice. Amid the hurricane on the organ it rose so clear, so calm, so ineffably restful and light, so high above the surges and the wailing of the rain, the thunder and the wind. It was the 'vox-humana' stop, that wondrous simulation, the human-voice stop, the mightiest marvel of all the artifices of music. The storm continued, but still it sang on and rose on the wings of light and of sound, over all the hurricanes that hurried from the pipes and keys. Then I thought of the one human-voice stop in time, that said, 'Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing? The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved; he uttered his voice, the earth melted.' "

What have we here but a Messianic parable? Amid the crash of kingdoms, thrones, and opinions, amid panics and horrors, fears and wars, one Voice, and only One, has been heard—one Human Voice able to sway all storms, to pierce through and sing in the heavens, high above those lower regions where the tempests have their home. It was uttered feebly at first in early prophecy, but gradually gathered strength until it came forth clearly and powerfully in gospel history; but even with more clarion tones it sounds

in gospel prophecy, to be realized fully in days yet to come. One Voice, and only one Voice, has been heard which can quell the tempests of sin. It is he who sitteth upon the circle of the earth, who has spoken to us by his Son, the voice including every human chord: "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace."

Thank God! for this peace from the Prince of Peace by prophets foretold, and from the Babe of Bethlehem, heralded by angel song, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Thank God! for the Man of Galilee, who rebuked the tempestuous waves, and ever rebukes the turbulent ragings of sin, saying, "Peace, be still." Thank God! for the Saviour of sinners, who in every age says to all who are truly penitent, "Go thy way and sin no more," while to every weary troubled spirit he offers his peace and invites to his rest. Thank God! too, for the Messiah, whose benign sway is yet to come, which humanity yearns for, the coming Lord, the Ruler of nations, who shall speak peace to the heathen and whose dominion "shall be from the river to the ends of the earth."

"Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-beloved Son.
He brings a train of brighter years,
His kingdom is begun.
He comes a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

"O Father! Haste the promised hour,
When at His feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power
Beneath the ample sky;
When He shall reign from pole to pole,
The king of every soul;

"When all shall heed the words He said,
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life He led
Shall strive to pattern theirs:
And He who conquered death shall win
The mightier conquest over Sin." (W. C. Bryant.)

L. H. Dorchester.

ENGLISH LITERATURE YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

WHETHER the first of August, 1914, is to mark the end of an epoch of English literary history it is futile to speculate. Too much hangs upon the outcome of the war. But the pressure of great undertakings has at least stirred our spirits to a vivid recognition of the actual date on the calendar. Suddenly we have come to know that we are no longer Victorians, although the living voices of Tennyson and Browning thrilled our youth and still echo in our ears; nor even post-Victorians, howbeit we may have given ourselves up to the fevered madness of the "yellow nineties" or shared the weariness of the dying century. The new age is upon us. As, imperceptibly, the years slip away that bring the youth to middle life almost before he has ceased to be a boy, so, quietly and unnoticed, has the age of Victoria withdrawn and become as remote almost as the times of great Elizabeth. To map out a stream of tendency while we are still a part of it, to trace the main currents of modern life as they are reflected in the literature still falling from the press, is a task which one may hope to accomplish only in its larger and more significant aspects. Lacking the perspective which distance alone can give, all that we see appears in a confused and intricate tangle of thwarted movement and undirected aim. We cannot find the pattern for the threads. With a keen sense of this Mr. H. G. Wells, who has studied our age most attentively, makes his hero, Remington, declare:

> "Before mankind, in my vision that night, stretched new centuries of confusion, vast stupid wars, hastily conceived laws, foolish temporary triumphs of order, lapses, setbacks, despairs, catastrophes, new beginnings, a multitudinous wilderness of time, a nigh plotless drama of wrong-headed energies."

And yet certain clearly marked forces and influences have come down to us from the hands of our fathers and are current still among us. These may serve to enable us to determine something, at least, of the general direction of the stream of life and thought to-day, and an examination of their operation in our

affairs, in comparison with their effects in the days of Victoria, will give us a clearer conception of the important tendencies in the literature of our own time.

And, first, the nineteenth century, as Emerson has put it, was an age of tools; an age, that is, of the invention of machinery and the social and industrial changes that were consequent upon it. Ruskin raised his voice in fevered declamation against the desecration of England by the shriek of the locomotive and the filth of the factory, and Tennyson in his early manhood caught glimpses of some of the wonders that were to be before the age was out, but for the most part Victorian literature is innocent of the momentous changes that were teeming in the womb of the world. An unbroken Old World quiet still broods over the pages of George Eliot, and the unchanged and unchanging rural scenes of Hayslope and Saint Oggs which she loved to describe. The deep hush of the life Trollope depicts in Barchester is broken by no noise more shrill than the voices of the women who intrigued under the shadows of the cathedral towers. London streets, London theaters and shops gave to Dickens and Thackeray the social background for their stories, but London as yet free from the blight of modern industrialism as it is found in the pages of George Gissing and Mr. H. G. Wells. It is, indeed, a far cry from Tennyson's splendid line,

> Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change,

suggested by an early railway journey, to Kipling's "auld Scots engineer," who heard his ship's engines, like a majestic orchestra, hymn a majestic lesson, and cried out in his sense of impotence of tongue to interpret it,

> Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam!

But it marks the change that has taken place in the last half hundred years. Nowadays one of the grand concerns of art is to glorify the gigantic forces that man has subdued to his hand in the factory and everywhere else on land and sea. Our poets sing with pomp of verse and splendor of phrase our unmeasured pride of power, greater than that of Eblis of old. The epic of the steam

engine and the dynamo, of rushing wheels and flying belts, is written in fragments daily, like a new Iliad, by many a flashing pencil. Every page of our literature throbs with the noise of the motor and the flying machine. Drama and fiction seize upon each new invention almost before it has been announced in the newspapers—indeed, Mr. Wells in some of his earlier romances, by the sheer logic of a constructive scientific imagination, has anticipated inventions that were not consummated when he described their operations and effects. In all this the influence of Mr. Kipling has been immense. It was he who first sang the romance of steam and realized in some of his tales our wildest mechanical dreams, as he does, for example, in the story, With the Night Mail—the race of the air-ship from London to Montreal overnight in the sun's great handicap around the equator. In other tales, as .007, and The Ship that Found Herself, to mention only two, he has developed a new mode or type, giving to the products of man's mechanical skill, the locomotive and cargo-boat, the character of human beings and making each reflect his ethical and social philosophy; his sense of the mutual responsibility of the parts to the whole and to each other. And in The Bridge Builders he seems to symbolize his belief in machinery as the great agency for the civilization of backward and heathen peoples; for when Mother Ganges rose in her might and wrath to sweep away the bridge he had builded, Findlayson, the engineer, in an opium dream saw all the gods of India in council. Then he heard Krishna, the young god who makes love in the hearts of men and is the only god who never changes, declare the early passing of the other heavenly ones before the breath of the locomotive: "Great Kings, the beginning of the end is born already," he said. "The fire-carriages shout the names of the new gods that are not the old ones under new names. It is but a little time to wait." On the other hand, Mr. Wells seems to have grown doubtful that the ultimate goal of the race is to be won through dexterity in the invention and use of tools. A note of pessimism is heard under the reflections of George Ponderevo, designer of an air-ship and experimenter in aeronautics, as he drives the X2, Destroyer, down the Thames through London, with its long history, out to the deeper waters of the Channel:

"We make and pass. . . . We are all things that make and pass, striving upon a hidden mission out to the open sea."

Herein, too, lies another distinction between the Victorian writers and our own. They were, for the most part, ignorant of the social problems arising out of the new industrial conditions of their day, while we are sadly conscious of them and find in them the themes of many of our books and plays. Perhaps the reason is to be found in the fact that the Victorians either belonged to, or by circumstances of occupation impinged upon, the higher orders of English society, and their sympathies were in general aristocratic. Many of our greatest men of letters are of lowlier origin and environment, in whom a democratic outlook has been engendered by the circumstances of birth and education. Mr. Wells tells us, for instance, that he is "not a bit aristocratic," that his father was a shopkeeper, and his mother became, when he was twelve years old, housekeeper in a large country house—the Bladesover of Tono-Bungay. Ruskin, to be sure, tenderly nurtured though he was, preached in frequent iteration against the worship of the Goddess of Getting-On, "set up where the green fields of England were furnace-burnt into the likeness of the plains of Dura," but he spoke to a heedless and perverse generation. Charles Kingsley, the son of a clergyman, in Yeast and Alton Locke expounded as a panacea for the heavy ills of the day a form of Christian socialism derived from the teachings of Maurice and Robertson. But William Morris, although he conducted an active socialistic propaganda from cart-tail and printing office, when he turned to poetry became "the idle singer of an empty day." Browning also ignored the problem altogether, if, indeed, he was not entirely ignorant of it, and Tennyson could not understand it and offered no adequate principle for its solution. "When I see society vicious," he said, "and the poor starving in the great cities, I feel that there is a mighty wave of evil passing over the world, but that there will be yet some strange and new development which I shall not live to see." How different nowadays, when much of our literature might almost be catalogued as a department of sociology; when questions of justice and philanthropy, of the relations of the rich and the poor to society and to each other, of

the interdependence of capital and labor—all the questions, indeed, that spring out of the conditions of modern industrialism—receive profound and illuminating treatment at the hands of poet, novelist, and playwright! Mrs. Humphry Ward, though her field lies among the aristocratic and feudal classes of England—and her sympathies are centered there as well—finds it a necessary part of her scope, in order to portray faithfully and completely the activities of the society which she depicts, to follow Robert Elsmere in his burning labors among the disinherited classes of London, and to trace the comings and goings of Marcella among the unprivileged and impoverished people of the estate at Mellor and even in the slums of the metropolis. Bernard Shaw's first play is a presentment of the evils of slum-landlordism and its processes of self-justification in specious and hypocritical platitudes; a vivid illustration of Ruskin's indictment against the hypocrisies of his age. Shaw also in Major Barbara shows us the futility of a philanthropy of "bread and treacle and dreams of heaven," supported by the dole of ill-gotten wealth, in ironic contrast with the enlightened, if selfish, practicality of Undershaft, the maker of big guns and high explosives, who maintains a model town for his workmen, "with white walls and slender chimney stacks," who believes that poverty is the worst of crimes, and that men's souls become hungry when, and because, their bodies are full. And Mr. John Galsworthy, the most finished dramatist of our times and keenest of satirists, in Justice, Strife, The Pigeon, sets before us a series of moral and social dilemmas affecting the Law, the Church, charity, the rights of property, and in fact the entire social order, while Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, in Fires and Daily Bread, sings of the lot of those who toil, "dearth for housemate, death for neighbor," and all the common tragedies of daily labor.

Aside from questions such as these are many others springing from the amelioration of conditions of life, and in particular the emancipation of woman from domestic drudgery to which even our mothers were enslaved. The shallow woman, with no intellectual or æsthetic interests to fall back upon after the loss of the domestic, has been set free as never before to waste, to

dress, to ogle, to vaunt the charms of sex, to ruin men, destroy homes, and cast a blot upon marriage. Her kind, of course, had existed from the days of Solomon, "but anyhow they didn't run about so much," as Ann Veronica's father sapiently observed when his daughter began to show signs of an astonishing independence. Her baleful influence is every day rendered more familiar through our fiction and drama. Kitty Bristol, of Mrs. Ward's novel, The Marriage of William Ashe, though less sensual than many of them, is of this type, the daughter of an adventuress and a roué, wayward, self-willed, ungoverned and ungovernable, while Ann Veronica, on the other hand, is a portrait of a woman of intellectual force, in revolt against a narrow and conventional mode of life, who demands freedom for herself and all women, and throws herself into the pursuit of studies which her father and his prim unmarried sister regard as somehow "unwomanly." The type is further represented by Marcella and Barbara Undershaft, who in genuine eagerness of purpose espouse "causes" more or less high, and give themselves up to a sincere, though sometimes misdirected, service of mankind. Indeed, Marcella herself brought into prominence in English society "a little shoal of young women who were led into politico-philanthropic activities" under her influence, as Mr. Wells has remarked, "and went 'slumming' with distinguished vigor . . . and returned with clear and original views about the problem."

If now we turn to a second primary influence that has issued out of the Victorian age, the scientific, and trace its operation in our own day, it will be possible further to distinguish another important aspect of the life and literature of the present generation. How great a part the scientific spirit plays in the poetry of Tennyson and Browning need not here be remarked. That it plays an even greater part in the literature of to-day is likewise obvious. But again with a difference. Scientific truth has become for us—what it could not be for our fathers—a matter of familiar knowledge; we are able to accept its most revolutionary generalizations as they could not; it colors our entire outlook on life and the world, and in large measure it determines our methods of thinking as well as the substance of our thought. It is not strange,

therefore, that Mr. Wells, to mention one of our writers especially well versed in scientific studies—he wrote textbooks on Biology, Zoology, and Physiography before he took to writing romances—it is not strange that he should apply the scientific method to all that he has written; that he should develop his visions of what the world will be like in the far future by assuming the operation, unhindered, of simple physical causes with which we are familiar, or that, in his desire to make vivid the evil at the heart of our present social order, he should imagine the state of the world of men two hundred years from now if the present laws of wealth continue unchanged in their processes. The careful scrutiny, also, which science has taught us to turn upon the facts of the physical universe we have learned to turn inward upon the world of human experience as well. In its reaction upon our literature this habit of mind has developed the naturalistic method, which is one of the most salient features of the drama and fiction of our day, as also of our poetry in some of its phases. And out of it has arisen a new technique. Reinforced by the current scientific determinism of the time, also, and by our sense of the hopeless muddle of things mundane and human, it has contributed to an enlargement of our ideas of the qualities and sources of the tragic emotions. To the eye that sees the world as a world of inevitable consequences, a rigid succession of cause and effect, which has lost in the tangle of commonplace the vision of that

> one far-off divine event
> To which the whole creation moves—

to such an eye the continuous procession of mean prosaic things, which in their sum make up the story of a life, assumes a new and sad significance. An illuminating case in point is afforded by Arnold Bennett's pitiful narrative, The Old Wives' Tale, in which he unrolls with epic objectivity, softened by the play of humor and sympathy for the creatures of his imagination, the tragedy of the slow-passing years which bring life to a dull and bitter end, the spectacle of the helpless victim of the decades in futile struggle to escape, like the moth fluttering in the web, from the coil of circumstance in which he has become entangled.

There remains still to be noted a third aspect of the Victorian age in its bearing and influence upon our own—the religious. And here again the difference is immense. The age of Tennyson was an age of conflict and uncertainty in the realms of faith, when men found it difficult to reconcile the conventional forms of religious belief with the new generalizations of science; an age of a dark and disheartening contest with the implications of a too-materialistic philosophy. Of all this the poetry of Tennyson is a complete and splendid record, as it is the record likewise of that return to faith which marks the close of the period. That our own day is one of faith renewed and reestablished, when the spiritual impulses and intuitions are vindicated and once again regnant in human life, is due in large part to his strong belief in the reality of the unseen and his utterance of this belief in beautiful and moving verse. But with us religion is not so much a matter of speculative concern as it was with our fathers. Following William James and Henri Bergson—and Tennyson anticipated us in some respects—we have thrown logic out of the deeper regions of religion and we will to believe. "I make my beliefs as I want them," declares Mr. Wells, who was one of the first in our day to attack the primacy of logic in the affairs of men. "I make them thus, and not thus," he continues, "exactly as an artist makes a picture so, and not so." From this point of view the most representative apologist for Christianity is Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, who defends it, as a French critic has remarked, much as Macaulay defended the English constitution, precisely in that it is not a thing of logic but of life. Other changes quite as significant may be noted. The fierce intolerance, the sectarian uncharitableness which a generation ago set up dividing walls in the household of faith, and set apart each body of true believers as having the sole patent rights to salvation, has melted away in that larger brotherhood that comprises the fellowship of Jesus. The crude superstitions, which in the minds of many once overlay the essential truth of Christianity—as Mr. Bennett has described them on more than one page of his novels—have given way to a genuinely spiritual temper, and we stand to-day in the attitude of men on the threshold of new spiritual experience and momentous

discoveries and adventures. The emphasis of religion has been transferred from believing to doing and becoming. Religion has been humanized by a burning passion for goodness, quite apart from and independent of obedience to a conventional moral code, and socialized by the will to extend this quality of life, the practice of righteousness, to every relationship of men in the busy world. Much of all this is reflected in the pages of Mrs. Humphry Ward, the most intelligent and sympathetic interpreter of the religious movements of the day, who has written three novels dealing with several of their more significant phases. When she wrote Robert Elsmere, perhaps her most thoughtful book, she found the center of religious conflict in doubts concerning the historical aspects of Christianity. When she wrote The Case of Richard Meynell, twenty-five years later, it lay, as she found, in a widespread effort to divest Christianity of its outworn garments of forms and beliefs. But on the pages of both stories there breathes the ideal of a larger, freer, more sincere and more effective faith among men, and of a church at once tolerant and authoritative, but authoritative through the winning power of love and a burning passion for service. In Helbeck of Bannisdale, on the other hand, written midway between the other two, as though in contrast with the newer and more liberal Christianity there presented, she has undertaken a study of the more conservative principle in religion by the portrayal of the practices of asceticism, the mystical piety of a young English Catholic in conflict with his love for a girl of no faith at all. With what degree of sympathy and truth she has succeeded in her interpretation of the real spirit of the Catholic revival in England Catholics themselves do not agree. It is rather to Francis Thompson, the shy, pitiful, opium-drenched and fugitive poet whom Alice Meynell and her husband rescued from the gutters of London, that one must turn for a more genuine expression of Catholic doctrine and the simplicity of Catholic faith; to his churchly lyrics to the Virgin, like the jeweled windows of a dim cathedral, and, best of all, to that unique and richly imaginative poem, "The Hound of Heaven," at once Catholic and Protestant in its impassioned utterance of a common religious experience, the breathless flight

of the sin-stricken soul to escape the unwearied pursuit of the eternal love of God, its ultimate capture and happy self-surrender.

But, while these influences in the world of industry, of science, and of religion, which have reached us out of the days of our fathers, have thus modified and directed the currents of our own age, by far the greatest force in life and literature to-day is the tremendous tide that rose in the philosophy of the French revolution, was accelerated by the social and political activities of the age of Victoria, and is sweeping to its culmination in these earlier years of the new century—the impulse toward a new and larger individual freedom, socially and spiritually; toward emancipation from bondage to all forms of life and thought that prevent the free play of personality. In politics it expresses itself in the woman's demand for the ballot and the repeal of laws that limit and restrict the rights and powers of the people as over against a class; in business in the protection of society from the tyranny of monopoly and wealth concentrated in the hands of the few; in industry in the preservation of the worker from the extreme hazards of toil and his establishment under conditions of life and labor that will give him the strength and will, as well as the opportunity, to burgeon out all his powers of body, mind, and soul. In art it is behind the strident cries for freedom from tradition and the conventional æsthetics dictated by the artistic achievements of other times and the willful demand that the artist shall be privileged to express his conception in whatever way he finds best suited to it in accord with the laws of his own genius. This principle has become the very Magna Charta of Futurism, and in the field of English poetry has encouraged new metrical combinations that enrich it with a new music, sweet and wonderful, and sometimes wild and rare. And out of the new æsthetic a new criticism has been born of the single principle that only one test may be applied to any work of art in any field, only one question be propounded concerning it: "What has the artist tried to do, and how far has he fulfilled his intention?" It is in the field of social and moral ideals, however, that this leaven of a free individualism has worked the greatest and most far-reaching trans-

formation. Whatever of conventional morality, when put to the test, is found to be nothing higher than a "shabby subservience" to public opinion, an "abject surrender to unreasonable prohibitions," as Mr. Wells has put it, has lost all authority with the younger generation of the day, and been brushed aside as unlawfully circumscribing "the free and self-originating soul." The smug moralities of the Victorian age have disintegrated under the acid of criticism; its unconscious hypocrisies, its prudery, in particular, its thin-lipped refusal to face the questions of sex before they were brought into the law courts, stand condemned before our loud cries for what we call reality. In some quarters this unconquerable spirit of unlimited individuality has found a new gospel in the stern teachings of Zarathustra, arrayed itself against all the established social and moral restraints of life, and declared its own will the sole arbiter of conduct. "The only sin is death," it proclaims on every hand, "and the only virtue to be alive and one's own authentic self. For all moral codes are only patterns, and patterns are a denial of life, and what is called sin is only a breaking of them." Familiar as the bills of the moving-picture shows, is all this in the drama and fiction of our day. Mrs. Ward, for example, as she holds up the mirror to the various social, moral, political, and religious aspects of modern life, has reflected many of them. Each of her heroines, to cite a single particular, seems to have been conceived in the light of the feminist principle that, whether married or not, "it is a woman's first and most sacred duty to preserve her own individuality." Marcella, Kitty Bristol, Julie Le Breton, all are young women in whom birth and early education have combined to develop, as M. Firmin Roz has remarked, a strongly individualized character, and the life history of each is the story of how she learned, after many flashes of independence and self-will, how to "reconcile love, which is harmony and union, with individuality, which is freedom, the preservation of personality." She becomes capable of loving only when, through the discipline of experience, she becomes worthy of being loved. One of the familiar themes of Mr. Arnold Bennett is the clash of wills between parent and child, the sullen rebellion of the younger generation against the elder when the elder fails to recog-

nize that the youth outgrows the restrictions of childhood and may even acquire an entirely new point of view. In Clayhanger, for instance, he portrays the slow subjection of Edwin's mind to the business of his father's steam-printery, the slow evaporation of his boyish aspirations to be an architect, his furtive assertions of independence as he settles down to the deadly routine of the shop, and his tardy emancipation, by the death of old Darius, only to discover that he is still the slave of his father's purpose. Mr. H. G. Wells also, who is the most thoughtful and constructive of our men of letters, has posed again and again the familiar questions of love and marriage, the relations of the sexes, and the thousand and one problems that arise from a consideration of the newer ideas of woman, "no longer a mere physical need, an æsthetic by-play, a sentimental background, but a moral and intellectual necessity in a man's life." And Bernard Shaw, finally—wit, satirist, and critic of society—has made himself on the stage the intellectual spokesman for the new ideas of the age, its revolt from convention, its hatred of shams and hypocrisy, its insistent demand for reality in thought and conduct, and for the fulfillment of the purposes of life through the free and unlimited operation of human intelligence.

But amid all these discordant and clamorous voices may still be heard now and then voices more serene, as of the nightingales that still sing, amid the din of the fighting over the battle-bathed fields of Flanders. Over against all this literature—prose drama and fiction most of it—heavy with the nascent philosophy of the new age, is a body of writing dominated by a simple æsthetic impulse, through which we may escape from the strain and stress of troublous thinking into the pleasant fields of romance and poetic beauty. Art is here "disentangled from the details of actuality," fragile, evanescent, with the bloom of strange colors upon it, bathed in the glamour of

> old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago.

So it is in the poems and dramas of Yeats, the plays of John Millington Synge, and the enchanting tales of Fiona Macleod.

At the hands of the Pre-Raphaelites, toward the end of the reign of Victoria, the sensuous richness of "The Eve of Saint Agnes" in its influence upon the early imagination of Tennyson, in poems like "The Lady of Shalott," issued in the poetry of pure decoration and mirrored sentiment, remote from human interest as from life, but still effective in a few singers of the present day. But it is John Masefield and Alfred Noyes, unlike though they are, who have greatest power in these stern times to beguile us from the shadows of ourselves and our age. Masefield is a thorough realist in method, but he brings forgetfulness upon us by his wonderful pictures of the sea, the fields, and moonlit pastures of England, the plowman on the hill, and the other homely folk who move across his pages, and in particular by his "delighted brooding on excessive terrible things," while, on the other hand, Mr. Noyes, by the pure witchery of his music, conjures fairyland in a London street, or transports us "across the seas of Wonderland" into the very heart of old Japan, where we become children again in all innocence, or by the magic of his symbolism awakens in our hearts a new sense of the fresh joy and wonder of the world:

> Over head the singing lark, and under foot the heather,
> Far and blue in front of us the unplumbed sky!

Kipling and Swinburne taught him song, and Meredith delight in the earth, in the hill-flowers, and in "the heaven-tossed heart of the lark."

With Kipling and his influence upon one aspect of our literature this survey began, and with Kipling it may fittingly close. For he is much more than the voice of our pride of power, our admiration for the man of action and daring, our spirit of adventure. He is the most potent influence in our English literature to-day, inspiring and quickening the younger generation in prose and poetry, but he is also among his contemporaries supreme for vividness and splendor of imagination and sheer creative energy—as Mr. Wells is in the field of letters their finest intelligence and most constructive thinker. In his ideas, his social and political philosophy, unlike Mr. Wells, he is hardly of our age at all, being rooted and grounded in a stanch conservatism that

renders him hostile to every influence that tends to divert the course of English life and thought from its ancient channels.

> Hold ye the Faith—the Faith our fathers sealèd us,
> Whoring not with visions—overwise and overstale!

That is the burden of his warning, as of a prophet to his people, in "The Son of the English." And in one of his latest stories, "The Mother Hive," he clothes in a fable of the bees his firm distrust of strange doctrines, and strange teachers who come to sow alien ideas among a prosperous and contented people and boast that they are creating new material, fashioning new conventions, producing a new type. He has been called the poet of British imperialism. But he is rather the strong voice of England in its reverence for Law, Order, Duty, Discipline, upon which British imperialism rests. That is the broad and general theme which underlies much of what he has written, as it is the theme of The Jungle Book:

> Now these are the Laws of the Jungle and many and mighty are they,
> But the head and the hoof of the Law and the haunch and the hump is—
> Obey.

This is the lesson that Mowgli must learn of Baloo, the Brown Bear, his schoolmaster, to which all the creatures of the Jungle must submit—all except the Bandar-Log, the monkey people who live in the trees and follow no leader, and are, as M. Roz has pointed out, "the 'Intellectuals' of the Jungle!" And because Mr. Kipling thus expresses the master instinct of his race in prose and verse, because his imagination is vivid and alive, he holds the seeds of immortality in his hands.

William E. Simon.

BAITING FOR A BITE

"Sit down, uncle, sit down. My! You out in such a night! It looks as if old Marblehead is to see another terrific storm before the morning."

"Yes, it does blow a little bleak," spoke the old fisherman, as he drew his coat about him and took off his hat, green with age. "It has been a stormy winter thus far. We are not used in these latter years to such severe weather before Christmas. I have been unable to leave the house all winter, so I have spent much time in quiet meditation. Over and over again I have thought of you—my brother's son—at college preparing himself to be a 'fisher of men.' For over sixty years I have been a deacon in the church and I've drawn many a whiff of strength from the hills of God in the time of storm. I have been a fisherman all my life—have caught most of my fish by angling. Your father was a brave 'angler,' and no better fisherman or braver man was ever lost along this coast. I remember the night well. He went to save others, but was unable to save himself. I have admired both you and your mother, and congratulate you on the fight you have made to get an education."

Taking an old black pipe from his vest pocket, and filling it with tobacco, he took a "split," and as he lit it from the brightly burning pine which sparkled in the open fire place he spoke: "Excuse me, my boy, for smoking. I have done it so long that in my old age a pipe of tobacco gives me comfort. But I would suggest you do not begin it, for it really pierces my heart when I see one of our ministers using the weed. I always think of the boys.

"Last night, while the Christmas Eve bells were ringing, I was sitting alone by the fireside when a voice seemed to say, 'You have been a successful fisherman all your life. Your brother's son is at home. He is called to be a fisher of men. Go over and give him a page out of your book of life. He is young to catch men; run, speak to that young man; advise him always and ever to bait his hook for a bite. It is his business.' So I ventured in the

storm, for my days are few and feeble. My son, I have learned by long experience that there are many ways of doing the same thing, but there is always a best way; and he who has learned the best and simplest way of doing his work is a wise man. Every fisherman knows that in the sea, the lakes, and the rivers there are fish to be caught. There are unfavorable days, and unlucky nights, but the fish are there and some one will catch them—and happy the man whose net is full of them. God's skilled fisherman will catch them; if not to-day, to-morrow the wind and tide will be favorable. It is your business to bait for a bite, to catch them, and to culture them. I always fished for bait before I baited for fish. The right bait is essential to good fishing. When we want a particular kind of fish we use the proper bait. Fish for bait, my son; fish for good bait; it will pay you a hundredfold. You may have a golden hook, a silken line, a polished rod, but the fish need food; food. Often I have seen such fine tackle in the pulpit that the pew was dazed by it; then I have seen the gilded hook without even a bit of bait. God's worlds above and beneath, his creatures, by day and by night are crowding thee with wealth of bait. My son, scale the mountains, search the valleys, sail the seas, scan the lakes, ford the rivers, speak to the sun, scour the soil, and listen to the heart-beats of the world; then bait thy hook and souls shall strain themselves for what thou bringest."

Here he paused and looking me squarely in the face continued: "My son, don't bait too big. Too large a fly has often spoiled a day's fishing. Do not try to do things which are too big for you. Do the best, and not the biggest. Do not think you must carry all your bait on one hook, or give out all you have at one fishing. Enough for the time and purpose is sufficient. Never aim at being a big preacher, but be a patient, persistent fisherman of our Lord. Remember, a great splurge never catches many fish.

"You are young," he added, "and may consider me somewhat blunt, but I have lived eighty-four years along this old rugged coast, and have seen much of men and manners, and a bit of an old fisherman's sense may be 'worth while' to you in years to come; so I would add, Do not bait your hook for compliments. Do not be elated over the praise of your friends. Your friend is he who

finds your faults and helps you to mend them though it may wound your pride. The highest commendation which can come to your ministry is that you are a faithful fisherman and that you are never satisfied until you have drawn some into the Kingdom. Never forget, my boy, the world's plaudits may die ere the sun sets."

At this moment I went upstairs; returning with my Bible I read what I had pasted on the inside cover:

> "No cunning of mere craft can cozen long,
> In fresco, bust, or song.
> A world may praise; but when the rapture dies
> May not the world despise?
>
> "Only the master worker shall endure
> Who wrought, being sane and sure.
> First the deep heart, the athlete mind—and then
> The chisel, brush, and pen."

"That, my son, is a bit of sound sense, and if you keep hard to it it will serve you well; it will serve you well.

"Some fish are very cautious and are very careful what they bite. They nibble the bait with care, but a wise fisherman has the sense of detection so cultivated that he feels it through all his veins. He skillfully induces them to bite, then lands them safely. At the first sign of a soul's approach to the Kingdom you must be wise in workmanship; patient in perseverance you will reach the aim of your calling, a 'fisher of men.' You have the pearl of great price to bait your hook with—and never forget that it has value for men though some may turn away and even keep others from it; keep on baiting until you find the right spot—then drop your pearl. When I was a boy my father took me out fishing with the most expert fisherman of Marblehead. If there were fish anywhere around he was sure to get them. He fished for about an hour, then turned to father and said, 'They are not biting here.' He drew up the anchor, went to another part of the bay, and in a few minutes he had a big bite. He was very careful in landing him. 'My!' I shouted, 'what a big fellow.' Without a smile or a word he threw it down in the boat, unhooked it, cast it overboard, pulled up his anchor and sailed two miles away. 'What did he

do that for?' I inquired. 'That was a dog fish,' was father's reply; 'small fish are not near to bite when such sharks are near.' So I would say to you, Try to find the most favorable spot for the pearls which you have to give. Never fish in the sand. Do not cast your bait at random. Go where they are biting and where they are biting best. 'Cast not your pearls before swine.'

" 'Bring forth the fish which you have now caught,' was the command of the Divine Fisherman. You must save men to serve. Most people are like bicyles: unless kept going they will go down. Set the souls you win to do the work for which they are best adapted. I read the other day of one of the well-known ministers in a big city to whom a gentleman came and said, 'Doctor, I should like to join your church. I enjoy the singing and the preaching immensely.' 'That is very kind of you to say,' was the reply, 'but what part of church work would you like?' 'No—no—no; that is not my thought,' he spoke; 'but just to attend church and enjoy it.' 'If that is so,' replied the preacher, 'I would suggest your joining the Church of the Heavenly Rest.' " The strength of uncle was well-nigh spent when he completed the last story. That night, as I placed my finger upon the latch and opened the door for uncle to enter his little cottage by the sea, the Christmas bells were ringing out their peals of peace on earth, good will toward men, and the incoming tide forced the body of blue in crags of whiteness against the rock-bound coast of Marblehead. At dawn I was sitting by the bedside of him who spoke so tenderly to me yesterday; he raised himself, then placing his right hand over his brow, with the gleam of heaven in his face, he spoke: "Jordan; the ships are coming—they are near the shore. Mother's on board; God bless her dear soul, she said she'd come for me—we lived together more than fifty-nine years. It's been bitter since she left, but she's here now. Drop the anchor—haul in the sail. Good-by, my boy. Never forget to bait for a bite."

S. Teresa Jackson

KEATS AND HIS PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

The years of John Keats numbered twenty-six; and he died. The events of his short and tragic existence are quickly summed up. He was the son of a stable-man; up to fifteen years of age, a fighter, with keen delight in setting his brothers and companions at logger-heads, and standing by to watch the fray; after that came a headlong plunge into study, especially literature, with Spenser as his chief delight. Later he passed through a period of poetical production, demonstrating his right to a place among the greatest artists of poesy. The fever of love followed and joined with the fever of genius. Inherited disease developed its cruel poison. And he died at Rome, at the age of twenty-six. It was a strange thing that he said one day, over yonder in the yellow house at the foot of the Spanish Stairs: "Doctor, when will this posthumous life of mine come to an end?" It was as if he felt that when he had lost his ability and strength to reproduce on paper the exquisite visions of a marvelous imagination, he, himself, had ceased to exist. His body lived—a life after death.

It is, of course, a trite saying that a man lives in his works, after his soul has passed into the invisible world. Nothing dies. But it is sometimes extraordinary to observe in what a short span of years a man can accomplish that which excites the awe and admiration of generations to come. Schubert lived about the same length of time as did John Keats. In those few short years, he gave to us an enormous quantity of the most entrancing melodies. It is given to some human beings to concentrate their energies in a brief period of time, while others, working more deliberately, continue into old age their labors, growing richer as the years roll by. At ninety Titian's brush had not lost its power. The geniuses who work so swiftly, often burn out, not their power to produce, but their physical energy. So it was with John Keats. With the marvelous gifts of imagery which he possessed, to what heights would he, or could he have gone, if he had lived?

I want, just in this short time, to study John Keats in his

philosophy of life, his outlook on existence, as found in his poems. "I have loved," he said, "the principle of beauty in all things." Here lies the essence of Keats's life. In his first long poem, *Endymion,* of which critics spoke harshly and bruised so severely the sensitive soul of the poet, the word-production is wonderful. It is one continuous galaxy of beauty, chiefly the beauty of nature, showing Keats to have been an extraordinarily keen observer of the tiniest, most minute aspects of the natural world around him. In his command of words, in his word-painting, I can compare him with D'Annunzio and with Robert Hichens. I am not speaking now of the content or aim of any writing done by these men, but of the remarkable ability to pile word on word, in a glittering, breathless manner, forming pictures never to be forgotten. It seems to me that this characteristic of Keats is more distinctly shown in this early poem than later. Afterward, his diction became more refined, his sentences more full of meaning, his adjectives more suggestive. *Endymion* was just what it was designed to be, a search after beauty.

In his hymn to Pan he says:

"O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet, turtles
Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,
What time thou wanderest at eventide
Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the side
Of thine enmossèd realms: O thou, to whom
Broad-leaved fig-trees even now foredoom
Their ripened fruitage; yellow-juted bees
Their golden honeycombs; one village lass
Their fairest-blossom'd beans and poppied corn;
The chuckling linnet its five young unborn,
To sing for thee; low-creeping strawberries
Their summer coolness; pent-up butterflies
Their freckled wings; yea, the fresh-budding year
All its completions—be quickly near,
By every wind that nods the mountain pine,
O forester divine!"

Or, speaking of Endymion's wanderings in search of love and beauty:

"Now he is sitting by a shady spring,
And elbow-deep with feverous fingering
Stems the up-bursting cold: a wild rose-tree
Pavillions him in bloom, and he doth see

A bud which snares his fancy: lo! but now
He plucks it, dips its stalk in the water: how
It swells, it buds, it flowers beneath his sight;
And, in the middle, there is softly fright
A golden butterfly; upon whose wings
There must be surely character'd strange things,
For with wide eye he wonders and smiles oft."

Wonderful pictures of the pen. On and on and on it goes, while one grows breathless.

Then is the description of Neptune's hall:

"Far as the mariner on highest mast
Can see all round upon the calmed vast,
So wide was Neptune's hall: and as the blue
Doth vault the waters, so the waters drew
Their doming curtains, high, magnificent,
Awed from the throne aloof; and when storm-rent
Disclosed the thunder-gloomings in Jove's air;
But soothed as now, flashed sudden everywhere,
Noiseless, sub-marine cloudlets, glittering
Death to a human eye; for there did spring
From natural west and east and south and north,
A light as of four sunsets, blazing forth
A gold-green zenith 'bove the Sea-God's head.
Of lucid depth the floor, and far outspread
As breezeless lake, on which the slim canoe
Of feather'd Indian darts about, as though
The delicatest air: air verily,
But for the portraiture of clouds and sky:
This palace floor breath-air,—but for the amaze
Of deep-seen wonders motionless—and blaze
Of the dome pomp, reflected in extremes,
Globing a golden sphere."

I have merely chosen these few extracts as specimens of Keats's power in word-painting and his reproduction of the details of nature. Yet, I must say that with all this, the heart of nature does not seem to me to have been revealed to John Keats as it was to Wordsworth in his tiny etchings which move our hearts and bring tears to our eyes. Our senses are wonderfully stimulated by these passages, but we are not moved in spirit.

Keats in his relation to his fellow-men, in the every-day, practical walks of life, appears cold, though not unsympathetic. It must be remembered that he was still very young. He had

not yet had those experiences which make a man mellow, opening his heart to the sufferings and needs of others. He, himself, had a temperament inclined to melancholy, a tendency to morbid introspection, an inherited disease sapping his life-essence, the sensitive soul of a poet, cut to the quick by adverse criticism and lack of appreciation. Perhaps his own state of mind and his attitude toward his fellow-men, his philosophy of life, are nowhere better shown than in the Vision of Hyperion, as he ascends the stair and almost dies in doing so:

> "None can usurp this height," returned that shade,
> "But those to whom the miseries of the world
> Are misery and will not let them rest.
> All else who find a haven in the world,
> Where they may thoughtless sleep away their days,
> If by a chance into this fane they come,
> Rot on the pavement where thou rottest half."
> "Are there not thousands in the world," said I,
> Encouraged by the sooth voice of the shade,
> "Who love their fellows, even to the death,
> Who feel the giant agony of the world,
> And more, like slaves to poor humanity,
> Labor for mortal good? I sure should see
> Other men here, but I am here alone."
> "Those whom thou speakest of are no visionaries,"
> Rejoined that voice; "they are no dreamers weak;
> They seek no wonder but the human face,
> No music but the happy-noted voice:
> They come not here, they have no thought to come;
> And thou art here, for thou art less than they.
> What benefit canst thou do, or all thy tribe,
> To the great world? Thou art a dreaming thing,
> A fever of thyself: think of the earth:
> What bliss, even in hope, is there for thee?
> What haven? Every creature hath its home,
> Every sole man hath days of joy and pain,
> Whether his labors be sublime or low—
> The pain alone, the joy alone, distinct:—
> Only the dreamer venoms all his days,
> Bearing more woe than all his sins deserve.
> Therefore, that happiness be somewhat shared,
> Such things as thou art are admitted oft
> Into like gardens thou didst pass erstwhile,
> And suffered in these temples."

It is a sad outburst of a soul, which in its genius finds itself

alone. The same tinge of melancholy rests on most of Keats's poems. Of beauty there is much, of amazing imagination, fascination of form and figure, there is an innumerable variety, it holds us entranced, we cannot stop reading, but we feel the sadness. I do not find in his poems cynicism; rather, a sense of the inevitable, an acceptance of what appear to him to be the limitations of life.

His relation to the passion of love and to fair women is singular. He is inclined to despise the sex and consider it flippant. Yet, in *Isabella* and in *Madeline*, written later, however, after he had fallen under the spell of the one woman to whom he gave himself entirely—alas! too fully—he has given us portraits of two girls who were lovely, pure, full of devotion. Do you remember how Isabella, fair maid of Florence, was deprived of her lover, Lorenzo, killed by the cruel hand of her brothers described thus:

"Yet were these Florentines as self-retired
In hungry pride and gainful cowardice,
As two close Hebrews in that land inspired,
Paled in and vineyarded from beggar-spies;
The hawks of ship-mast forests—the untired
And pannier'd mules for ducats and old lies—
Quick cat's-paws on the generous stray-away,—
Great wits in Spanish, Tuscan and Malay."

They kill Lorenzo and bury him, but to Isabella his burial-place is revealed in a dream:

"She gazed into the fresh-thrown mold, as though
One glance did fully all its secrets tell;
Clearly she saw, as other eyes would know
Pale limbs at bottom of a crystal well;
Upon the murderous spot she seemed to grow
Like to the native lily of the dell:
Then with her knife, all sudden she began
To dig more fervently than misers can.
Soon she turn'd up a soilèd glove, whereon
Her silk had played in purple phantasies;
She kiss'd it with a lip more chill than stone,
And put it in her bosom.
The ancient harps have said,
Love never dies, but lives, immortal Lord."

Exquisite picture of a desolate, distraught woman.

And in that matchless gem of beauty, the Eve of Saint Agnes, we see Madeline:

> "her maiden eyes divine,
> Fixed on the floor."
> "In vain
> Came many a tip-toe amorous cavalier,
> And back retired; not cool'd by high disdain,
> But she saw not: her heart was otherwhere;
> She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year."
> "Meantime, across the moors
> Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
> For Madeline."

Can anything be more beautiful than this?

> "And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep
> In blanchèd linen, smooth and lavendered.
> . . . . . .
> Shaded was her dream
> By the dusk curtains.
> Suddenly,
> Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone:
> Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.
> "Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
> Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
> Made tunable with every sweetest vow;
> And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:
> How changed thou art! how pallid, chill and drear!
> Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
> Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
> Oh, leave me not in this eternal woe,
> For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go."

Yet Keats wrote to one of his friends: "I am certain that I have not the right feeling toward women—at this moment I am striving to be just to them—but I cannot. Is it because they fall so far beneath my boyish imagination? Is it not extraordinary? When among men, I have no evil thoughts, no malice, no spleen; I feel free to speak or be silent; I can listen and from every one I can learn; my hands are in my pockets, I am free from all suspicion and comfortable. When I am among women, I have evil thoughts, malice, spleen; I cannot speak or be silent; I am full of suspicions, and therefore listen to nothing; I am in a hurry to be gone." Another time: "The roaring of the wind is my wife; and the stars through the window-pane are my children, the mighty

abstract idea of Beauty in all things I have, stifles the more divided, minute domestic happiness."

It was very early in his life that he wrote the three Sonnets on Women, and these breathe forth a different spirit, and yet, through them runs the one thing which we do not exactly like in Keats's love scenes, a sensual delight, a searching for beauty, in its lower forms. It is not strange that Keats, finding one whom he considered perfect, should give himself entirely, his art, his genius, his soul, his very life. The unsatisfied longings for this woman, his inevitable separation from her, his death, alone, save the presence of his devoted friend, Severn, rendered his sufferings and agony of soul still more atrocious. It is pitiful to read this, written after his arrival in Italy:

"I can bear to die—I cannot bear to leave her—O God! God! God! Everything I have in my trunks that reminds me of her goes through me like a spear. My imagination is horribly vivid about her—I see her—I hear her. O Brown, I have coals of fire in my breast! It surprises me that the human heart is capable of so much misery."

Truly, the agony of a man like Keats, a poet, living in his imagination, a creature of passion, warmth, even violence of temperament, must have been past bearing.

His Ode to Fanny, Lines to Fanny, are beautiful as love-poems, but contain a certain spirit which gives one pain, when written by such a genius as Keats. It is sad that he could not have felt love in its greatest, highest, noblest forms, the love that inspires men and lifts them nearer to God.

And now we come to the other side of John Keats's life, his relation to God and Eternity. It is not surprising that his imagination was thrilled and quickened by the gods of mythology; his boyish brain was fed upon them. No one can deny that those scenes of imaginary deities make a splendid background for the delicate tracery, the marvelous weaving of his poetry. We could not desire that he should not have written as he did, but we could wish that through his exquisite verses ran the inspiring thoughts of God, the relation of man to his Maker, the joys of a future existence.

He begins *Hyperion:*

"Fanatics have their dreams, wherewith they weave
A paradise for a sect; the savage, too,
From forth the loftiest fashion of his sleep
Guesses at heaven. Pity these have not
Traced upon vellum or wild Indian leaf
The shadows of melodious utterance."

Keats writes of sorrow, but without comfort; of melancholy, without hope; of pain, without prospect of release; of life without the vision of eternity.

Was anything sadder than his poem Why did I laugh To-night?

"Why did I laugh to-night? No voice will tell:
No God, no demon of severe response,
Deigns to reply from Heaven or from Hell.
Then to my human heart I turn at once.
Heart! Thou and I are here sad and alone;
I say, why did I laugh? O mortal pain!
O Darkness! Darkness! ever must I moan,
To question Heaven and Hell and Heart in vain."

With Alfieri, he cries out, in the sad hours in Rome:

"Misera me! Sollievo a me non resta
Altro che'l pianto, ed il pianto è delitto."

Of constrast with this is his beautiful Faery Song:

"Shed no tear! oh, shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Weep no more! oh, weep no more!
Young buds sleep in the root's white core.
Dry your eyes! oh, dry your eyes!
For I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies.
Shed no tear."

We wish, indeed, that John Keats, with his wonderful gifts, his matchless spirit of poesy, had left us more of the divine, of songs for the soul, of glimpses of the joys to come. On the other hand, there is nothing in his poetry to intimate that he had not faith in God, nor anything which would tend to teach unbelief. He simply did not feel a call to write anything having a bearing on the soul's destiny, or the earthly experiences as related to the heavenly.

It is comforting to know that in these last sad days in Rome, when his spirit, weighed down by suffering, was poising for its flight, when hopes were dead and love was far away, he turned his thoughts towards God and Christ. His friend, Severn, read to him from Taylor's Holy Living and Dying. His turbulent, restless soul grew more peaceful. He died, with hand clasping the little white cornelian, given to him by the woman whom he adored. His greatness of love made this woman great.

In the old cemetery near the Aurelian Wall, near the Pyramid of Cestius, beneath the shadow of tall trees, traced over by dull green mosses, festooned by ivy, lies the body of John Keats. The birds sing above it, the flowers bloom, the verdure dies and is renewed, the trees cast forth their leaves and are rerobed in living green.

His name was not writ in water; his soul was not destined to eternal eclipse, his mind, his imagination have enriched our minds and our imaginations.

His sonnet to Sleep, that piteous appeal, comes to us now with renewed significance, thinking upon the turbulent existence of this young poet and the quiet repose of his body in yonder cemetery:

"O soft embalmer of the still midnight!
Shutting, with careful fingers and benign,
Our gloom-pleased eyes, embower'd from the light,
Enshaded in forgetfulness divine;
O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee, close,
In midst of this thine hymn, my willing eyes,
Or wait the amen, ere thy poppy throws
Around my bed its lulling choristies;
Then save me, or the passèd day will shine
Upon my pillow, breeding many woes;
Save me from curious conscience, that still lords
Its strength, for darkness burrowing like a mole;
Turn the key deftly in the oiled wards,
And seal the hushed casket of my soul."

Tobias Butty Clark

EFFICIENT CHURCH UNION FOR COUNTRY TOWNS

1. At one time I was making a first-hand study of a religious social problem in a country town. On Sunday evening I attended the regular union service and was pleased to find Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, and Protestant Episcopal congregations uniting to fill the largest church edifice in town in hearty community worship. The ministers were together on the platform and each of them had a part in the service. The next day I congratulated the Episcopal clergyman upon such a demonstration of church union. He replied: "The fact that we worship together does not demonstrate a condition of Church Union. There is but one Christian Church in this community, as you would more plainly see should you attend the Sunday evening service when it is held in my church. The other ministers are present, but I alone am in the chancel. There is but one clergyman, one church, and one parish in this community, and all these Christians belong to the one church."

I forthwith quoted this sublime profession of religious faith to the pastor of the Congregational Church. He responded: "If there is but one church in this town that church is ours. Ours is the community church. Our church was born and reared with the community. We have three times the members of the other churches combined and ten times more members than the Protestant Episcopal Church has communicants. The rector's religious notion that his is the one church is more absurd than the Pope's ancient dogma that the earth stands still. It is too absurd to be mentioned. From every real standpoint—historical, spiritual, social, economic—ours is the community church, and in the spirit of this reality we enjoy our work and worship together."

There was a Disciples of Christ Church in that community. They were a small, struggling and faithful but spiritually rich society; rich in their church union faith. They united with no other professed Christians of the locality, for the others were of

course Christians in name only. If they were Christian in reality they would, of course, become Disciples of Christ.

The Roman Catholic Church of the town was neither small nor struggling. I do not remember that it had a single point of contact, as a church, with the other churches in lines of community work. Being the one church of the community, by its pre-eminent church union faith, and, as such, a "religious rather than a social institution," and "divine rather than human," there was no call and no possibility of cooperation in the affairs of the world.

That town had and still has one kind of church union. Some would call it "platform church union." It was something deeper than that. Those four congregations worshiped together once each week because each thereby realized the complete community aspect of its own vision. Each believed that it had preeminent and exclusive possession of the particular quality, virtue or material of which churches are made. Church union of this kind is church oneness. The first kind of church union, therefore, which we have discovered is religious church union; the church oneness constituted by the belief that one's own church is, by the quality of its Christian virtue, the one church. By religious church union is meant that kind of union which is sought by a religious denomination or a church whose members teach, as they try to believe, that they alone represent essential Christianity; that they are right while others are wrong; that at least they possess the larger truth and others only part truths; and that, when the end of the race is reached, they will be the all-inclusive religious body. I do not know that there is any form of church union known within the bounds of the present religious world which has a higher per cent of efficiency than just this same religious church union. A denomination is a group of people of a common Christian belief and standard of character organized for the efficient maintenance and propagation of their cause. I seriously doubt if there is a single denomination in Christendom that would subsist for even a week were it not for this same religious church union. Let us remember, however, that religious church union is by no means one hundred per cent efficient in gaining the ends for which Christianity stands.

Bishop William M. Brown, of Arkansas, in the preface of his book The Level Plan for Church Union, says:

"I have devoted every energy of mind and body to my church extension and upbuilding work, much of which has been of a proselyting character. I have gloried in this work . . . because of the conviction that in English-speaking countries the churches of the Anglican communion can make superior claims to the allegiance of the people; and that these churches will become the several rallying points of unity when it shall please God to bring together into national churches and international communions all Christians of our race into one fold, under one ministerial shepherding.

"A very large proportion of the classes which the Bishops of the Episcopal Church are confirming is made up of Christians from other churches. Often the majority of a confirmation class is composed of such, and recently I had an experience which, notwithstanding my thoroughgoing sectarianism, made me heartsick. I confirmed a class, all the members of which had been exemplary Christians, some among them eminently so, of other religious bodies. . . . The rector who presented the class of proselytes to which I refer was greatly elated at his valuable catches from the other churches, but, notwithstanding his enthusiasm, my heart was heavy because he had toiled all the year without catching anything from the great sea of the unchurched world."

Religious church union, essential as it may be and as necessary as it is in its own time and place, stands for an institutional ideal of Christianity. All the organizations and institutions of the world combined are incapable of containing the new wine of the Christian spirit and leaven. Furthermore, no sooner do we organize life than we begin to crucify it and lay it aside upon the museum shelves with the mummies, however much we may stimulate it for temporary achievements.

Religious church union, as great a force as it may be in the world, and as great as may be its absurdities, is a reality with which we must reckon in country communities as well as in the church world in general.

2. "Religious church union may be all right in its place," some one may say. "It is often as religiously powerful on the one hand as it is sociologically unreasonable on the other. But the great difficulty is that it is usually so wasteful of economic resources. My ideal is to have one church, that is, one religious society, in each community. Certainly people should be broad enough to make a single central, inclusive church suffice." Let

us investigate this matter of the one-church-in-the-community form of church union. We may call it economic church union.

The State of Vermont had, in 1909, 412 communities, not townships in every case, but city, town, village, hamlet, and neighborhood centers, each of which was provided with a Protestant evangelical church. One of those communities had eight churches, one had seven, seven communities had five churches each, 21 had four each, 33 had three each, 107 had two each, and the large majority of 242, or 59 per cent of the whole, had but one church each. A majority of the churched communities of Vermont, therefore, and the same may be said of most of the States in the American Union, have economic church union. They are free from the burden of local sectarian competition, they are not committing the crime of being over-churched, and they are conserving their economic resources. It is easy to speak of their negative virtues, but what of their positive worth? If it occurs that the one-church per community plan is ideal, if it is always efficient, how does it happen that 45 per cent of the Baptist, Congregational, and Methodist missionary money applied in Vermont at the time of this investigation should go to one-church fields? If economic church union were a guarantee for church efficiency in any given community, missionary money would be given, rather than received, by the one-church fields. But such is by no means the general rule. I believe that if an investigation should be made to cover all New England it would be found that the death rate of churches in one-church communities is greater than in communities having two or more churches each, and that the per capita per cent of Sunday school and church memberships is also greater in communities having two or more churches. Students of the question are absolutely agreed, from both reason and experience, that the community of one church which represents any fair degree of Christianity under even average ministerial leadership is usually a prosperous church. But even economic church union, with all its advantages, is only a means to an end. Though the idea is popular it is, alas, too often empty of moral energy. Ecclesiastical real estate and church money are the least valuable factors to be considered. Better ten churches in a com-

munity of 500 souls, and true moral growth, than but one church for a town of 10,000, and spiritual stupor.

At one time I was pastor of a rural church arrangement which became widely known and very popular. Three local churches of three different denominations federated for work and worship under a single leadership and I was appointed to be that leader. I had the time of my life in that pastorate. Two hundred and seventy-five families scattered over 40 square miles constituted my field of operations, and I made about 1,000 calls annually upon my people. We had a well-equipped parish house for social center purposes. My salary was promptly paid. The churches federated were well in the lead among the community organizations. At one time more than 400 people gathered on a religious occasion. Not only were the churches federated among themselves, but they were in cooperation with the grange and other agencies for community uplift. The work was in every sense popular. I enjoyed it in many ways. But it was almost soulless. When real moral changes for the better in the lives of men occurred it was not the churches directly and as such that produced them. The churches themselves were demoralized. My active, dependable church membership was hardly more than six per cent of the total Protestant population of the township of which I was the only resident pastor. To-day I know beyond a shadow of a doubt that the best service I rendered that community was when I permitted a movement that unbalanced the federation of churches—which was the so-called "community church" number one. After one of the three churches did not accede to a level plan of organic church union two of the three churches, at my urgent request, became one church, taking into itself all of the "unattached church possibilities" and several new converts. This new church was so-called "community church" number two. The other church, forlorn and alone, according to the popular estimate, was left upon the rocks to die. "How could it live?" many people asked. The members of that church wept, spending days in earnest heart-searching. Then they began to work, spending themselves in a service which was reenforced by a power surpassing that of reason or science. They did no selfish, sectarian, ambitious engineering. The church

did not fail of the vision of its real mission for the whole community. It became charged with the dynamic of moral passion. It gained the power to appeal to men to be reconciled to God, and with an unchurched population of more than 600 souls in the parish it had men enough to whom to appeal. That church did not die. It was only a case of months when the church, so recently dying, became what it is to-day: a center of religious and social interest; a true community church; thankful for its "valley of the shadow of death" which was the power of God, compelling it to spread its wings and live.

We have to take community conditions and human nature as we find them. From the standpoint of efficiency the question is not, What would be ideal if the mere asking made it so? but, What can be developed by a program of wise engineering? If we were the kind of idealists who could receive anything for the asking we would choose to be transported to heaven at once and be done with it. There are many programs of rural community engineering by which two or more churches in any given community may be developed into a single church in the attainment of economic church union. We can hardly notice even a catalogue of them. On the whole, I believe that some form of organic union on the level plan, producing a single denominational community church, is the best plan at the present stage of denominational unrest. In any case, the process must be one of vital expansion and growth, and never a process of surgical elimination or wholesale slaughter.

There is one special method by which many different communities have sought to attain or to maintain economic church union. I refer to the method of the so-called union or independent church. From the ideal, sociological standpoint I do not believe in the "union" church plan. Here are my reasons: Union churches are usually extremely sectarian. They are too often composed largely of those who place creed before Christ and make their personal or ancestral church memberships, which cannot be maintained in full in the normal manner, their idols. Union churches very commonly have been museums for the preservation of mere ecclesiastical relics. Union churches are "union" in name, but in fact they persist in being ununited. They refuse union with

other churches or brotherhoods of churches. Dogmatically independent, they have been the most dependent of churches. Their freedom has not been entirely free from the exclusive spirit. Every denomination was once a single union church. Union churches in seeking to outshine the great denominations have denominationalized themselves. And they prefer their own new untried organizations to the larger efficient ones. To choose the union church in preference to the denominational church is to choose the acorn but to reject the oak. The community that chooses the union church may thereby choose progress, and with it too often the conditions which make progress impossible. Because of the sectarian factors in most union churches they have never been wholly satisfactory. They have often stood for so many things that no one has cared to take time to account for them. Or they have stood for so little that they might as well stand for nothing. But there is the practical side to the question of the union church as related to church union in the country. It is the practical side that counts. The indictment against the union church could easily be made seven times more severe against the denominations, judged from the point of view of sociological ideals. In America, especially, with reference to the church union problem we have a condition to face, not mere theories. Church union to-day throughout the Christian world in general is altogether too largely either a matter of practical politics on the one hand or of academic speculation on the other. Church union as practical politics is largely a game, one of the most interesting of games, by which leaders and their machines gain, challenge, publicity, struggle, and victory, and, as is the case with professional sport and splendidly organized high finance, something of what may be called the moral equivalent of war. As academic scholarship, church union is a most pleasurable pastime in speculation. Whether one lingers beneath the flickering shades of maples and elms or rambles meditatively among the charming alcoves of dusty books for the study of irenics in some theological library, he is harming no one and the world moves on. The fact remains that for several decades we have been able to find no more practical, consistent, and efficient expression of the church union which so-

ciety so much needs to-day than is exhibited in our strong union churches. I wish we had more of them. They are profitable to the Kingdom.

One of the happiest days of my life as a preacher was when, in 1909, I preached in the Union Church of Proctor, Vt., and was able to say that that church had done more toward developing the spirit and practice of unity and cooperation among the churches of the Green Mountain State than had any other single influence. That church stands as a continuous sermon, preaching the gospel that it is the business of the church to adapt itself to and to serve community needs. The pastorate of such a church gives one the best possible opportunity of living the get-together gospel of Christ's prayer for unity among all churches and Christians.

Union churches may have many difficulties. Every missionary movement has its difficulties. The hardness of the battle which the union church has can be measured to some extent by the high death-rate of union churches. Lambs are very often devoured by mountain lions and bears. Whenever a denominational bear has made a delicious and kingly banquet of a union church lamb, it is entirely possible that the lamb has served not only as food but as medicine. It is hard to conceive that a bear could be quite as brutal after a feast of a mercy-loving lamb. While I believe economic church union, that is, one church for each community center, to be a consummation devoutly to be wished for a large majority of country places having less than 1,000 people, I believe that there are other forms of church union which may be as profitable for the average country township.

3. The third kind of church union which we wish to study from the point of view of efficiency is church union for work, or church federation. By church federation we mean the working together of two or more churches for the accomplishment of ends which could not be attained by the churches working separately.

There is hardly a problem within the religious field to-day that calls more urgently for solution than the problem of local inter-church contention and strife in small communities. How shall we solve it? Of course the first answer will be, in cases where such conditions exist, let the field be investigated by a com-

petent specialist to see if, by some constructive method, the churches cannot at once proceed to become one organically. The next recourse is to secure some form of church federation for work. If there are only two or three churches in the field the one-minister federation might well be contemplated. The one-minister plan of church federation has been tried in numerous places during the past twenty years. This has also been called the Vermont type of local church federation. More than thirty of them are at the present time in successful operation in various parts of the United States. Vermont, Maine, Wisconsin, Massachusetts, New York, and New Hampshire have the leading examples. This type of work—when the one minister is truly a community leader—though it is a great step in advance in the missionary solution of the problem of the seemingly over-churched field, should never be considered as a permanent arrangement. Ten examples of it in one State have been observed to give each of the formerly struggling parishes strong and well-paid pastors, and, at the same time, to release ten ministers for more needy fields. I would recommend that every town, village, or rural point which has more than one church, that is, if there is a real mission for them and a closer union cannot be realized, should organize what may be called the maximum service local federation of churches. It is formed by the coming together of authorized representatives elected by each church. This is practiced on a larger scale in cities, counties, states and the nation. Thus is formed a body (1) to manifest the essential unity of the churches; (2) to promote the systematic evangelization of the entire community; (3) to express the dominant Christian sentiment of the people touching moral issues; (4) to coordinate benevolent efforts in behalf of all needy classes; (5) to secure the systematic direction of the recreational and educational life of the people; and (6) to further the organic union of churches when the interests of the Kingdom of God demand it.

George Frederick Wells.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE CHURCH TO-DAY

One of the most characteristic features of modern religious life is the ever-increasing interest in the subject of church union or federation among the various Protestant denominations. Numerous conventions have been held, with delegates from scores of different churches; and although little of a definite nature has been accomplished as yet, there is no doubt that the spirit of denominational aloofness that was so prevalent a generation or two ago has now practically disappeared. In fact, this indifference to purely denominational lines has gone so far that a large number of people to-day have little or no idea of the origin of the peculiar doctrines of the various churches to which they belong. All these things are symptomatic of the change that has come over the churches in the last hundred years or more. The Lutheran and the Presbyterian, the Baptist and the Methodist churches are not the same, from a theological as well as from a practical standpoint, that they were at the time of their origin. The great movement of evangelistic, emotional, personal religion, which was so marked a feature of the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth century, has undergone a great change. Class meetings, prayer meetings, revivals are no longer what they were. But more significant still is the decline in the importance once attached to minor questions of theology and dogma, to creeds and forms of worship. The very things that separated Luther and Zwingli and Calvin, and that later split up the Protestant Church into a multitude of separate denominations, have now fallen into the background. Men are no longer interested, as they once were, in such questions as the real presence in the Lord's Supper, the Virgin birth, predestination—but rather in the practical phases of Christianity. The epoch-making discoveries of science in the middle of the nineteenth century, with the expansion of the stellar universe to unthinkable proportions, the doctrine of evolution, the extraordinary development of the political, social, and industrial life of the middle and lower classes, the theories of social democracy, the

influence of great philosophers, especially the pessimist Schopenhauer and the annihilistic Nietzsche, the inconoclastic criticism of Strauss and Renan, and the labors of the so-called higher critics of the Bible, were bound to have their effect on the state of the religious life and thought of the church.

The fears, however, of men in the later nineteenth century that all these things were destined to take away their faith have not been realized. It may be accepted as a fact that the total result of all these labors has been, on the one hand, to establish more firmly than ever the deepest need of the human spirit, the ineradicable instinct of the religious life, and on the other to settle once for all the historicity of the life and teachings of Jesus. As Braasch has said, the change in the religious life of the Christian church will be found not in the innermost essence, but only in the way of looking at Him. "It will no longer be the Christ of dogma, with his inconceivable metaphysical characteristics, but the religious life of the present will find in the Christ of history a better, more direct, unshakable foundation on which to stand; that is, the moral religious life that became actually real in Jesus, the spirit which is at the same time divine and human and which we can life after him. This is the direction in which the stream of our religious life henceforth must be led."

Thus we see that the differences between the churches, which once seemed so vital, have become of minor importance. To-day all churches can join in the worship of the Saviour and follow in his footsteps. Christ himself had no theology or creed; he simply lived his life from day to day, spending part of his time in communion with his Father, "resting on the bosom of God," and then going about among men doing good. He varied his life between these two things, thus maintaining the "true cadence" of the religious life.

And what he practiced he taught. His doctrine seen was simple and plain, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, summed up in the command, "Thou shalt love thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself." And we find in his life and teaching the supreme lesson to-day—not only for the individual Christian

but for the church as a whole—to follow the Master in these two things.

To-day the center of religious life is different from what it was in the past. In the Middle Ages piety was altogether along the line of the first of these two phases of Christian experience and teaching—all men sought for the mystic union with God, for the ecstasy and the supernatural vision. In order to obtain this, they denied the flesh, kept down the bodily appetites, lived in caves, starved the body, despised all luxury, wealth, pomp, power, and glory of this world, had no feeling for the majesty of life, no sense of beauty in nature or art—nay, even looked upon the world as an incurable evil, from which the soul must escape by a constant exercise of renunciation and purgation. This is the piety of saints and hermits and is constantly inculcated by such writers as Saint Thomas à Kempis and Saint Theresa, the latter of whom despised earthly flowers because they were so much less beautiful than those she saw in her visions.

It has often been said that in modern times men have largely lost this God-sense which was so characteristic of the earlier centuries. And this is natural. In the Middle Ages the universe was small, just above the heads of men, the nine heavens only interposed between the soul and man and the heavenly courts—the Empyrean, the heaven of light and love, the dwelling place of saints and the spirits of just men made perfect—the homeland of the soul. It all seemed very near and very real. So, too, the God-sense was a real feeling. Men felt toward God and heaven as a man who has left home thinks of his father and mother in the dear old home in the country far away. All this has been changed by the new astronomy, sweeping away as it does the old Ptolemaic system, and opening up to our eyes infinite space instead of a few crystalline spheres. Hence the modern God-sense is no longer the child-like feeling that it once was, but the conception of the great Creator of all, the great first Cause. Yet the feeling for God has not been lost. In a sense it is more sublime. It finds its inspiration in the contemplation of the majesty of the universe, in the existence of eternal laws, in the mystic communion with nature, in the sense of that spirit "whose dwelling is the light of setting suns."

On the other hand, the phase of the teaching of Christ which inculcates the love of our neighbor as ourselves, pity for the poor and suffering, "the brotherhood of man," has largely increased in our own day, which is, *par excellence,* the age of humanitarianism. This feeling, largely lost during the Middle Ages, has made marvelous progress in recent years. Men are brought together by increased facilities of communication, by the growth of cities, and the universal habit of newspaper reading. We read of the tragedies of life and our sympathies are at once enlisted. Great philanthropic enterprises are founded, hospitals, asylums, all sorts of institutions for the lessening and cure of disease and poverty upon all sides. Never in the history of the world has so much been done for the sick and poor and downtrodden and oppressed as to-day. It has come to be a regular religion for many, the so-called religion of humanity, or what the French poet Sully Prudhomme has beautifully described as the religion of tenderness, a dream of the time to come when, as John Fiske put it, mankind shall be happy, all disease gone, every man have enough to live on, and have the opportunity for spiritual advancement. "I believe such a time will come for weary and suffering mankind. Such a faith is inspiring. It sustains one in the work of life, when one would otherwise lose heart."

In this new form of religion the church has more and more taken a leading part. Social reform, efforts to put down the liquor traffic, to humanize industrial conditions, to do away with child-labor, and the white slave traffic, to give material comforts to the poor and needy, in all these things the church is doing magnificent work.

But yet these things will not entirely satisfy the religious needs which are so deeply rooted in the heart of mankind. All about us are men and women filled with a deep yearning to find God as a personal friend, to know something of the "whence and whither" of the human soul. For to-day as ever,

> Like tides on a crescent sea-beach
> When the moon is new and thin,
> Into our heart high yearnings
> Come welling and surging in,

Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod,
Some of us call it longing,
And others call it God.

These yearnings, it is true, are being kept back in the great mass of men by the eager pursuit of material success and pleasures. "Never," says Francis G. Peabody, "was a generation less contented with itself, less satisfied or tranquil in spirit." Increased wealth has brought with it increase of restlessness; outward prosperity has brought nervous prostration; expansion of opportunity has increased expansion of desire.

The world to-day seems to be interested in nothing so much as pleasure and amusement, made possible by the marvelous inventions of the age. It thus comes to pass that foreign travel, automobiles, commercialized athletic sports, theaters, moving-picture shows, to say nothing of the hours devoted to business, leave little or no time for what the saints of all ages have declared to be the very heart of religion—the communion of the soul with its God. The motto of the world to-day seems to be, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, and forget that to-morrow we die," and as Shakespeare makes Autolycus say, in concluding his philosophy of life, "And as for the other world, I sleep out the thought of it"; so the mass of mankind to-day seem to be saying, "As for the other world, I amuse myself out of the thought of it."

Yet underneath all this, the soul of man hungers and thirsts after the divine. Even the most successful are discontented and unsatisfied. They feel the never-ending truth that not in the material things of life can peace and comfort be found, that in the words of Emerson, "In the weary kingdom of time is the canker of care and sorrow; only in the kingdom of thought is immortal hilarity, the Rose of Joy."

This heart-hunger, this yearning after the divine, which so many try to drown in the empty pleasures of life, is sought by still others in the contemplation of nature, and in Christian Science and the others of the new cults which are so characteristic of our time.

Here then, is the great opportunity of the church to-day, not

to lessen its activity in social reform, philanthropy, and a higher civic ideal, but at the same time to make new efforts to satisfy the yearning after God which lies deep down in the heart of multitudes of men and women all about us; to reveal and interpret in new terms that God who is all about us, to show that even to-day he is nigh unto each one of us:

> Closer to us than breathing,
> And nearer than hands or feet.

The ideal preacher to-day should be like that described by Schleiermacher: "He comes forward to present to the sympathetic contemplation of others his own heart as stirred by God; and by leading them into the region of religion where he is at home, he will infect them with his own feeling. He utters divine things, and in solemn silence the congregation follow his inspired speech. If he unveils a hidden wonder, or links with prophetic assurance the future to the present, or by new examples confirms old truths, or if his fiery imagination enchants him in visions into another part of the world and into another order of things, the trained sense of the congregation accompanies him throughout. On returning from his wanderings through the kingdom of God into himself, his heart and the hearts of all are but the common seat of the same feeling."

The times are ripe for a new interpretation of that religion which is "sense and taste for the infinite, and as essentially a part of human nature as either knowledge or action," and we believe the time will soon come when both phases of the teaching of Christ, which answer so completely to the psychology of religious experience in man, may be more completely realized than ever before. Then, indeed, the church will be not only the center for social and philanthropic service, but likewise a place of refuge and quiet rest from the storms of time, the "large upper chamber, whose window looks out on the rising of the sun, and the name of that chamber is peace," that chamber "whence the gaze of many may turn from the abyss of human evil and mortal mystery toward the serene and cloudless Empyrean where reigns from everlasting the ageless, unattainted majesty of the moral ideal."

And so men may once more be able to see all things against

the background of eternity, may be lifted up out of the troubles and toils of life to a higher and serener atmosphere, where, in the beautiful words of Hegel, "All that awakens doubt and anxiety, all sorrow and care, all limited interests of finitude, we leave behind us on the banks and shoals of time. And as on the summit of a mountain, removed from all the hard distinctions of detail, we calmly overlook the landscape, so by religion we are lifted above all the obstructions of finitude. It is in this native land of the spirit, that the waters of oblivion flow, from which it is given to Psyche to drink and forget her sorrows; for here the darkness of life becomes a transparent dream-image through which the light of eternity shines in upon us."

You will say that such an ideal has never existed, never can exist. But the true Christian, in the words of Plato, "will be a citizen of the ideal city which has no place on earth. But there is a pattern of such a city which is laid up in heaven for him who has eyes to see and desires to order his life after that image. Whether such a state is or ever will be matters not; he will act according to that pattern and no other."

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF ANTHONY TROLLOPE
1815—1915

In this instance the novelist is more interesting than his novels, superior though they confessedly are. His is the story of affluence wrested from penury, high mental efficiency in spite of inadequate schooling, the breaking of the solitary into society, a bright end from a dark beginning. And for this fascinating narrative with its subtle exhilaration we are debtors to the subject himself. Other men may have analyzed their careers as thoroughly as Mr. Trollope did his, but none of them ever gave their findings with such stark frankness. Augustine's Confessions, on the one hand, are a personal disclosure, it is true, but they relate mainly to religious experience, while the Confessions of Rousseau are so patently inflated and gilded by his imaginative genius as not to be reliable for evidence. Then, too, Trollope distinctly deprecates anything of that nature, so that his autobiography, as might be anticipated, is entirely different. Hawthorne said that Trollope cut out a piece of the earth and put it under a glass so you could see people going about their tasks and living their lives all unconscious of observation. What he did with the imaginary beings of his novels he did with his own real self. He detached himself from the human conglomerate. You see him at work and at play, the real Anthony Trollope, in every period of life, in every occupation, the motives that actuated him, his ideals, the circumstances tending to the formation of the same and the methods adopted for their attainment. If he is severe with contemporary writers their admirers have the satisfaction that he was not a whit less severe with himself. In the most impersonal way he reviews and criticises his work as a whole and item by item.

Little soiled hands stretch appealingly out of the chapter entitled "My Education." Does luckless boyhood make more pitiful plea anywhere in literature? One fairly sees him threading his way up the muddy lanes between the tumble-down farmhouse that was his home and the school where to all intents he was

a charity-pupil. It was a place in which the theories of Draco held sway, namely, "Hang a little boy for stealing apples and other little boys will not steal apples." Five scourgings a day was the maximum, and he got them all. His teachers knew him by his boots and trousers and he knew them by their ferules. One shares with Trollope the resentment which he cherished for half a century against the headmaster who stopped him on the street to ask, with the thunder of Jove in his voice, whether it was possible that Harrow School was disgraced by so disreputably dirty a little boy. One finds himself gratified, as Trollope was, in the compensating reflection that, while a kindlier master actually reached an archbishopric, the Jovistic one never got beyond a deanship. He might not have been able to define the paradox of mixing poverty and gentle standing, but he felt it, and it was something intolerable. He coveted that juvenile manhood which enables some boys to hold up their heads. Pity the isolation of those days in which an intimacy with the very boys who spurned him would have been his Elysium. The worst horror of it all was the fixed belief that the solitude and poverty of his boyhood insured poverty and solitude for life. On the adverse fate of his father the mature man declares he often meditated for hours. It was one long tragedy. Finely educated, of great parts, physically strong, addicted to no vices, affectionate by nature, born to fair fortune, yet everything went wrong. His ill temper drove clients from him. His literary work, though prodigious, was fatuous, and his ruinous delusion was that money might be made from farming without any previous training. The choice at length was between exile and the debtor's prison. The mournful sequel was a grave in a foreign land. Yet it is an open question whether Trollope is not, after all, a considerable debtor to his unfortunate father. It may have been the denial of amusement and gratification in his youth which led him to the wholesome indulgences of his manhood. Sight of his father's reams of unmarketable manuscript may have spurred him to produce something that people would wish to have and to set as high a price upon it as the market would pay. He took the wooden monks and nuns of his father's illusory ecclesiastical encyclopædia, converted them into bishops,

deans, rectors, wardens, and gave them wives, mothers, aunts, and sweethearts, throwing in a multitude of other folk for good measure.

That is a facinating portrait which Trollope frames in the chapter which bears the title "My Mother." Her countenance was the one illuminating ray of his eerie boyhood. As if to give us pledge of fidelity in the sketch, he does not hesitate to criticize her. She affected a Liberal role. She welcomed patriot exiles who had distant ideas of sacrificing themselves upon the altar of liberty. In after years, however, when marquesses had been gracious to her, she became a Tory and thought archduchesses were sweet. With her, politics was, at best, a thing of the heart. She was neither clear-sighted nor accurate. In her attempts to describe morals, manners, and even facts, she was unable to avoid the pitfalls of exaggeration. This apparently undutiful criticism is more than offset by the high lights upon the picture. This emotional, unlogical woman slipped into the breach and retrieved the ruined fortunes of the family and, strange to say, by the very instrument which had wrought the havoc—the pen! Running parallel with her visible occupation, that of nurse and household manager, was her invisible calling of novelist, which she plied hours before the family began to stir for the day. Doctors' vials and ink-bottles were the symbols of her double craft. Her whole heart was by the bedside of the dying members of her family, yet she continued the work which was the sole means of providing comforts, and even necessities. She divided herself into two parts, keeping her intellect clear from the trouble of the world and fit for duty. She was unselfish, affectionate, industrious, with great capacity for enjoyment and high physical gifts, had creative power, considerable humor and genuine feeling of romance. "She could dance with other people's legs, eat and drink with other people's palates, be proud with the luster of other people's finery. Any mother can do that for her own daughter, but she could do it for any girl. Laughter of those she loved was an exquisite pleasure to her. Of all people she was the most joyous, at least the most capable of joy." Trollope's sketch of his mother is a revelation of himself. It was from her he got that intimate knowledge of

female character, that discernment of the trifles which influence women, in short, that characteristic which has been called the feminine element of his mind. His very methods of composition and his adroitness in marketing his wares can be easily traced to his mother's example.

Trollope's facetious saying that he became anxious for the "welfare of letters" put his long career in the postal service in a nutshell. He was genuinely attached to the department and "steeped himself in postal waters." He puts his postal creed in the following phrases: That the public in little villages should be enabled to buy postage stamps; should have their letters delivered free and at an early hour; that pillar-boxes should be put up for them (he originated the device in England); letter carriers and sorters should not be overworked and should be adequately paid; should have some hours to themselves, especially on Sunday; should be made to earn their wages; should not be crushed by the damnable system of so-called merit. That he ran the two professions parallel to each other for almost a life-time illustrates at once his versatility and his industry. He never used time which belonged to the state for his own emolument. He says, "A man who takes public money without earning it is to me so odious that I can find no pardon for him in my heart." The government proved its satisfaction with him by repeatedly making him commissioner to make postal treaties with foreign nations. What he said of his work as a novelist he might have said of his public service: "It was not on my conscience that I ever scamped my work." When still a young man a relative inclined to patronize asked him what his ambition was. "A seat in the House," was his laconic reply. The sarcastic retort was that, as far as the deponent's knowledge went, few post-office clerks became members of Parliament. That long-remembered taunt no doubt spurred Trollope on to his own political venture. The outcome of it was a sizable bill for expenses and a place at bottom of the poll, as his doctrines were all "leather and prunella" to the men whose votes he solicited. As he could not have a seat on the "benches" he had to crave one in the gallery. From that coign of vantage he could tell of the proceedings almost as well as though his fortune had

allowed him to fall asleep in the House itself. His so-called Parliamentary Series gives such insight in the machinery of English government as no formal history could ever afford. Two aphorisms are evidently suggested by his experience: "To serve one's country without pay is the grandest work a man can do," and, "Of all studies the study of politics is one in which a man can make himself most useful to his fellow-creatures."

No man of his times and craft was in the way of being better misunderstood than Anthony Trollope. On the face of the returns he was sordid, extortionate with his publishers, thrusting his wares on the market in quantities out of proportion to any normal gauge, a public servant, yet using the government's time for private emolument, and with it all a gluttonous, vociferous, hound-riding, egotistical pleasure-seeker. Yet the story of his life as written by himself is in no sense an apologia. Need of vindication, explanation, or even extenuation seems not so much as to have crossed his mind. Some other reason for the autobiography must be sought. Nor is it hard to find. This meat-eating, ale-drinking fox-hunter has the audacity to count himself actually a preacher and to affirm his novel a pulpit! He proposed to make his sacred desk salutary and agreeable to his audience, naïvely suggesting that ordinary sermons are not often thought to be so. Trollope is thought to have given the finishing stroke to the prejudice against novel-reading as an immoral practice—a prejudice against which Walter Scott had made the first thrust with Waverly. But he was not willing that fiction should be just tolerated. He said, "At present there exists a feeling that novels at their best are but innocent. They are read as men eat pastry after dinner, not without some inward conviction that the taste is vain, if not vicious. It is neither vain nor vicious." Again: "Prejudice against the reading of novels is overcome, but prejudice still exists in reference to the appreciation in which they are professed to be held, and robs them of that high character which they may claim to have earned by their grace, honesty and good teaching." So far from being merely innocent he looked upon the novel as a school for manners and morals. He realized the all but universal hearing that might be obtained. He said, "If I can teach politicians that they can

do their business better by truth than by falsehood I do a great service, but it is done to a limited number of persons. But if I can make young men and women believe that truth in love will make them happy, then, if my writings be popular, I shall have a very large class of pupils." He freely gave the palm to poetry as the highest style of literature, but at the same time realized the comparative smallness of its clientage compared with fiction, and believed the latter to be the greater teacher because it could spread the truth much wider. The masses do not read the great poets, or, reading them, often miss their message at least in part. Conscious of the power the novelist wields by reason of his wider hearing, he proposed to impregnate the mind of the novel-reader with the feeling that "truth prevails where falsehood fails; that a girl will be loved as she is pure and sweet and unselfish; that a man will be honored in proportion as he is true, honest, and brave; that things meanly done are odious, and things nobly done beautiful and gracious."

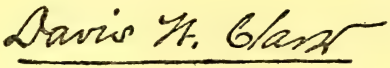
It is one of the paradoxes of literature that this burly, blustering, aggressive man should treat the feminine character with so deft and gentle a hand and portray the tender passion in both sexes with a perfect fidelity. He treats of love with absolute frankness. He intends that girls shall know from him what to expect when lovers come, and young men what may be the charms of love. His lovers long for each other and are not ashamed to say so. He thinks that the honest love of an honest man is a treasure which a good girl may fairly hope to win. Yet it would have been his horror if word of his had polluted the "sweet young hearts whose delicacy and cleanliness of thought is matter of pride with us." He was very zealous not to lend attraction to the sin which he indicated. It gave him greatest satisfaction to believe that no girl could rise from the reading of his pages less modest than she was before, and that some had been even taught and strengthend in modesty. He said, "If I have not made the strength and virtue predominate over the faults and vice I have not painted the picture as I intended." His aim was to portray sin so that the girl who reads shall say, "O! Not like that; let me not be like that!" and that every youth shall say, "Let me not have such a one as that to

press to my bosom! Anything but that!" But Trollope did not merely hold a brief to virtue, he was a zealous and effective pleader for all moral qualities. He says admirably, "In these times, when the desire to be honest is pressed so hard by the ambition to be great; in which riches are the easiest road to greatness; when the temptations to which men are subjected dull their eyes to the perfected iniquities of others, it is so hard for a man to decide vigorously that the pitch so many are handling will defile him if touched, men's conduct will be actuated much by that which is depicted to them as leading to glorious or inglorious results." As one reads sentiments like these the scarlet coat of hound-rider dissolves and the somber frock of preacher replaces it. Trollope has achieved in the reader the chief aim of his biography; namely, the justification of his profession as a novelist.

As a preacher prizes opportunities to preach, and omits none, Trollope allowed no abatement in the volume of his homilies of fancy. But, realizing also that no one feels it a duty to read a novel as one does a volume of history or science, he deliberately proposed to win readers by giving them pleasure. He never risked being dull in order to be profound. He said sententiously, "Of all needs a book has the chief is that it be readable," and, "A novelist must write because he has a story to tell and not because he has to tell a story." By habitually ruling out the extraneous he avoided the pitfall of the pulpit. He admitted no sentence, not even any word, that did not directly tend to the main object in view. Another winning quality is his lucidity. His pages are pellucid. This was not by chance, or just the fortunate trait of his mind. Like Macaulay, he made it his study and aim. Again, he was a finished observer of human life. He took daily and minute toll of his fellows, not that he might make literal transcripts of them; he flatly denies that in any instance he ever did this; but that he might know how under given conditions certain characters would inveterately act. He proposed to give a picture of common life enlivened with humor and sweetened with pathos. Thus he was beforehand with color-photography by half a century. He caught the moral tints as well as lights and shades, on the one hand, of the English cathedral close and its unique population, which

has ever since and steadily been fading from current life; and, on the other hand, of the English Parliament, which also is suffering its mutations.

Well may William Dean Howells pronounce Anthony Trollope a profound moralist; and Leslie Stephen call him sturdy, wholesome, kindly; and Walter Savage Landor admire him for his unaffected openness; and Hawthorne declare his novels to be solid; and Mrs. Oliphant say that the best of him will be inscribed in the social annals of England; and Escott predict that among the leading literary features of the twentieth century will be a permanent revival of popular interest in the novels and in the man who wrote them.



THE NEGROES OF JAMAICA

The Negroes in the island of Jamaica outnumber the white population fifty to one, but their influence in the government of the province is practically inappreciable. Since representative government was restored in 1884, they have elected a number of members to the Legislative Assembly, but if all of the elective members were of their race the constitution gives the Crown a majority of one in that supreme body. Some of them, especially those who have a mixture of white blood in their veins, have won places of trust in commercial, professional, and official life and are treated with the respect that their character and gifts merit, but their political influence varies inversely with their numerical strength. It is a long stride from the slave pit to the legislative chamber, and the freedmen have made slow progress in their recovery from the hurt they suffered in their generations of cruel bondage. Unless events move more swiftly than they have during the period of freedom many generations must pass before this much-abused people can be intrusted with autonomous government such as Canada and other British provinces enjoy. That is the goal they may some time attain, but its date is hidden in the mists of a seemingly far away future. A glance at the history of African slavery in Jamaica will explain the present situation.

Columbus, who took possession of the island on his second visit to America (1494), advised the importation of African slaves "for their souls' sake." Shortly after the English possession (1655) the developing sugar interests demanded a large and cheap laboring class, and Cromwell was persuaded to continue the enslavement of Negroes "for their spiritual advantage." The smoke of greed easily mingles with the incense of the sanctuary and the two are indistinguishable; but the holy disguise cannot destroy the deadly virus which it conceals. In spite of the first brilliant showing to the contrary the effects of the slave system proved to be harmful not only to the slaves but also to their masters and their lovely country. It multiplied an alien race of unwilling

laborers who were a constant menace to the whole community. It degraded the idea of labor, so essential to the thrift of the new land, and either drove the self-respecting white farmer from the country or made him despised by the Negroes themselves. It created an aristocracy offensive to skilled artisans who were needed for the development of the resources of the land. It lowered the domestic conscience even of the whites, who veiled their immorality behind a glittering chivalry. It so corrupted their youth as to destroy the nobler and virile qualities of patriotism and aspiration. I have asked in vain for a single great name which a slave-holder born in Jamaica has given to the world. It was rapidly exhausting the soil and the forests of their old-time wealth and threatened the very life of the province. It developed vices so unutterably bad as to shock the moral sense of England. The anti-slavery struggle began to grow in strength and in 1834 secured the act of Emancipation, which was consummated here four years later. Emancipation has been glowingly called "the new birth of a people." The figure may stand; for the race came into freedom not in the stature of a mature man but a babe, "conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity," with an innate bent created by its long prenatal abuses.

The fact that a man has black blood in his veins does not exclude him from social consideration here to the extent that it does in the States. Those of mixed blood are called "colored" and their color is no serious bar to their ambitions if other qualities are theirs which make for high manhood. The color is graded from the barely distinguishable white through all the shades to the indistinguishable black. These last call themselves white and are so accepted by the entire community. The blacks impress me as being about as near to the condition of nature as they could possibly be in a land where the primitive passions are restrained by the domination of a stronger race. In their buildings and dress, their indolence and improvidence, their superstitions and moral character, they are yet only children of the forest and the soil. They are commonly so regarded by the better classes—a child race, "a people in the making," to be treated with kindness but with firmness. I must believe that any people "made in the

image of God" have in them potentially all that the foremost people of history have attained. We must seek for the secret of the immeasurable distances that stretch between the English and African stock elsewhere than in original endowment. Character, like Canaan, is both a gift and a conquest. So also is freedom. The act of 1834 was Great Britain's gift of liberty to all the slaves in the empire, but they have not yet "possessed the land." That demands effort, education, vital religion, patient tutelage, severe discipline. The Saxons have had the start of the Jamaica blacks by more than a thousand years, and many ages will pass before they who are so far behind can overtake those who are in the front rank of the world's achievement. Thus far this island has written no name on the scroll of the Immortals. No one can measure up with such tall personalities as distinguished the race elsewhere. They have no Toussaint L'Ouverture, Frederick Douglass, Bishop Burns, Booker Washington, Paul Laurence Dunbar, William H. Lewis, W. O. Tanner, or J-Rosamond Johnson. I am persuaded that the average blacks of Jamaica are far below their brethren in the States in mentality and high aspiration. The fact is usually attributed to the enervating influence of the climate; but such mental sluggishness is not so manifest among the Negroes of Cuba and other tropical countries. The Jamaica blacks who work in Panama become alert and resourceful, notwithstanding the lower latitude of that country. In Bahia and Pernambuco, where eighty per cent of the population are colored, they are as purposeful and thrifty as the whites; and they demand and receive equal social recognition. Some of us can remember what a tropical hurricane they raised when the United States proposed to appoint a black man consul at one of their ports, not because they objected to his color but because of the implication that they were not the peers of the American whites. Nor is this fact due to the race antipathy so acute in portions of the United States. Negrophobia, if it exists at all here, is so infinitesimal as not to be an appreciable factor in the politics of the country. In industrial and professional circles a man is appreciated according to his worth, regardless of color. In social life color prejudice has by no means disappeared, but it is not virulent and is said to be most outspoken

among women and on the woman's side of life. Nearly all the white men disfavor intermarriage of the races, on grounds instinctive, biological, and moral, and believe that it would result in the utter ruin of the races and of the land. Nevertheless interbreeding has continued for generations. Some whose judgment and opportunity for observation command consideration affirm that there are probably not more than five thousand natives of pure white blood in the entire population of eight hundred and forty thousand. Some of the strongest students of the country, such as Sir Sidney Olivers, who spent several years here in the study of the situation, believe that the intermixture will go on until the distinctive types will disappear in a new and improved race. The editor of the leading journal in the island speaks with favor of this prophecy. The Negroes, especially the blacks, are increasing rapidly. There have been times when the white population has increased, but never in anything like the ratio of the blacks. The white race is now less than half what it was one hundred years ago. The editor believes that what has occurred in other lands where diverse ethnic elements have combined to form a new type, and climate and time have done the rest, is even now occurring here, and the indications are that "the ultimate result of race intermixture and new economical conditions in Jamaica will be a dark complexioned type of people which might one day be considered a distinct though a small race." I quote these authorities with no purpose of approving or disapproving their conclusions, but merely to illustrate what I have everywhere observed here, the entire absence of any noticeable race hatred. There are no lynchings, no offensive assertions of superiority, no apparent efforts to "make the blacks know their place," such as keep the races apart in other sections of the world. On the contrary, the government and the people encourage the blacks to self-respect and ambition. The great majority of the peasants own or rent their own little properties, varying in value from $100 to $500 each.

What the Negroes of Jamaica need is not a change of climate nor a change of social conditions, but a change of heart. Something must occur to rouse their minds, awaken their wills, and give them a vision of the glory that awaits them here. That is

the star which they who wish their good must ever hold before them. Some time they will see and understand it, and then will come in reality that new birth of a race, a spiritual emancipation of which the legal was only a prophecy. The Negroes, like the Athenians, are "very religious," but, unlike the Greeks, their religion does not express itself either in art or philosophy. It is of the most primitive type and is emotional rather than æsthetical, doctrinal, or ethical. It does not seem to have cleansed the domestic conscience from the mire of the horrible pit in which it wallowed during the slave times. They who have so recently come out of a degrading bondage have an instinctive dread of bonds of any kind. Even the marriage bond seems intolerable. More than half of them make their homes and rear their children without wedlock. The preachers have a difficult task to teach these freedmen that real liberty is only in the bonds of truth and right. Nor has their religion created in any marked degree the sense of property rights in a people who for generations were themselves stolen chattels. Petty, especially predial thievery, is so common as to utterly dishearten the small farmer who is unable effectually to guard his fields. Nor do these people seem to have any sense of the immorality of falsehood. That sin, however, in no measure lessens the fervor of their worship. Their lies are like those of children, almost invariably evident, often exaggerations spoken not so much to make a false impression as to impress the strength of their own conception. Their bottom motive is not primarily to deceive but to dodge an embarrassing situation.

The most obvious vice of the Jamaica black is indolence. He does not love work, and will never do it except from necessity. Even then he seemingly takes no interest in his task. He is never pressed for time, never in a hurry, always ready to pause for a chat or a snooze. And why not? In a land where you can get food for the picking why voluntarily seek what heaven has pronounced a curse and earn your bread with the sweat of your brow? The average wage of a laboring man where I am staying is thirty cents a day; but on that he contrives to keep his numerous family in the luxurious comfort of rags and conscientiously spend his time in doing nothing. The thousand so-called necessities which

fret and annoy our rugged northern clime are to these sons of the tropics only troublesome inconveniences. They see no reason for mending broken windows to keep out the sweet air which men come afar to breathe. What is the use of repairing a fallen gate when it is sure to fall again some time? They cannot understand why they who have just escaped an involuntary slavery, in which provision was made for sickness and old age, should voluntarily accept another without these compensations. Is the grime of the factory preferable to the sweat of the field? Are their thatched cottages, embowered in palms and fragrant flowers, less wholesome physically or morally than the tenements of the north? Why work in order to rest afterward when you can rest all the time? With this naïve philosophy they brush aside all your efforts to awaken in them the sense of destiny and to "hitch their wagon to a star." Nevertheless it is an ominous fact that unless they cast off this deadly lethargy, the people and their land, by the might of the principle of judgment known as "reversion to type," are hopelessly doomed. The land which would respond as generously to the songs of free toil as it once did to the moans of the slaves is even now withholding its treasure, and untilled plantations are spending their strength in tropical brush and indigenous trees. And as surely will the idlers be scourged with the cords of the ancient curse, "A servant of servants shalt thou be to his brethren." The black man's deliverance from this vice will not come from his own initiative. That is a quality which he seems to strangely lack. It must come from without. A voice must be heard at Bethesda's pool awakening the impotent man to a sense of his need and a hope of deliverance; otherwise he will continue to lie in helplessness generation after generation. The waters are bubbling even now. We are listening for the footfall and the cheering voice of a great deliverer. There are many who believe that the awakening is to come from America. They point to the fact which I have just named, that the Jamaican who works in the Panama Canal zone, under the stimulation of the American spirit and with remunerative wages, not only saves money but comes into a better understanding of his personal worth. The Negroes of Porto Rico under Spanish rule were in a much more

deplorable condition economically and morally than those of Jamaica, but under American government have surpassed them by leaps and bounds. Cuba also, under an American protectorate, has come rapidly into a new life. Another thing powerfully affecting popular Jamaican sentiment is the influence of the United Fruit Company, a powerful American Trust which has purchased large properties in the island and leased much more for the culture of bananas, and is giving employment to multitudes of the natives, who are now able to earn larger and safer profits with less labor than formerly. It is not therefore surprising that the sentiment is growing that the destiny of the race here is closely connected with the United States. But, whatever the blacks may think of the industrial and commercial relations of their country with the States, they are loyal to the British crown and are proud to know that they are a part of the greatest empire in the world.

A serious evil among the blacks is superstition, which persists notwithstanding the persistent effort of the church, the school, and the state to suppress it. The dark art of Obi, said to be identical with the Egyptian Ob, which is the "familiar spirit" of the Bible, came over from Africa with the Negroes, and for generations was the terror of the slaves. It was modified in its form from time to time but retained the essential features of its ancient character. It became a strange mixture of witchcraft, magic, duppies, or ghosts from the north, incantations, signs, medicated potions, and occultism. It held the people in a thralldom of fear until at last it was made a crime, and the Obiah practitioners were banished from the island. But the shadow of the degrading cult still darkens the minds of the poor blacks. If you win the confidence of the peasant he will tell you in all seriousness of spirits which haunt graveyards, caves and empty houses and make the night hideous with groans and imprecations. He will warn you against certain signs of "sure nuff trubble," and recommend that you carry on your person cat's teeth or some other prohibitive talisman. Regardless of their superstitions and their vices multitudes of these people are connected with the church. There is a church or mission station to about every thousand of the population. By far the strongest is the Church of England, which has

greatly increased its efficiency since the disestablishment in 1870. Next to it comes the Baptist and close to it the Wesleyan Church. Many other denominations are here in "labors abundant." The Roman Catholic is a powerful organization and has the finest ecclesiastical structure in the colony. A resident in the island told me that the most civilizing form of religion for the blacks is Presbyterianism, because it trains them to think and to exercise self-control, but that form of faith which emphasizes the doctrinal side of the spiritual life has made but slow headway among a people who have not yet outgrown the animal excitability of the jungle and whose emotion runs mightily back to the ancient Obiahism. They grope like lost children in the metaphysical intricacies of Calvinism. An ardent Presbyterian Negro was discovered in the theft of his pastor's saddle and bridle. When charged with the crime he justified it on the ground of "predesperation." When he found that the eternal decrees would not save him from jail unless the goods were soon returned, he said, "Den it am predesperationated dat him saddle an' him bridle go back to de hoss dis bery day." But if the Negro intellect is slow to discern heavenly truth in dogma it is quick to see it when pictured in symbol and ritual. It is surprising how the ancient service of the Episcopal and the Roman Churches appeals to them. Other sects, which are supposed to make their appeals more directly to the feelings, have, as we would expect, a large following among the emotional blacks and revivals among them are frequent. They are often accompanied with wild excesses and are followed by distressing reactions, but under the direction of judicious pastors these evils are more than counterbalanced by the good that is accomplished in reformed lives and the increased study of the Word of God. It will require long and patient teaching to make the Negroes of this class see that religion is not a gush of pious feeling, but a rugged principle of truth and duty—the life of God in the heart of men.

One would suppose that a people who still bear the mental and moral scars of generations of cruel bondage would be unhappy, sullen, morose, spiteful, and revengeful. But no one here would ever think of charging the Negroes with any such spirit. They

are kindly, affectionate, respectful, and loyal. They have a genuine reverence for law and authority. They greet you on the road with a cheerful "Good mawnen, Massa," and are always ready to do you a service. It is claimed that there is no place in the world where women and children can walk about unprotected with less fear of molestation than on this island. They are a happy people: and happy people are not apt to be dangerous. They have a gift of uproarious laughter and do not suffer their talent to decay for want of constant exercise. But underneath it all there is a deep seriousness which makes me think that it is the uninterpreted outreaching of a soul for that which it long ago had lost. Right in the midst of their shallow chatter and laughter you will often be startled by the voice of this deep undertone of which I speak. My friend said to an old woman, "You seem to be a very happy people," and received an instant reply, "Rocky tone (stone) a ribba bottom no feel sun hot." She meant that he, like a stone on the bottom of a river, could not understand those who lay exposed to the hot sun. He said to a despondent patriarch, "Keep heart." The man answered, "Full belly say to empty belly, 'Keep heart.'" These and other Negro proverbs express the reach of a great want which augurs a great future. The Negroes of Jamaica have not that wonderful gift of song which distinguishes those of our own country. They readily learn hymns that are taught them, but they do not sing them with that abandon which characterizes the congregational singing at home. I am told that they have a few melodies, but they are mostly monotones, or recitations, and are altogether unlike those of our south lands which sweep over you like the rhythm of the sea or the blasts of wind through the bending forests. But even in the few that they have I feel the wild spirit of the African jungle, the horror and terror of centuries of slavery, the weary effort of an oppressed race to recover the image in which God had made them. Through it all there is an ever-recurring chord of hope. The African never utterly despairs. His song voices his hope like the note of a bird in the lull of a devastating storm. There is something fresh and original in the music of the black race which forecasts a bright future. Many musicians tell us that the dark

race is adding much to the divine art. I understand that Dvorak's New World Symphony owes much of its inspiration to the songs of the colored people. Already this race has produced composers whose names are famous, such as Coleridge-Taylor, Will Marion Cook, and J-Rosamond Johnson. In all their music we hear the far call of a golden future.

Closely connected with the Negroes' song is the dance. The dance has ever been the natural expression of the inner life of all primitive peoples and we could hardly expect these children of a slave race, so completely shut off from the many lines of recreation which a higher culture offers, would be an exception to the universal law. Besides, like children, Negroes are apt imitators, and among the whites of this island, especially the women, dancing is a veritable passion. It is said by those who know that women of wealth and culture, who would ring a bell for a servant to pick up a handkerchief and order a buggy to carry them across the street, will dance with abandon through the live-long night. As far as the Negroes were able, even in the days of their bondage, they followed the example of their owners. The historian describes the old-time dances as both inartistic and lascivious. Nor are they to-day very artistic, though as far as I have been able to observe they are not gross. They follow no rule and have no set steps. Their movements are as impromptu as are many of their songs, but as graceful as they are wild. Their musical instruments may be a banjo and a rude guitar, or perhaps only a rattle made of calabashes filled with hard seeds. Frequently the dancers break out in song, one person improvising a recitation or solo, the entire body joining in the chorus. When produced out of doors, in the moonlight, amid tall palms lifting their fronds to the sky and the soft tropical air swaying garlands of graceful moss from monster cotton trees, the effect is weird beyond description. I see the African forest; slave ships rolling on the sea with their cargoes of wretched men and women; vast plantations where in the name of Christ Englishmen are destroying the image of God in the unhappy creatures who serve them. A long night of impenetrable darkness shuts out the view, and from out of the blackness come the moans and imprecations of a cursed race. Then the morning

breaks. I see this land of unutterable loveliness given by Him who rules the centuries to a people who have waited long for the promised vengeance. England without compulsion voted eighty years ago that all the slaves in her vast empire should be forever free. Patiently she is training the freedmen of this island for their liberty. They are slow in learning, but the prospect is not hopeless. Unlike the native Indian, he does not wither away under the sun of civilization, but thrives under its best influences. Unlike the imported Chinese and Hindus, who cling tenaciously to their peculiar customs and idiom of thought, the Negroes readily assimiliate the English habit in dress and speech, education and religion. They have no "skin of nationality" to cast off. Their tribal life in Africa and their slave life in the Indies never allowed them to develop that potent creative force we call nationality. Nor have they any race characteristics the elimination of which would imperil their organic being. The average black man must travel far, possibly over geologic ages, before he becomes the peer of the white, but it is evident that, if you give him a fair chance, he will take his place in the fellowship of nobilities and add many new and distinctive features to the wealth of our common humanity.

R. H. Tuttle

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

JESUS AND THE HOLY SPIRIT[1]

THE relationship between Jesus and the Holy Spirit, the dependence of Jesus on the Holy Spirit during his entire ministry, and the exalted place and work which he gave to the Holy Spirit in his teachings are the subjects to be reviewed. They are presented with a hope that they may contribute something toward adjusting the church to these fundamental truths in this the greatest hour of opportunity, danger, and urgency in church history.

The doctrine in the creed, "He was conceived by the Holy Spirit," is taught in the following and other Scripture passages: Gabriel said unto Mary, "The Holy Spirit shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: wherefore the holy thing which is to be born shall be called the Son of God." Therefore, according to record, being conceived of the Holy Spirit, he is the Son of God, and divine, as well as the son of Mary. This is the first fact revealed in the relationship that exists between Jesus and the Holy Spirit. There is only one statement recorded descriptive of Jesus up to his twelfth year, but that is full of meaning. "And the child grew, and waxed strong, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him." Herein is shown forth his real humanity, for he grew like other children, and the grace of God and the Holy Spirit was upon him. Then follows in the record the temple incident at twelve, and after that, in one other verse, is recorded all we know of him from then until he was thirty and entered upon his public ministry. But that brief statement is replete with instruction: "And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth; and he was subject unto them; and his mother kept all these sayings in her heart. And Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and men." Here

[1] By Bishop Frank W. Warne, D.D., Lucknow, India.

is complete proof of his genuine humanity, and also of the Spirit of God being upon him until he commenced his public ministry. Having thus briefly recalled the facts of his nature and private career and having seen that from infancy the Holy Spirit, or the "grace of God," was upon him, let us pass to a study of his public ministry.

To see that Jesus did his life work only in the fullness and power of the Holy Spirit is a special purpose in this study. "Jesus also having been baptized, and praying, the heaven was opened, and the Holy Spirit descended in a bodily form, as a dove, upon him, and a voice came out of heaven, Thou art my beloved son; in thee I am well pleased." John had said, "He that sent me to baptize in water, he said unto me, Upon whomsoever thou shalt see the Spirit descending, and abiding upon him, the same is he that baptizeth with the Holy Spirit, and I have seen, and have borne witness that this is the Son of God." This makes it clear that even Jesus, although he was "the Son of God," did not enter upon his public ministry until he had received a very special equipment through the Holy Spirit. This being true of Jesus, should it not be much more true of all who are merely his ministers? Have there not been failures in the church through the centuries, and at the present time, because of overlooking this fundamental fact in the life of our Lord? What is the remedy?

The temptation of Jesus further explains the working out of this vital truth, his dependence upon the Holy Spirit in his life work. "And Jesus, full of the Holy Spirit [mark with care the association of the names Jesus—Holy Spirit] returned from the Jordan, and was led in the Spirit in the wilderness during forty days, being tempted of the devil." The revision makes it plain that he was in the Spirit throughout the whole forty days of his temptation. In this we have the lesson that it was necessary for even Jesus to be "full of the Holy Spirit" in order to perfectly resist the temptations of the devil. Has anything been more humiliating to the church in all time than to have men and women in positions of prominence and opportunity falling under the temptations of the devil? Is not this the explanation: that the example of Jesus has been forgotten or ignored and such persons

have trusted in their own strength and not in the power of the Holy Spirit? When we read that Jesus "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin," we should also remember that even Jesus resisted by "the power of the Holy Spirit." Can one even imagine a Christian "full of the Holy Spirit" and at the same time falling into gross sin—or any sin? When one lives full of the Holy Spirit has he not strength to resist temptation? Even Satan did not have the courage to tempt Jesus with the grosser sins, but only the refined and inner sins. He tempted Jesus only in his physical hunger and desire for bread—his spiritual life of trust—and to get him to shorten the work or method of building his kingdom.

Jesus as a preacher still further illustrates this spirit of dependence in his life work. Take as illustrating this truth his first sermon in "Nazareth, where he had been brought up." He entered the synagogue, "as his custom was," and took the book and read from Isaiah, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised." "And he closed the book . . . and he began to say unto them, This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears."

Therefore, since having "the Spirit of the Lord upon him," and the Spirit's anointing for his ministerial office was necessary for Jesus as a preacher, the thought that is ever uppermost when I read this startling statement concerning the beginning of the public ministry of Jesus is this: If Jesus himself needed the "Spirit of the Lord" upon him, and a special anointing to preach the gospel even to the poor, how much more do I, and do all gospel ministers. Are there any among us who preach trusting in the energy of the flesh and the keenness of the intellect alone, rather that a union of that with the fullness of the power of the Holy Spirit?

The dependence of Jesus upon the Holy Spirit is further illustrated by the fact that he wrought his miracles and did his work in the villages in the power of the Holy Spirit. Peter gives proof of this in his sermon in the house of Cornelius when he declares,

concerning Jesus, that "God anointed him with the Holy Spirit and with power; who went about doing good, and healed all that were oppressed of the devil; for God was with him." Here it is clear that the good works and the miracles of Jesus were all wrought in the power of the Holy Spirit. How much more do his present-day ministers need such anointing. Is not the absence of such an anointing the explanation of the fact that we have so many fruitless ministries?

Further, his teachings and commandments were given through the power of the Holy Spirit. We read, "Jesus began both to do and to teach, until the day in which he was received up, after that he had given commandment through the Holy Spirit unto the apostles whom he had chosen." Herein is found the explanation of the fact that he spoke "as never man spake." How can anyone hope, after such an example, to succeed in reproducing his "teachings and commandments" except through the power of the "Holy Spirit"?

Jesus went to the cross in the power of the Holy Spirit, for in these words we are told of the cleansing power of the blood of Christ: "The blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without blemish unto God." Thus it is very clear that throughout all his ministry Christ's works were begun and ended in the power of the "Holy Spirit." For he prayed at his baptism, his entry into his ministry, until the heavens were opened and the Holy Spirit descended. His ministry was marked by such praying that his life work was done under an open heaven and under the power of a descending Holy Spirit. Such is the privilege of and promise given to each and every gospel minister. Have we all entered into our inheritance?

Let us pass to the teachings of Jesus concerning the Holy Spirit. He clearly taught that the Holy Spirit is on an equality with the Father and the Son. While there are many ways of establishing this statement, the baptismal formula, as contained in his final commandment, ought to be sufficient for this brief review. "Go ye therefore and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit."

Jesus taught that membership in his kingdom is to be obtained only through "being born of the Spirit." "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except one be born of water and the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." These words were spoken to "a ruler of the Jews" who boasted that he was a son of Abraham, and upon this moral and religious Nicodemus Jesus enforced this vital truth. Over the door to Christ's kingdom has been written ever since, "Ye must be born of the Spirit." Christ further taught on that same occasion that his spiritual kingdom is so far removed from all who have not been "born of the Spirit" that even to see it is impossible, to say nothing of entering. For he said, "Except one be born anew he cannot see the kingdom of God." If anyone try to climb up any other way, according to Christ's own words, the same is a "thief and a robber." Christian life, according to the teachings of Jesus, is not good things selected from all other religions, nor good resolutions, nor high personal morality, it is nothing short of a "new creation in Christ Jesus." One must be born of the Spirit in order to become an heir of God, and joint-heir with Christ. Methodism was made by putting the emphasis on this life-giving teaching of Jesus. Has Methodism or have any of her pastors lost or changed this emphasis?

Jesus taught that only against the Holy Spirit can the unpardonable sin be committed. "Every sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Spirit shall not be forgiven. And whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him; but whosoever shall speak against the Holy Spirit, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, nor in that which is to come." This is introduced not to discuss the doctrine of the unpardonable sin, but only in order that Christ's own exalted teaching concerning the majesty and divinity of the Holy Spirit may be more clearly recalled.

The teachings of Jesus so far recalled were given early in his ministry, but when he neared its end, and had prepared his disciples for the deeper and more vital things of his kingdom, he taught much more clearly and placed much greater emphasis on the office and work of the Holy Spirit, and the place the Holy Spirit was to have in the perfecting of Christ's spiritual kingdom

among the nations. These later teachings divide naturally into those given just before his crucifixion and those given during the "forty days" between his resurrection and his ascension. Jesus, in the days just before his crucifixion, laid tremendous emphasis on the fact that after his ascension the Holy Spirit would take charge of and carry on the work which he had begun. When his disciples were weeping because he had said, "I go to my Father," then Jesus comforted and taught them what might be called the transition doctrine of his kingdom as related to himself and the Holy Spirit. May I quote his words in full? They contain Christ's most comprehensive statement of what would follow, during his bodily absence, under the dispensation of the Holy Spirit, under which we are now living and shall be until Christ's return to judgment. To me they are among the most important utterances of our Lord:

"Nevertheless I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.

"And he when he is come, will convict the world in respect of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment.

"Of sin, because they believe not on me;

"Of righteousness, because I go to the Father, and ye behold me no more;

"Of judgment, because the prince of this world hath been judged."

Christ in these words clearly taught that the Holy Spirit is to be his representative during his absence, and the expedience of his bodily absence in order that he might make over his work to the leadership of the Holy Spirit. The teaching is clear that only by the Holy Spirit can the world be convicted of sin and brought to repentance. In this dispensation, whenever Christ is preached in the fullness of the Spirit, the Spirit enforces the message and bears witness that Christ is righteous because God exalted him to his right hand. Then, as the sinner through convicting power of the Holy Spirit sees on the one hand his sinfulness, and on the other, in contrast, the righteousness of Christ, and that the greatest sin is the sin of rejecting Jesus, there follows an impelling conviction, by the Holy Spirit, of a judgment to come to the rejectors of a risen and ascended Saviour. After that there comes true

repentance and the cry, "What must we do to be saved?" Perfectly and fully herein is found Christ's only program for the world's evangelization. He announced it before his crucifixion.

Jesus told of yet other works and offices of the Holy Spirit, in addition to the reproving the world of sin, of righteousness and judgment. May I condense them? though each statement is inestimable and vital and of infinite value to Christ's church: Jesus taught concerning the Holy Spirit's permanent work for his people, both individually and collectively, "He will guide you into all truth." "He will show you things to come." "He shall glorify me." "He shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you." "And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter that he may abide with you forever." "He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."

That the Holy Spirit was the source of the inspiration of the New Testament is found in the following definite promise of Jesus to those who were to write the New Testament: "But the Comforter, even the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring to your remembrance all that I said unto you." The same fullness of the Spirit was also given to Paul, "the chosen vessel," for Ananias "laying his hands on him said, Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, who appeared unto thee in the way which thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight and be filled with the Holy Spirit." Therefore this writer infers that the great head of the church, who loved it so as to give his life for it, and who knew that his people in all the coming centuries would need a knowledge of the revelation through an inspired record, inspired the writers and also guided the selecting of the writings that should be the New Testament for all the nations. Therefore this writer believes that we can with confidence, because of this promise, in these days of scientific criticism, read our New Testament, believing that it has, under the Holy Spirit's guidance of a human agency, been prepared and preserved to supply the spiritual need of God's children through all time and in all lands.

Let us now pass to consideration of Christ's teaching given

during those wonderful forty days between his resurrection and ascension. The following quotations will give the summary:

"All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth.

"Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

"Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

"And, behold, I send forth the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city until ye be clothed with power from on high.

"To whom he also shewed himself alive after his passion by many proofs, appearing unto them by the space of forty days, and speaking the things concerning the kingdom of God:

"And, being assembled together with them, he charged them not to depart from Jerusalem, but to wait for the promise of the Father, which, said he, ye heard from me:

"For John indeed baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Spirit not many days hence. . . .

"But ye shall receive power, when the Holy Spirit has come upon you: and ye shall be my witnesses, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

The last quotation is the last reported utterance of Christ while on earth. This forms the permanent commission to the church through the power of the Holy Spirit. Hence we see that, throughout these wonderful closing days, his teachings concerning the Holy Spirit became clearer and stronger, and closed, just as he ascended, with a tremendous climax; namely, that the Holy Spirit would endue the church with power to testify, even to "the uttermost part of the earth." In Christ's teaching concerning receiving the Holy Spirit as an equipment for service there are two words that, because of the emphasis placed upon them by our Indian Christians, are having for me an ever-increasing impressiveness. They are: "Tarry . . . until." Whether it be "two days, or a month, or a year," the command to the church is clear. "Tarry . . . until ye be clothed with power from on high."

God's Spirit is to-day moving mightily among the nations. China's millions are unbinding their feet; India's zenanas are opening; slavery has almost disappeared from the face of the earth, and the cause of temperance is having unprecedented victories. Before Pentecost an intellectual knowledge of Jesus Christ

was abroad among the people, but they rejected him. In India today there are millions who, if asked, "Who is Jesus?" would answer, "One of the incarnations," or "One of the prophets," or, "The greatest religious teacher of the ages." Up to now these cultured Brahmins in large numbers do not follow him; but when their hearts are moved by the Divine Spirit and "the power from high" they will look up and say, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." How is all this to be brought about? First, Jesus said to his disciples, concerning the Holy Spirit, "I will send him unto *you*." That is, Christ's order is that the Holy Spirit will first come upon the church, and after that convict the world. This means that the divine order can never be reversed; that the Holy Spirit must first come upon the church. "You" first, is the unchangeable order. There were many other outpourings of the Holy Spirit upon the church after Pentecost; sometimes in the homes, and also upon individuals, as Saul; and in cities, as Ephesus, Corinth, Philippi, Thessalonica, and so on; but always upon the Christians first. In that order only the church grew and multiplied. This after Pentecost anointing was more than that received at conversion, for the disciples had been converted; greater than the measure of the Holy Spirit they had received before Christ's ascension. What was it? It was a special "power from on high" to enable them to so witness, by holy living as well as spoken testimony, of the things concerning Christ that, through this "power from on high," their witnessing would be effective. The story of their tarrying and the miraculous outcome on the day of Pentecost need not be rehearsed here.

The next truth to be noted is that this "power from on high" as an equipment for effective witnessing was not to be confined to the then present disciples, for in the sermon of that very day Peter said, to all who had been awakened by the power of the Holy Spirit:

"Repent ye, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ unto the remission of your sins; and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit. For to you is the promise, and to your children, and to all that are afar off [even as far as to those on the most remote mission field of the Church in the twentieth century] even as many as the Lord our God shall call unto him."

All are included. As a young man I looked back to Pentecost as something that was to happen only once; but I now know that in that I was mistaken. I now agree in my thought of Pentecost with President Jonathan Edwards, who wrote:

> "Pentecost was not even the pattern day; but simply the star of Christianity. There was indeed a glorious season of the application of the redemption in the first ages of the Christian Church that began at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost; but that was not the proper time of ingathering; it was only, as it were, a feast of the first-fruits; the ingathering is at the end of the year, or in the last ages of the Christian Church . . . and will probably as far exceed what was in the first ages of the church . . . as that exceeded all that had been before under the Old Testament, confined only to the land of Judea. Rev. John Fletcher, the saintly fellow-worker with John Wesley, insisted that the day of Pentecost was the opening of the dispensation of the Spirit . . . the great promise of the Father: and that the latter-day glory, which he believed was near at hand, should far exceed the first effusion of the Spirit."

Once, near midnight in Calcutta, after a long council about some difficult church problem, I was walking home with Rev. D. H. Lee. He suddenly stopped and told a Dakota story of a wintry path between two buildings from which he shoveled snow many a winter morning only to have it filled in again with the drifting snow every night. But during one night the warm south wind blew and all was changed. Then he applied the story thus: "So, likewise, when the Holy Spirit breathes upon hard hearts and difficult situations everything changes." I have gone through so many such scenes in India, and have witnessed so many wonderful outpourings of the Holy Spirit, and have so often seen "everything change," that my heart said "Amen." I can, with a conviction born of a missionary experience, say in an entirely new sense, "I believe in the Holy Ghost."

Rev. J. H. Messmore, one of our oldest missionaries, was an intellectual giant, but had a pessimistic temperament and therefore took very gloomy views of the missionary problem. While he was district superintendent at Pauri, up in the mountains, he became discouraged in the extreme. But just at that time one of his Indian ministers was down on the plains and got into one of our great revival meetings and received a marvelous infilling of the Holy Spirit. This preacher went back to Pauri, called a small

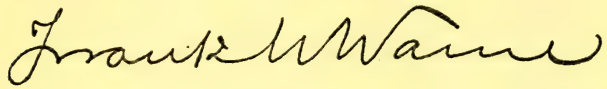
company of the Christians together for nights of prayer, and soon Pauri had such a spiritual movement as had never been known in the great Himalaya Mountains. When Mr. Messmore next appeared among the missionaries on the plains his outlook had so changed that he reported that what had taken place in Pauri was more than a reformation or a revival, it was a revolution; and his whole conception concerning the evangelization of the Christless nations had been transformed. In one of the most difficult fields on the whole earth he had seen the New Testament order restored: the fullness of the Holy Spirit coming upon his preachers and that followed with the world convicted of sin. So it must be to the end.

We should take heart when we consider how marvelously the Spirit is now working among the nations. Think of the turning to Christ in Korea, China, and Japan, and India. After Pentecost there was such a complete transformation in the disciples that self-seeking was destroyed. They received power to live such pure lives that there was complete agreement between the testimony of their lips and their lives. Without this all would have been failure. They also received courage to witness. Peter, who before Pentecost denied his Lord before a little maid, stood up before that great audience, among whom doubtless were many who had cried, "Away with him, crucify him," and witnessed concerning Christ with such power as drove the truth home with the definite accusation, "Ye have taken and by wicked hands have crucified and slain," until three thousand cried out, "What shall we do?"

If such a transformation should again come over the disciples throughout the world, what would happen? Is this too hard for God? Is it included in the "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name"? Are we asking? If such power should be poured out would not the whole church be more surprised than the praying church in "the house of Mary, the mother of John," when Peter knocked at the gate? God is waiting to give the nations such a surprise on an infinite scale.

We cry for money. The disciples, who in the morning had nothing, had on the evening of Pentecost at their disposal the possessions of three thousand new converts. Concerning all the

great problems, in this the greatest hour of opportunity, danger, and urgency in church history, how the church would rise and shine if she would again hear and heed the Master's parting words, "Tarry . . . until." "Tarry . . . until ye be clothed with power from on high." Shall we do it?



THE ARENA

A VITAL VOICE FROM THE PAST

Dr. Francis Wayland, one of the most eminent divines and educators of his day, for twenty-eight years president of Brown University, pastor also of the First Baptist Church of Boston and of the First Baptist Church of Providence, was amply qualified to give weighty counsel to those charged with the ministry of the word. And among the many valuable volumes which he left when he passed on, in 1865, at the age of sixty-seven, was one written only three years before his departure, in which he embodied his maturest thoughts concerning the sacred office. He entitled it Letters on the Ministry of the Gospel. Although more than fifty years have passed since then, and the book has been, of course, long out of print, we believe the preachers of the present time cannot do better than to listen to this great man. His words, in our judgment, are singularly well fitted to be repeated now. His advice is still pertinent and important. It is interesting to note that the tendencies of his time continue to prevail, that the trend of things which he noticed and deplored has not been checked, but rather has increased, so that his warnings are full as much needed now as when first written. Let him speak to this generation, even as he spoke to his own, for he has something of prime significance to say.

He cautions his readers, in the first place, against taking a professional view of the ministry. Is there not still need of such caution? He counts it totally different from the apostolic view. The latter regards the ministry as a stewardship and an embassy. Ministers, according to Paul, are to be "stewards of the mysteries of God" and "ambassadors for Christ." The ordinary professional man selects his occupation according to the dictates of his own fancy, chooses that which seems to open the most promising field for the display of his peculiar talents, or which will be likely to secure for him a competency in the shortest time. His relation to his employers is that of agent to a principal, doing a service for that principal which he cannot do for himself, fulfilling his contract honorably and receiving the stipulated price. But it is different with the gospel steward and ambassador. He is intrusted by his Master with the

duty of distributing to his fellow men the truth which God has revealed to them. He must deliver the ideas of God, whether men will hear or not, keeping back nothing. He must dispense precisely what has been committed to him through the illumination of the Holy Spirit, with unshrinking faithfulness. He must do his utmost to induce them to partake of the food which he presents, exerting every energy to convince them of their need. As an ambassador he must implicitly follow his instructions. He has no authority to enlarge, abridge, alter, or modify; he must make them know in all plainness and simplicity, with words that can be readily understood and in a style suited to their importance as well as one best adapted to convince and impress. He is responsible to his Sovereign. He may not seek the favor of those to whom he goes or regard their approval as a fundamental thing. If he makes the delivery of his message a means of securing personal advantage instead of faithfully making known the will of his Master, he is false to his trust, and the souls of the sinners which he has bartered away for the applause of men will be required at his hands.

Dr. Wayland notes a very considerable change in the style of preaching from that which prevailed in former days. While there is more correct rhetoric, profounder learning, wider acquaintance with literature, he finds little moral emotion aroused and little attempt to arouse it. People leave the house of God as unconcerned about their souls' salvation, and for the most part as uninstructed in duty, as when they came. Those who profess to be the disciples of Christ, and those who make no such profession, are equally at ease. No one is led to ask, "What shall I do to be saved?" It is taken for granted that everybody is all right. It would be deemed impolite to imply that people were in danger of everlasting ruin. It is assumed that every one whose name is recorded on the church books has his name also recorded on the Lamb's book of life. It would be considered in bad taste to suggest that any of the members of the church are in danger, through self-deception or apostasy, of being lost forever. It could not be supposed from the preaching that a considerable number or any part of every audience was unreconciled to God. The aim of preaching would seem to be to send every hearer away well pleased with himself, and with the preacher; and if he is led to say, "What a noble effort!" "What a brilliant train of thought!" a great success has been scored. There are, then, of course but few conversions in middle life, very few indeed of any age as the result of hearing sermons; and many religious people are guilty of habitual wrong doing simply from ignorance, an ignorance which should have been dispelled by the teachings from the pulpit.

Dr. Wayland laments the decline or disuse of expository preaching, whose benefits in drawing practical and experimental lessons from the Scriptures are so manifest. He insists that the most important preparation for the pulpit is moral rather than intellectual. He emphasizes the paramount importance of ministerial example, so that the tone of character displayed, the associations cultivated, shall be in full accord with the message intrusted; the consecration must be complete, the relations

with worldly matters such as will wholly harmonize with the Bible view of them. How can a minister do his full duty by his people if he regards visiting them from house to house as drudgery, something to be avoided just so far as possible or turned into mere social calling? Can one who is burdened with a sense of his religious responsibility and whose heart is filled with deep love for those committed to his care look in this way upon the priceless opportunities for touching them tenderly and intimately in their homes and speaking words of practical application to their personal needs?

President Wayland resigned his office at Brown in August, 1855, and after a period of rest accepted the pastorate of the First Baptist Church in Providence. This gave him an excellent opportunity to carry out his conception of what a Christian minister should be and with his wonted earnestness he addressed himself to the task. He says in the Letters: "I at once laid aside every other labor, and confined my reading almost exclusively to the Bible and to works on devotional and practical religion. To the measure of my physical ability, I preached the gospel both publicly and from house to house, seeking to hold personal conversation on the subject of religion, so far as it was possible, with every member of the whole congregation. The Lord in mercy gave me such success as seemed good to him; and although my imperfections were many and my practice fell very far short of my duty as a minister, I can truly say that no part of my ministerial life was so full of enjoyment as this, and upon no part of it do I look back with so much of satisfaction. I do firmly believe that to gain victory over one's self, over the love of reputation, position, or emolument, to consider all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord, and in the face of all men to preach simply what the Word of God teaches, to preach that only, and to do this day after day, no matter what men may think of us, is the only way to secure a happy and successful ministry, to be happy in our own souls, from the presence of Christ abiding in us, and at last to hear his voice, 'Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

He says, in conclusion: "In spite of sneers and obloquy and reproach, let us declare the whole counsel of God. Let us cast away all desire of reputation for scholarship, all love of distinction, and be content to preach the simple truths of the New Testament in all their breadth and length, whether men will hear or whether they will forbear. While doing all this let us in humble faith rely upon the aid of the Spirit of God, which is promised everywhere to accompany the truth as it is in Jesus. We are nothing and can do nothing; but when we faithfully utter the truth of God he can do everything. O what a reformation would follow such a baptism of the Spirit among the ministers of Christ!"

It seems to us that he is right; that there is nothing more needed now, no less than then, than an overwhelming spiritual baptism upon God's ministers. Whether there is less of single-hearted unreserved dedication of spirit in these days than in former times need not be closely inquired into, is not perhaps susceptible of proof in either direction. But

plainly there is less than there might and should be. There is great room for improvement. Is it not a time for soul-searching and the girding up of the loins of mind and heart anew?

Malden, Mass. JAMES MUDGE.

A METHODIST PATHFINDER

SOME years ago I had within the bounds of my parish in Iowa a son and a daughter of Richard Walker, a brother of the noted pioneer preacher, the Rev. Jesse Walker. They had in their possession some information handed down from a former generation which makes the life of that wonderful man even more interesting than the meager records found in the religious history of the West.

According to the records his history begins with his preaching in the region of Nashville, Tenn., where he was discovered residing in a cabin home at the beginning of the nineteenth century, being admitted to the Western Conference in 1802. But family tradition traces his ministry back to North Carolina, his native State, where he was famous as an exhorter and local preacher. He was born near the middle of the eighteenth century, and must have been in middle life when he entered the traveling connection.

The only notable event of his ministerial life in his native State, as handed down by tradition, is the story of his being called upon to officiate at the funeral of three noted criminals who were sentenced to be shot. He preached a sermon as he stood upon one of the prepared coffins, and the men to be executed were among his auditors.

The only piece of writing left by this good man, in all probability, is a letter the niece had kept very sacredly, which was addressed to Richard Walker; it was dated April 9, 1820, at Kingston, Tenn. He was on his way to General Conference in company with Peter Cartwright and some other preachers, on horseback, giving themselves nearly a month to get to Baltimore. One would scarcely think of such an undertaking at the present time. He must have been fully seventy years of age at the time. He does not mention where his home is, but says: "My wife and children live in Illinois, Saint Clair County. I state this because I want you to write to us. Direct your letter to Belleville P. O." This was about the time he was planning to "plant the standard of Methodism" in Saint Louis. This metropolis of the Mississippi Valley was a stronghold of Roman Catholicism, and but few Protestants had dared to enter such a hostile field. But Walker knew the country better than any other of the itinerant preachers, for he had spent a number of years in other parts of the territory, and was well known.

At the Conference of 1820 he was appointed to Saint Louis, and in due time was found upon the field. The territorial Legislature was in session, and some of the men who knew Walker were there, and meeting him expressed their surprise: "Why, Father Walker, what are you doing here?" The reply was, "I have come to take Saint Louis." He had taken

with him two young preachers, who after they had looked upon the situation concluded there was little hope of accomplishing anything in the wicked city. So they shook the dust from their feet and departed, leaving the old missionary alone. Walker came near being discouraged himself and rode away from the city quite a distance, debating whether it was his duty to undertake the task of "taking Saint Louis," but remembering that he had never been defeated in any of his undertakings, he returned and began the attack.

At his own expense he secured a place where he might preach to the few whom he had induced to come. He opened a night school, in which he taught the common branches to the children of the poor, and it was not long before he was in need of a larger room. This he secured through the assistance of friends who were raised up to help him. He was not so far away from his own home but that he was able to bring in provisions occasionally. At the end of the year he reported a new chapel, a flourishing school, and seventy church members.

Walker's first work after being admitted to the traveling connection was the Red River Circuit, and ever after his was pioneer work. When he was appointed to Illinois in 1806, his mission included the whole territory, which was then a wilderness. McKendree, his presiding elder, accompanied him on his first journey to the new field. They traveled on horseback, spending the nights "under the open canopy of heaven," sleeping on their saddle blankets, and cooking their own meals by the camp fires which they made by the way. "It was a time of much rain, the channels were full to overflowing, and no less than seven times their horses swam the rapid streams with their riders and baggage; but the travelers, by carrying their saddlebags on their shoulders, kept their Bibles and part of their clothes above the water."

After reaching the scene of his future labors, Walker was left alone in the wilderness, McKendree having gone to other parts of his extensive district. Soon winter set in and the missionary was compelled to give up the plan of the circuit and visit the settlers "from cabin to cabin," and deliver to them personally the gospel message. This he did faithfully until the end of the winter, and when the spring opened and the people were able to assemble together there was a general revival of religion. During the summer a campmeeting was held, at which all the unconverted persons attending were converted and an impulse given the work which extended throughout the territory. As an illustration of the magnitude of the work Bishop Morris relates the following incident: "Walker visited one neighborhood near the Illinois River, containing some sixty or seventy souls. They all came to hear him; and having preached three successive days, he read the General Rules, and proposed that as many of them as desired to unite to serve God according to the Bible, to come forward and make it known. The most prominent man among them arose to his feet and said, 'Sir, I trust we will all unite here with you to serve God'; then walked forward and all the rest followed." The result of the first year's work in Illinois there were reported two hundred and eighteen church members.

For the next five years his work alternated between Illinois and Missouri, both territories belonging to the Tennessee Conference. Then he was given charge of districts embracing large sections of this Western territory. It was some time during these years that he settled his family in the southern part of Illinois. After that he was a "home missionary," spending his time "breaking ground" and seeking to find the last inhabitant toward the setting sun.

While laboring in behalf of his own race, Father Walker had become interested in the red men of the forest, and in 1823 he offered himself as missionary to the Indian tribes of the upper Mississippi; he labored until 1830. Then he was appointed to the Chicago Mission, "where," says Cartwright, "he succeeded in planting Methodism in that infant city." When the Chicago District was formed in 1832 Walker was given charge of it, and was also missionary to Chicago town. The following year he became the first stationed Methodist preacher in the city of Chicago. That year closed his active itinerant life. He asked for and was given a "superannuated relation," and a year later, October 5, 1835, he closed his earthly life in holy triumph. Peter Cartwright says of him: "He was the minister who, by the authority of the Methodist Episcopal Church, gave me my first license to exhort. We have fought side by side for many years, we have suffered hunger and want together, we have often wept and prayed and preached together. I hope we shall sing and shout together in heaven."

His remains repose in the cemetery in Plainfield, Ill., and his grave was sadly neglected for many years, but four years ago a suitable monument was erected over his grave, and was dedicated during the session of the Rock River Conference, which met at Joliet that year, affording opportunity for the ministers and laity to pay their respects to the memory of one of the pathfinders of the church. Prominent church officials did themselves honor by their presence and their words of praise for one who represented the heroic age in the Middle West.

From the pen picture given by Thomas A. Morris, a painter might be able to put on canvas a likeness of the old hero of many hard fought battles: "He was five feet seven inches high, of slender but vigorous frame, sallow complexion, light hair, prominent cheeks, small blue eyes, a generous and cheerful expression, and dressed always in drab colored clothes, of the plainest Quaker fashion, with a light colored beaver hat, nearly as large as a lady's parasol. . . . His friendships were most hearty, his courage equal to any test, his piety thorough, his talents as a preacher moderate. His great talent was his great character."

Cherry Valley, Ill. AARON W. HAINES.

AN OCTOBER GLOW

IN full view from my study window, standing in a grass plot of ample size, that is as a "Quad" for the surrounding houses of the city "block," is a well matured and somewhat stately pear tree; symmetrical

and healthy it seems, and apparently has many fruitful years before it; it is still most beautiful to look upon. I do not know whether it has had premonitions about the immediate future, and that if it wants to give expression to its full capabilities it must make haste, or whether an occurrence of a set of fortuitous circumstances, that had never culminated before, gave it its once chance to fully express itself.

But to-day, October the second, it stands clothed with the second beautiful robe of "tender green and blossoms fair" for this year, and has, still hanging upon some of its branches, the well ripened fruit of the early spring blossoms. There are only a few of the old leaves left, just enough to say with perfect frankness, "We came with the spring, but are passing to make room for these precocious new leaves and blossoms." I suspicion that the intense heat of early September suggested to the tree, "The new year is here," and it just gave expression to the new life that was stored up in its branches.

I would not have to journey far afield to stand in the presence of stately, symmetrical personalities, who have for years been bearing splendid, well matured, luscious fruitage, that has been and still is being enjoyed by large circles of men and women here and there, who are ever hungry for real fruit that is ripe and sweet and health-imparting.

And I am standing, with reverence, in the presence of the fact that the fruitage of this clime and season, though still abundant in these lives, does not hinder the manifestation of a foliage that shall never fade and blossoms that are fragrant with the delicate touch of that heavenly country toward which the "Pilgrims of the Infinite" journey.

I am still looking at the tree and see its luscious fruit—the product of this year and this clime—still pendant, but it is beautifully enfolded with the fresh green of another fruitage, and its fragrance is anticipating a year that is yet to come.

J. B. Haines.

Camden, N. J.

OUR EPISCOPACY

Chancellor Day's article in the Methodist Review, March, 1915, is certainly eloquent. I have been a reader of the Methodist Review since 1855 and of other Methodist periodicals longer, and I had never met, until reading Dr. Day, the claim that "Methodism had been sensitive to any impeachment of the validity of her orders." True, a very few, like Gilbert Haven, tried to prove that Wesley was ordained by some wandering Greek bishop. But whether that great man applied to the Greek bishop for ordination as bishop or not, I am sure that the Methodist Episcopal Church of our day has no regrets that Gilbert Haven failed to make out a case. The Catholic priest, quoted by Dr. Day, was right and we do not claim any bishops in his sense and do not want any. Wesley was right when he repudiated the myth of Apostolic succession and claimed that he had full authority to ordain to any order or office. The Methodist Episcopal Church has never claimed that the Christian ministry is divided into three

orders. We recognize but two, though our practice in "consecrating" bishops seems to deny our theory. Better far to make our practice conform to our theory. According to Dr. Day, the General Conference of 1912 went far in harmonizing practice to theory when "we proceeded to show the world that our episcopacy was simply an ecclesiastical expedient, to be set up or set aside at the will of our chief legislative body." Worthy aged men will be reverenced without the aid of office or order.

The Doctor's remark that one of our most able men had just learned to preach when about to be translated recalls the testimony of B. H. Cartright, of Rock River: "I am not so old as to think that I can preach better than in my prime." The last General Conference gave evidence that even strong minds do not know when they are failing. That giant of mind and spirit, Bishop Foster, for years before he retired, was unable to remember important facts in the work for which we chose bishops. Better two or three efficient men on the retired list than one inefficient making havoc in the appointments. No bishops are far preferable to such. The church felt a pang when Bishop Warren was retired. The only question to be considered is the general good: either course will work injustice at times.

HENRY COLMAN.

Milwaukee, Wis.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE NATURE OF MAN STILL THE SAME

THE emphasis of our remark connects itself especially with the phrase human nature. To define it accurately in all its bearings is difficult, as the phrase is not defined in our ordinary lexicons. The word human, however, is thus defined, "Of, pertaining to, or characterizing man or mankind, individually or as a race; having the nature, qualities, or attributes of the man or mankind"; as in the sentence, "The great region of inquiry is not the world of nature, but of human nature . . . within the reach or capacity of man with reference to his faculties or powers," as illustrated by the statement of Daniel Webster, "The Sermon on the Mount cannot be a merely human production."

It is a general thought that while the conditions of mankind are constantly changing and the ideals of humanity are enlarging, a corresponding change has taken place in the nature of man. If we consider the word "nature" as the qualities or attributes of mankind which are primal in human nature, the present condition of things in the world serves to remind us that there has been no essential change in the nature of man throughout the progress of human history.

The principles of the right and wrong are fundamentally the same. The sense and perception that certain things are worthy of approval, and

certain things are deserving of punishment are fundamental conceptions, which were known in the earliest ages; though the applications of them have varied in the development of human history; this is true also in the conception of justice as against injustice. It were easy to trace in the development of mankind the constant presence of them in the thought of man in all ages and in all races.

Human nature is unchanged as to the intellectual powers of man. The intellect of man was as keen in the days of Plato and Socrates as it is to-day. Their works are the studies of the students of philosophy and constitute the foundations on which philosophical students have for ages built their literary monuments. We mistake when we imagine that the present generation has more mere intellectual capacity than in the early ages. In the ages immediately preceding us we see expressions of intellectual power which cannot be surpassed in the present generation. We need but to refer to Butler's Analogy, the work of a past generation which is still worthy of study by those who would become masters of the apologetic of Christianity. Jonathan Edwards's immortal work on the human will constitutes one of the great results of the intellect of the times in which he lived. Edwards on the Will is so acute in its reasoning processes that they have regarded him as standing by the side of Socrates and Plato and the great masters of the human intellect of all the ages. It is an interesting fact that the great scholar and thinker William Ewart Gladstone, after his retirement from the responsibilities of office, spent his time in editing an edition of Butler's Analogy as his contribution to posterity. The writers of the eighteenth century occupy a foremost place in intellectual power.

It is a common thought that the movement of humanity is constantly upward, and as the races advance in civilization they will go right automatically, so that gradually we are approaching a time when humanity needs no restraints, but goes forward toward the right according to its own inherent tendencies. Observation teaches us, however, that bolts and bars and prisons and penalties of all kinds are as much in demand as they have ever been. The constant pressure of this downward tendency is seen in our newspapers, which are largely devoted to the failures and crimes of humanity. All the churches and institutions of learning, and the social organizations of various kinds, which are so excellent and so abundant, have failed to prevent this downward stream of human sin. This is not to say that beautiful things are not growing, that the world is not blessed with noble men and women who are examples of noble living, but it is simply saying that our human nature in its primal forces has not changed during the centuries, and that people are constantly needing some outside help to lift them into the true realm of thinking and of living.

There is another element of human nature which seems to be permanent, and is demonstrated particularly in the times in which we live. It is the ferocity of human nature, its willingness to see others suffer and to commit brutal acts upon fellow men and women. It has been generally thought that our twentieth century civilization has passed beyond

the time of brutality, and that it was to disappear forever from the world. We have thought of the past barbarous ages and supposed that they had gone forever. The writer of this, the year before the opening of the present war, was at The Hague, where Andrew Carnegie's great Palace of Peace stands, which has arrested the attention and applause of the world. As he passed over its magnificent grounds and entered the vast building and saw the various rooms which had been provided for committees, where the representatives of the world should gather to promote peace and good will to men, and over the main room, where the great discussions were to be held, a statue of the Christ of the Andes was hovering, he said to himself, "This is the end of war; barbarism shall cease from among men." The very next year there arose this fearful war in which the nations, almost all professedly Christian, are gathering month after month on the field of strife to inflict the utmost horrors possible on each other. Senator Lodge, in his chancellor's address at Union College, at the last commencement, referring to this subject says: "I am not concerned here with the rights or wrongs, with the guilt or the innocence of those engaged in the war; nor by reality do I mean the horrors of the war. Every man and woman who can think knows what those horrors are. Death, destruction, physical anguish, sorrow, misery, have been before our eyes for months. The vocabulary has been worn out in describing them. There is no need of repeating more exhausted words when all words are vain. What we need to look at is the great dominant fact which stands out in the midst of all the horrors and all the fighting. I read a letter not long since from a young French officer, who said that the one thing which filled his mind was not the daily danger and the constant suffering, but the return of all about him, on both sides, to the condition of primitive man. In a few weeks they had crossed all the evolution of centuries with its slow upbuilding of civilization, and returned to the state of mind which was of immemorial antiquity when the little space covered by our recorded history began."

We have attempted simply to call attention to the limitations to human progress which seem to be thrown about the world to-day. The implements of science are employed as instruments of destruction. The daily records in the newspapers tell us without a blush the glorying of each nation in the destruction of human life. It seems to be the pride of the nations to tell how many human beings they have destroyed, and all under the plea of some great advantage which is to come to their particular nation by the horrors which they perpetrate. The terrible period in which we live needs the careful consideration of the thoughtful people of the times. Those who see things as they are, who are not blinded with passion or with prejudice, who have a vision of the Christ and of the methods which he would employ in lifting the world up to the lofty ideals of Christianity which the best thought of the world realizes is the only true basis of human progress—those who shall do this will not be the iconoclasts or the visionary enthusiasts, but those who have a clear vision of human nature as it is and always has been and of the divine means of restoring it to the divine image.

It will have met the object of this writing if the reader shall realize in some measure what the writer feels, that those who would help in the great restoration of humanity, of which all men feel the need, should study anew these great problems and learn how to relate Christianity to the needs of this afflicted world.

PAUL, THE PREACHER

His Message to Corinth

One of the difficulties in interpreting the writings of Saint Paul arises out of the many-sidedness of the man and his supremacy in so many departments of the apostolic life and thought. His writings have been specially regarded as the foundation of Christian doctrine and the Epistles to the Romans and to Galatians have been studied by all the generations since his time in profound interest. Perhaps we have not thought of him as he deserves in his character as a preacher of the gospel, both in the method of his address and in the substance of his message. In no part of his writings is this aspect of the apostle's life shown more clearly than in the Epistle to the Corinthians. A study of the earlier part of that Epistle will show his method and his success. His gospel was unacceptable to his times. Jew and Gentile alike refused it. To the Jew it was a stumbling-block, to the Greek foolishness. The cultured people in his age were not only indifferent to it but distinctly hostile. It is true that curiosity often led them to listen to it. In the course of his missionary journeys he visited Athens, the seat of the literary culture of Greece and, indeed, of the literary and philosophic culture of the world.

At Athens some of the Epicurean and Stoic philosophers came to hear what this babbler would say. His sermon in response to their criticisms was a setting forth of the superiority of the Christian's God to their idolatrous worship. We do not know how long Paul was at Athens, and there is no indication that he ever returned there to carry on his missionary work. His sermon on Mars Hill, recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, is the only sermon of which we have any knowledge that Paul delivered in that center of the world's culture. No great success of his mission is recorded to have taken place in that visit. The historian says: "Howbeit certain men clave unto him and believed, among whom were Dionysius, the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them." Acts 17. 34.

Paul's next missionary experience was at Corinth. This city was not far from Athens. Though Corinth was not such an intellectual center as Athens, it yet boasted of its philosophy, as clearly appears from the first part of his first letter to the Corinthians and also from the historic position of Corinth. It was rather the New Platonic philosophy and did not rank with the philosophy of Plato and Socrates and Aristotle, but it claimed to be a city of culture nevertheless, and would be regarded so by the Greeks. It was also noted for its vices. Its culture had not preserved

it from the grosser forms of corruption. In Corinth he found, of course, the usual opposition. Whether because of discouragement at the small results of his preaching at Athens, we cannot say, but it is clear that he changed his method. His language shows that he gave careful consideration to the subject of his method at Corinth. "And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know anything among you, but Jesus Christ and him crucified" (1 Cor. 1. 22).

The word "not" in the second verse in the Greek belongs rather to determined than to the "to know" as in the Authorized Version. If this change were adopted, the passage would read, "I did not determine to know anything among you." It involves careful consideration and decision on the part of Paul as to the message he was to deliver at Corinth. "It was Jesus Christ and him crucified." It was not that he determined to know nothing else, but "nothing among you."

It is evident that he had carefully studied their condition and chose his subject, from which he proposed not to vary. His message which he proclaimed was not Jesus Christ as King and Conqueror, but in the deepest humiliation as the crucified Son of God. This was alike objectionable to the Jew, who was looking for a temporal, victorious Messiah, and to the Greek, to whom the idea of salvation through a crucified Jew was the height of foolishness. This central subject of his preaching which he regarded as adapted to that time may well be considered in adaptation to the age in which we live. Paul with this simple truth confounded both Jewish and Gentile antagonists, and during his residence of one year and six months in Corinth, he established a church of so much importance that he afterward wrote two of his greatest Epistles to that church. It was this message which drew his audiences then. Is not this message the most effective means of drawing congregations, awakening sinners, and building up believers in this modern age? It is thought by some that the world has outgrown this message. Our enlightened civilization, which would substitute philosophic presentation of Christianity for the simple and original doctrine of the New Testament, salvation by faith only in the crucified Redeemer, may well pause and contemplate the great apostle to the Gentiles as to the method and substance of his preaching.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

ANCIENT SEMITIC LAW

THE discovery of the Code of Hammurabi was an epoch-making event. If we except the unearthing of the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, no archæological find of the past one hundred years can compare with it in importance to the student of ancient history, biblical literature, and comparative religions. No document of the remote past has thrown as much light upon

the civilization of the third millenniad before Christ. It carries us back ages before Moses and the Exodus, and forces the critics to reconsider questions which had been regarded as settled beyond controversy. This oldest code of laws yet discovered attracted, as could have been expected, the attention of learned men regardless of nationality and creed, especially Bible students and jurists everywhere. Translations were rapidly made into the principal languages of Europe, so that intelligent men of all nations were able to study the venerable document.

Assyriologists had, even before this great discovery, anticipated such a code, for fragments of old Babylonian laws had been previously discovered in the clay-tablet library of Ashurbanipal at Nineveh. Some of these tablets are now in the British Museum. There is also a more complete copy at Berlin. Attention was called to these by Peiser as early as 1890. A few years later Meissner made a contribution to the same subject.

The Code of Hammurabi, written, or rather cut, on a stele, was discovered by De Morgan, a celebrated French archæologist, in the latter part of December, 1901, and the early part of January, 1902, at Susa, or "Shushan the Palace" of the Book of Daniel. The stone, now in the Louvre, Paris, is a rude piece of black diorite slightly rounded at the top, nearly eight feet high and little more than seven feet in width. Both sides of the stone are covered with inscriptions in Babylonian cuneiform. Hammurabi is represented as standing before the Shamash, the Sun-god. Under this, on the obverse, follow sixteen columns of writing, making one thousand one hundred and fourteen lines. There were on this side originally twenty-one columns, but five of them have been erased. This was probably done in accordance with ancient custom, to gratify the ambition of Shutruk-nakunde, King of Elam, who had desired to place his name in the blank space, after he had carried the stele away to his capital as trophy. For some reason the name was never inserted. The vanity of the victorious king cost posterity five columns. This very great loss has been partially made up by later discoveries, and it is to be hoped that all the erased laws may yet be found on some other monument. The reverse has twenty-eight columns, or about twenty-five hundred lines. There are on the monument not far from eight thousand words. There were originally 282 distinct laws, deducting the thirty-five erased; there are still 247. Though the stele was broken into three pieces, these were so successfully joined together as to cause but little damage.

No sooner was the stele discovered than V. Scheil proceeded to study the inscription. This was carefully copied and translated with explanatory notes, and given to the world before the close of 1902. This first translation was quickly followed by numerous versions in English, French, German, and Italian. There were besides numberless articles in both the religious and secular press, in the theological, literary and scientific journals, as well as many pamphlets and books. In short quite an extensive literature has grown up in connection with this oldest code of laws in the world. Here we may mention a volume by Professor W. W. Davies, of the Ohio Wesleyan, published by The Methodist Book Concern. This little book has had, and is still having, a very large sale. It meets

every requirement of the Bible student and will be of profound interest to the general reader. Let us also call particular attention to the Schweich Lectures for 1912, by Dr. Johns, Master of Saint Catherine's College, Cambridge, published at the close of 1914. These are entitled: "The Laws of Babylonia and Laws of the Hebrew Peoples." The subject is discussed in a trenchant, clear manner, without pretension or dogmatism. The arguments *pro* and *con* are fairly presented, without interjecting himself into the discussion. In short, Dr. Johns says: "I expressly warn you, that I have not given you my opinion, nor do I intend to do so." He does not seem to accept either the traditional or liberal side of criticism regarding the authorship of the Pentateuch. He frankly admits that "no one can venture to dispute their [advanced critics] decisions on pain of being reckoned reactionary and obscurantist. These scholars hold the seat of authority, and it would be rash presumption to question their ruling. . . . The most scholars after two centuries of study of the Pentateuch have fairly well agreed in disregarding the Mosaic origin of the five books and they speak of several codes of widely different dates as making up the Pentateuch." Then adds in a significant way: "As experience shows there is very little permanence about the critical views, we had best confine ourselves to the latest presentation." He might have added by quoting Mephistopheles's advice to the green Freshman in Faust: "Here, too, one had best cling to and swear by the words of *one* master." Many critics will hear nothing of Moses, much less of his writings. But as Dr. Johns says, "As the lump of sugar is perceived in the cup, so too, say what we may, Moses permeates the entire Pentateuch, and it is impossible to get rid of him."

Those who read the Code of Hammurabi are at once struck with its many marked similarities to the Mosaic legislation. There are nearly sixty distinct laws in the Code which find striking resemblances in the Pentateuch. About one half of these are almost exact parallels. Thus the laws regarding witchcraft, sorcery, kidnapping, man-stealing, transgression against parental authority, assault on pregnant women, the vicious ox, deposit of money and valuables, various species of theft, etc.

The *lex talionis* has a prominent place in both legislations. The laws of Israel, being later, though more in detail, practically coincide with those of Hammurabi. The Hebrew laws seem often harsher than those of Babylonia. This is especially true where human life is involved. Babylonia, it seems, protected property more than life. The Hebrew law makes no distinction between rich and poor (see Exod. 23. 3; 30. 15). The Babylonian patricians, or those of higher birth, were punished more severely than the commoner. The slave was often dismissed with a mere fine, while the nobles paid the full penalty of the *lex talionis*. Take e. g. the following, "If any break a man's [patrician] bone, one shall break his bone (H. 197). If he destroy the eye of a freedman or break the bones of a freedman, he shall pay out one mina of silver (198). If he destroy the eye of a man's slave, or break the bone of a man's slave, he shall pay one half mina of silver" (199). The parallel laws of Israel read: "If a man smite the eye of his servant, and destroy it, he shall let

him go free for his eyes' sake." Exod. 21: 26f. Such a law as this would make a master's treatment of his slave careful.

There are, too, not only marked resemblances but striking contrasts in the two codes. This arises from the different conditions and surroundings. Take the case of burglary: this was punished in Israel with death, no matter when committed; in Babylonia, only when burglary was committed at night. Theft was on the whole punished more severely in Babylonia than in Israel. Take e. g. the theft of an ox: In Israel the penalty was fivefold; in Babylonia tenfold, and if the ox belonged to the king or to a temple, thirtyfold. Notice again the scale of punishment in the following: "If a man steal an ox or sheep or ass or pig or boat from a temple or palace, he shall pay thirtyfold; if it be from a freedman tenfold; if the thief has nothing with which to pay, he shall be put to death." (H. 8.)

That the Hammurabi code should have laws which are not found in the Pentateuch is perfectly natural. Israel had no need of laws regulating irrigation, dykes, dams, canals, or boats. Babylonia was almost as dependent upon its canals as Holland is to-day. These needed constant care and repair and were easily damaged, hence the severity of the penalties.

The laws regarding slavery were apparently severer in Israel than in Babylonia. In Israel one could be reduced to six years of servitude for debt, etc.; in Babylonia the maximum was three years. It must be remembered, however, that the Hebrew law was tempered with mercy. Deut. 15. 1f. Then the absence of laws in one code which are found in the other is explainable by the difference in time, no less than by the conditions of the two peoples and lands.

The question naturally arises whether Moses borrowed directly from Babylonia. Is it not probable that he had seen a copy of the Babylonia Code? Even before his time there was a very intimate connection between Babylonia and the countries between it and Egypt. We also know that Syria, Phœnicia, and Palestine had much intercourse not only with each other, but also with Babylonia and Egypt. We are distinctly told in Acts 7. 22 that the great legislator "was instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." Philo, too, tells us that Moses was skilled in the learning of the Assyrians and Babylonians. Thus it is, at least, possible that Moses may have adopted much of his legislation, if not directly, yet indirectly from the code. His stay in Midian may have contributed to this too.

Then there is another possibility. There might have been an old Semitic Code, even antedating that of Hammurabi, from which the Babylonians, the Canaanites, the Kenites, the Hebrews and other Semites borrowed more or less extensively. There might have been, if not direct adoptions, considerable adaptations. True, we are treading upon pathless grounds and indulging in pure speculation, for it must be admitted that there is no direct proof of any old Semitic code antedating Hammurabi, and yet there must have been law before such a perfect set of laws could have been possible. Nor do we know anything of the laws of the Canaanites at the time they were conquered by the Hebrews, and yet pos-

sessing as high a civilization as they did—if we may believe Hebrew tradition—they must have had laws. But let us not speculate, for to-morrow may bring to light a discovery of much greater importance to the Bible student than either the Tel-el-Amarna tablets or the Code of Hammurabi, important as these are. Though in the dark upon this point, we cannot help believing that Hammurabi, Moses, and others borrowed from those before them. What more natural than to think that Moses did borrow from Babylonia, the land of his ancestors? Nothing is more plausible than that Abraham knew the Code of Hammurabi, and that he delivered some of its laws to Isaac and Jacob, and these in their turn to their immediate descendants. It requires no great stretch of imagination to believe that the Code of Hammurabi may have been handed down as a precious heirloom from generation to generation from the time of the patriarchs to that of Moses, who selected suitable portions of it with more or less modification for his own code.

And once more. Some of the laws common to Hammurabi and Moses appear in the codes of other nations. No less an authority than Professor D. H. Müller believes that early Roman law had been quite influenced by Semitic legislation. Nor is this strange, for the Romans had much intercourse with Canaan, Phœnicia, and Carthaginia—all Semitic lands. Mr. Stanley Arthur Cook in his article on Moses in the Encyclopædia Britannica says: "Many of the Mosaic laws find parallels and analogies in all ages outside the sphere of Israelite influence, notably in the laws codified several centuries previously by the Babylonian King Khammurabi. . . . This very development of Mosaism implies the existence of an original nucleus or substratum, although the recovery of its precise extent is very difficult. The legislation on Mount Sinai, which apparently occupies a very important place in tradition, is really secondary."

Finally many of the laws of both Moses and Hammurabi are such as could have been the common property of many nations. For as has been aptly said: "Common laws are due to common human experience." Nor must we lose sight of the fact that Hammurabi, like Moses, was also a Semite, and as many distinguished scholars believe, the dynasty to which he belonged had its origin in Canaan or Palestine. This is the reason why some scholars maintain that the origin of the Code of Hammurabi must be sought, not in the Euphrates valley, or Mesopotamia, but on the eastern coast of the Mediterranean.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

NEWEST TENDENCIES IN SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY

THE vigorous and original work of Ernst Troeltsch (which received some notice in this REVIEW, September-October, 1914) is probably the most stirring factor in the theological thought of Germany in the present time. We cordially recognize his extraordinary gifts, and we would accord

large praise to his energy, fairness, and breadth of intellectual sympathy. When such a man, with a deep interest and an ample equipment in historical, philosophical, and theological science, subjects traditional dogmas and interpretations of history to a searching reëxamination it is only natural that he should prove a powerful provoker of thought. He can hardly fail to be, for some time to come, an increasing force in Protestant theology. And yet we cannot look upon him as one of the great constructive forces in theology. He has forced upon the attention of the present generation of theologians several problems of very great importance, such as the claim of finality for the Christian revelation, the relation of the "new Protestantism" to that of the Reformers, the significance of the social along with the religious factors in the development of the various branches of the Christian Church, and the peculiarity of Christian ethics. Our opposition to the general tendency of his theology is based upon the conviction that he does not duly recognize the absoluteness of the Christian revelation. Though trained theologically in the school of Ritschl, he has now for twenty years labored in conscious separation from the standpoint of his former master. Whatever one may have to object to in the theology of Ritschl, no one can deny to it the unqualified acknowledgment of the absoluteness of the revelation of God in Jesus Christ nor its Christocentric standpoint. And to-day no theological antithesis is more in evidence, notwithstanding the mutual friendliness and respect of the two representative men, than that between Troeltsch and the leading dogmatician of the school of Ritschl, Wilhelm Herrmann.

That the leading representatives of the school of Ritschl continue to impress the world of theological thought is beyond question. Nor should we fancy these men as being under the spell of the master. Several of them are thinkers of great originality and independence. Herrmann in particular is a thinker and personality of very marked character. No voice among the German theologians of the day penetrates farther than his. His importance may be inferred from the fact that besides elaborate criticisms of leading features of his theology in essays or special chapters of books by such men as Kaehler, Ihmels, Troeltsch, and others, two books on his theology have been published, the one by a Parisian, Maurice Goguel (1905), the other by R. Hermann (1914). Yet there are no "new" tendencies in Herrmann's theology, only the strong and consistent progress in the direction long since marked out. We venture, however, once more to remind our readers that two books by him are accessible in English dress: The Communion of the Christian with God, and Faith and Morals. It is gratifying also, that the two chief works of another leading theologian of Ritschlian sympathies, Haering, have been translated; namely, The Christian Life, and The Christian Faith. If less keen and original than Herrmann, Haering seems his superior in balance of judgment.

One might in like manner point development and progress in several other well-known theological types. But we are here concerned with "newest tendencies." It is, however, fitting that before we pass to movements of most recent date fresh mention should be made of Ihmels'

significant attempt to overcome a certain antithesis existing between the theology of Frank (which proceeds from the standpoint of the Christian consciousness) and the theology of Kaehler (which insists upon the primacy of the objective revelation). The present importance of Ihmels's theology is evidenced by the recent appearance (1914) of a third and improved edition of his Die Christliche Wahrheitsgewissheit (The Christian Certainty of Truth).

Within the last few years three new dogmatic tendencies of considerable interest have begun to assert themselves in German theology. They are associated chiefly with the names of Erich Schaeder in Kiel, George Wobbermin in Heidelberg (as successor to Troeltsch, who has followed a call to a chair in the philosophical faculty in Berlin), and Karl Heim in Münster. Not that we esteem these three theologians as abler than certain other of the "coming" dogmaticians of Germany, such as Lütgert and Stange. Yet it is not merely the newness of their methods that interests us, they offer much that is of intrinsic importance.

Schaeder has lifted up the standard of a "theocentric theology" (Theozentrische Theologie, 2 volumes 1909 and 1914). A pupil of Cremer's, later strongly influenced by Kaehler and Schlatter, he remains, in his deepest religious and theological sympathies, essentially one with this group. His special contention is that theology ought to be theocentric, but that in fact, theology from Schleiermacher to the present has been in varying degrees anthropocentric. Theology must of course include anthropology, but it must be a theological anthropology. In the first volume of the work mentioned above, Schaeder reviews the history of dogmatic theology in Germany in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries in order to determine how far the anthropocentric principle has been operative. He includes in his review only those systems which seem to exert a considerable influence at the present time. It is worth while, in passing, to mention the names of the dogmatic theologians whom Schaeder includes in his review. They are Schleiermacher, the Erlangen theologians Hofmann and Frank, and the continuators of this type, Seeberg and Grützmacher, then Cremer and Kaehler, Ihmels, Ritschl, Herrmann, J. Kaftan, Haering, Th. Kaftan, Troeltsch, and finally (in the introduction to the second volume) Schlatter. The omissions are worth noting! All of these theologians he finds at fault in the matter of anthropocentricism. Some are almost wholly given over to false principle (as Schleiermacher), while some (as Kaehler and Ihmels) approximate a consistent theocentric theology. There is everywhere a more or less one-sided emphasis upon what God is "for us," too little upon the essential revelation of the full truth of the living God, which should be viewed from a loftier plane than that of "our use of" God. In our judgment Schaeder goes too far in his effort to attain to a completely theocentric theology. Yet as over against the religious anthropology, which defines theology simply as the science of religion, and is agnostic as to what God really is, his appeal is most wholesome. To his critics who say, "Theology must be anthropocentric as to its method but theocentric as to its goal," Schaeder grants that to seek to establish a theology beyond the limits of the human function of

faith—a purely objective theology—is impossible and absurd. In a certain sense all theology, even according to Schaeder, is anthropological in method, but it should not be anthropocentric. Theology is, after all, a knowledge of God. There is ample justification for much of Schaeder's contention. And he has found many critics ready to give hearty assent to the main tendency of his argument; few, however, if any, are ready to follow him to the full length. We are in heartiest sympathy with his protest against all "atheistic methods in theology" (to use Schlatter's sharp characterization of certain species of so-called theology which deal only with the human phenomena of religion). The purely pragmatic view of religion as represented by William James is peculiarly offensive to Schaeder. Religion, according to James, "is a monumental chapter in the history of human egotism." James quotes with general approbation a statement of Leuba to the effect that, so long as men can *use* their God, they care very little who he is, or whether he is at all. "The truth of the matter can be put," says Leuba, "in this way: *God is not known, he is not understood; he is used.* If he proves himself useful, the religious consciousness asks for no more than that. Does God really exist? How does God exist? What is he? are so many irrelevant questions. Not God, but life, more life, a larger, richer, more satisfying life, is, in the last analysis, the end of religion. The love of life, at any and every level of development, is the religious impulse." This from Schaeder's standpoint is indeed a sublime and fatal egoism. To know the true God is life eternal; hence to set forth the truth of God is the goal of all genuine theology. The question, however, naturally suggests itself whether the acknowledged prevailing Christocentric tendency of the theology of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries does not in reality answer the demand for a theocentric theology. Is Schaeder contending for a theocentric in opposition to a Christocentric theology? His answer is to the effect that where Christ is viewed as the full personal revelation of God, that is, as the Son of God, the theology is *in so far* theocentric in principle; but where he is viewed merely as a religious genius or the greatest of the prophets, the so-called Christology is not genuine theology at all, but only a chapter of religious anthropology. A theology may be Christocentric in form and either theocentric or anthropocentric in its essential tendency.

Instead of a detailed review of Schaeder's interesting views we refer our readers to an article on Theocentric Theology, by the scholar himself in the Constructive Quarterly for March, 1915. We will only add that we know no other work that affords so readable and illuminating a critical exposition of several of the important dogmaticians of recent date as Schaeder's book; and that there is enough weight of truth in his contention to make it reasonably sure that the word "theocentric" will not be forgotten in the further development of theological thought.

Wobbermin's special interest in the psychology of religion was first publicly manifest by his translation, in 1907, of James's Varieties of Religious Experience. Since then he has published several papers upon the same general subject. Finally, in 1913, he published the first part of a general treatise on systematic theology, in which he defines and expounds

a relatively new method in theology—the religio-psychological (Die religionspsychologische Methode in der Religionswissenschaft. Hinrichs, Leipzig. Pp. XII, 475. M. 10). Wobbermin was originally a Ritschlian of the second generation specially influenced by his teachers, Harnack and Julius Kaftan. His later position ought hardly to be called Ritschlian. He has frankly adopted the religio-psychological method. Schleiermacher and James are the men who have largely determined for him the direction of his thought. Neither of these is for him a satisfactory guide, and yet from them he derives his statement of the problem. In one important respect Wobbermin differs widely from James: he refuses to follow him in his pragmatic attitude toward the question of truth in theology. It is the psychological approach which Wobbermin recommends. The interest in the truth of religion, not in the sense of a logically rational interest, but in the sense of an interest in ultimate, highest truth, is emphasized by Wobbermin in a way that is quite foreign to James. The book is too rich in materials and points of view to be adequately characterized in a few lines. It is certain that it represents a very important tendency, and it is exceptionally interesting and thought-provoking. It is in a certain sense a decidedly anthropocentric book; and yet the author insists that the *goal* is a theocentric theology. Wobbermin vigorously repudiates Schaeder's alternative: anthropocentric *or* theocentric; theology should be both at once.

Heim is a younger theologian than the others included in these sketches. For some years he was the general secretary of the German Federation of Christian Students. In 1907, he became *privatdocent* in Halle. A general recognition of his abilities came rather slowly, although he aroused much interest and enthusiasm among his students. With the publication of his Das Gewissheitsproblem in 1911, and his Leitfaden der Dogmatik in 1912, he brought himself into wider notice, and in 1914, he was called to the chair of systematic theology in the new faculty at Münster. His standpoint is a thoroughly independent one, and there is a large measure of originality in his thinking. The starting point is "the deepest need"—an ethical and an intellectual need. "Sin, inward conflict of will, and intellectual skepticism are only two different sides of the same thing." What shall deliver us from this deepest need? We stand before the objective, concrete, historical fact that delivers us from the deepest need when we have learnt to see Jesus, who has been crucified and is alive again." This confession "cannot and of right may not be theoretically demonstrated or explained—that is, inferred as necessary from something lying outside itself." Heim's position and argumentation are remarkably bold. Without reserve he insists upon the ultra-rational or irrational element in Christianity. The right to believe and the will to believe are strongly urged. One of his enthusiastic pupils, Leese, in a little book on The Principles of Recent Systematic Theology in the Light of the Criticism of Ludwig Feuerbach, maintains that this bold front of Heim's is the only frank answer to Feuerbach's claim, that religion is an illusion springing from our sense of need. Heim by recognizing the sense of need as the motive of religion fairly joins issue

with Feuerbach. Then, by pointing to the absolute experimental certainty of the fact of redemption in Christ he overcomes that skeptical standpoint. At this point some of Heim's critics object that this complete serverance of Christian certainty from everything belonging to the experience of the "natural man" is virtually to render one defenseless against the criticism of Feuerbach. Be this as it may, Heim's little Guide to Dogmatics is a remarkably original and able work. One notices points of sympathy with some of the leading representatives of divergent schools, and yet it is clear that this is not due to an eclectic tendency, but to an unusual freedom and independence of thinking. It would evidently be quite impossible to classify Heim with any one of the well-known groups of recent dogmaticians. His agreement with Kaehler and Schlatter is perhaps larger than with others, and yet how widely he differs from them! Undoubtedly we have here a theological position with which one must reckon. A more anthropocentric standpoint cannot be imagined. And yet the foundation is the positive historical datum, Jesus Christ.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

In the Service of the King. A Parson's Story. By Joseph B. Dunn. Crown 8vo, pp. 158. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.25.

Certainly an inspiring and inciting book, the wisest Episcopalian book published recently, so wise that no one of us can help gaining wisdom from it. It will do good to all readers who are upright in heart. It is vividly and tinglingly autobiographical. Here is an Episcopalian parson who burst his shell and found his wings, got out of his exclusive church into the wide Christian brotherhood, stopped talking about the Church and talked only of the King and the Kingdom, Christ and the Cause. One day, when the parson was monologuing on Church Unity, his wise mother broke in thus: "Wait a moment, son. There is too much lost motion in that sort of talk for it to carry you to the end you seek. As long as you talk about the church and the churches, you beg the question. Suppose you substitute in your thought on this subject Christ and the Cause for the church and the churches. If you do, I believe the conclusion which you will reach will be an action, not an argument. As long as you confine yourself to talk, the case is a hopeless one; for every disputant speaks a different tongue and he convinces no one but himself. Action is the only universal language, for it is a reality which needs no confusing symbol to interpret itself. Most of the arguments I hear about Church Unity are only elaborate excuses for not performing a very simple duty." Another choice bit from this unusual mother is given. One day, when the parson and she were chumming it, the mother said: "I have had a strange experience. I have not been able to sleep lately, and one night,

as I lay there, wide awake, I thought I would try to see if I could say my prayers in Latin. I missed a word here and there, but found I could do it. Then I said them in French, and then in Spanish. It was just an experiment, and not at all a pious exercise. But, somehow, I got into the habit of doing it every night. Suddenly, it dawned on me that I had stumbled on a new truth. When I began my prayer in *French*, I found I was praying to the *good* God, and I realized that in my *English* prayer I had unconsciously been *asking* God to *be* good; and when I prayed in Latin, I found that there was *a majesty* in the face of the good God that I had missed seeing before; and when I prayed in Spanish, a subtle sense of a new value in the *Father's love* came to me. It was as if the spiritual inheritance of three great peoples had been added to the gift of what my own forefathers gave to me in their language." This mother at the age of seventy-five began the study of yet another language. We knew a Presbyterian missionary's widow who when past eighty studied German in order that she might read Luther's translation of the Bible, she being already able to read it in English, French, and Spanish. This Episcopalian parson assumed that every man who calls himself a Christian is in the service of the King. This assumption has found him fighting in strange company—Russellite, Roman priest, Baptist preacher, Christian Scientist, Presbyterian, Methodist, and the doughty street warriors—the parson has talked of our King and his cause to all of them. He has never tried to make an Episcopalian out of any one of them, but he has never failed to try to share every truth that has come to him about the Kingdom as freely and as eagerly as vedette whispers to vedette the meaning of the noises and lights in the camp of the enemy. He has avoided religious controversy, and talked ever of the King's business. So long as he could keep the King the center of interest, the question as to which of them should be greatest could not arise. He was the rector of a church, but he knew that neither a book nor a stately ritual could ever interpret the church to that town, for they would not read the book, nor witness the ritual. He determined to bring the church out-of-doors, and make it speak the common speech of men without the aid of printed book or chanted music. He talked of the King and service under him to every man of every tribe who would give him a hearing, and he has listened to the confession of a sin-stricken soul as he sat in a boat waiting for the fish to bite. But it was not all sunshine. Many a day doubt would come—settling down like a fog and making his little village world again a narrow, chill prison. He longed at times to get out of it all, and in the big city take a part in the big battle there; but every time he went to the city and talked to ministers there, he came away dazed. They had neither time for the study of the big problems, nor apparent interest in the challenge to battle that was flaunted by vice at every turn of the head. One and all, they seemed to be intent on one thing—to save the church. The parson's brain got into a strange muddle. Was he mistaken about the meaning of all the battle talk and soldier speech in the history of the founding of the Kingdom? Was he mistaken as to what was the glory of an army? He had never gotten over the impression of what it was to

be a real soldier that he had got from an old, yellow letter that his mother once gave him to read. It was from her brother, a boy soldier in the Confederacy, and was written from the Wilderness. "I have not taken off my boots in a fortnight. We have been in seventeen fights and skirmishes between the Maryland line and Spottsylvania Court House; and yesterday, only the sergeant and myself answered to our names when the roll of Company F was called. The rest are dead, or captured." A thousand times, through his boyhood and young manhood, the parson had pictured the glory of being a member of that Company F. He always pitied the two survivors. They had been saved, and, somehow, it seemed to cast a stain upon the record of the company. Was the church organized to save itself? This question came to him again and again. This country parson tells us that above all the rewards of his early ministry he holds the experience of one Sunday, when he preached a sermon intended for the encouragement of the truest-hearted gentleman he ever knew, a man who, in the midst of a losing fight with fortune, fought on with quivering lip from which no plaint ever came; whose gracious courtesies in the home, whose simple services of neighborly helpfulness, and whose hatred of a lie marked him as a man after God's own heart. The sermon was on Isaac, the commonplace man; the man without executive ability, the unprogressive son of a masterful father, but withal a good neighbor, a good husband, and one who found his place in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, God's own Westminster Abbey. When the service was over, and the preacher had just retired to the robing-room, the living Isaac opened the door, and the parson found himself lifted from his feet and held tight in the bear-like hug of his friend, who, after he had set him down, left without a word. Once it came about that after one of his parish rounds, he reached his home, spent and disheartened. He flung himself into a chair, he dropped the reins of the directing will and let the tired mind pluck the sere grass of old memories. How dull and dead his once keen zest of study, and how withered on the stalk seemed the bright flower of his youthful hopes! The fragment of a line of Browning came to him: "Down dark lanes that lead no whither." He had found his way into one of life's blind-alleys, and was doomed to perish there. His bitterness was poignant. Youth has no philosophy with which to combat the aching sense of failure. It has not yet learned to borrow from time's banker, the future, the means to tide it over its present distress. It has failed, and there's an end of all things. Of course it lays the blame on its environment, and cries out against the power that beats it down. At least such was this young deacon's state of mind as in mockery of self he hummed Kipling's ditty:

> "A great and glorious thing it is
> To learn for seven years or so
> The Lord knows what of that or this
> Ere reckoned fit to face the foe—
> The flying bullet down the Pass
> That whistles clear, 'All flesh is grass.'"

Never shipwrecked sailor, strapped to a broken spar and drifting on unknown seas, felt farther away from help and inspiration than did the parson when he rose from his chair and saw lying open on his desk a life of the Master. The book had been lying there since he put it down days before to start on his rounds. Wholly by accident, if you will, his eye caught the caption of the chapter yet unread. It was "The Galilean Ministry." He stared at the words printed there till their meaning seemed to burn itself into his brain. Then, speaking aloud and calling himself by name, he said: "You contemptible little puppy!" And with vision cleared by the flashlight of those words he had read, the parson sat down to think. *The Galilean Ministry!* The King spending his life and doing his work in Galilee among rude peasants! The King making his home in Nazareth, and for all but a few months of his matchless life left to hold a little post up in the hills away from the high-road! The *King in Galilee*, and a green young subaltern here whining because he had been sent for a while into an obscure place! The *King in Galilee*, separated by days of weary foot travel from the city of his love, and the young subaltern whimpering like a lost child because two hours of comfortable travel on train stood between him and the center of civilization. It was as if the King himself had spoken to him. Utterly ashamed, and humbled, as if he had read in the King's face a sad rebuke of his disloyalty, the young parson set his teeth to face the facts. He had volunteered to serve and he had failed, not because the task was too hard, but because of his own foolish conceit and desire to do his work before the eyes of men. It was a sad house-cleaning, but it was thoroughly done, and when the last hiding-place had been made to give up its dirt, the man himself knew that somehow the sunlight had got into his own soul. This much he knows, that from that illuminating hour the restless fretting has gone out of his life. When the prizes of life are given and none comes his way; when the names of those honored in action are printed in the gazette and his name does not appear; though the momentary sense of emptiness may come as aforetime, it does not linger; and with head erect he goes back to his task, whispering, "I have seen the King." The memory of that radiant hour when the King met him in the quiet by-path of life saves him. A wise Episcopal parson this is. Hear what he says: "God's message to his church is, 'He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.' That is the King's message to his church as it is to every soldier in the line. The church does not exist in order to save itself. Its one mission is to carry out the King's will. The church exists to save the world. The church is his body, and that body must be broken, offered with the gladness of willing sacrifice in order that men may live. Its seamless robe must be stripped from it, and its vesture parted. Its splendid history must be made a common heritage. Its compact organization must be dissolved, so that in open formation there may be place for every soldier to find a way up the steep ascent. Its unity, transcending any bond of local or inherited tradition, must be grounded in loyalty to Christ alone, and the church must fling itself without reserve against the forces of evil, unheeding what its fate may be. This is the church's

destiny. Better that the church should lose its life fighting for the Christ in regions a thousand miles beyond where Ingle died in far-off China, and find it among the redeemed millions of the East, glorified by sacrifice and transformed by experience, than to waste its strength in struggles at home in the futile effort to save itself. God's purpose is larger than the Episcopal Church, though it may be granted to that church to help make that purpose clear to the world." Once at a social dinner in a wealthy home the hostess, who was the most brilliant woman of the company, made some remark about the parson's Christian philosophy which stung him and turned the table-talk into a battle, changed him from a converser into a solider for the King and the Kingdom. Here is part of what he said in reply to his brilliant hostess: "You are right when you say that the study of philosophy is to me a passion. I love philosophy, but philosophers provoke me to rage by their irreverence. Truth is the august reality in whose presence my own littleness becomes an aching agony. Truth is the reality to whom my soul does homage as a king's man to his sovereign. Reverence is but a word that describes the behavior of loyalty in the presence of his king. Reverence becomes service the moment it leaves the audience chamber. The summons into that presence has come to me many times. Sometimes in my duty, while smelting the ore of another's mind, I have found the gold of reality, which is talisman of the presence. Sometimes in a mud hut on the mountainside, as I watched an unlettered slattern bathing the bloated face of a drunken husband, or gazing with sleepless eyes at the sick child on its rough bed of boards. Sometimes a beggar's word opens for me the door; and only yesterday I heard the Voice from the lips of a dirty little street Arab, who was the under-dog in a gutter fight. Just as I got to them the little chap, whose face was bleeding and who was being badly beaten, said, between his sobs, to the big boy who had him down: 'You can kill me if you will, but you can't make me say I didn't see you steal that old apple-woman's money.' I pulled them apart, and stood, uncovered, before that soiled messenger of the King, as he got up from the gutter. He is going to live with me, and I hope some day to prove my loyalty as truly as he did. I am a parson, and am one gladly, willingly, passionately. I am also a soldier of the great cause, and follow the details of the fight in other fields with consuming interest. My own feeling as a private in the ranks is very different sometimes from that of the great leaders of the church. I don't fear the materialists, for the first one that has a sick child betrays the utter weakness of his position. I don't fear, but welcome, the smug, self-complacent agnostics. To me, they are only the prim, liveried servants of knowledge, holding the door of the future open for the coming of the King. But I do fear—for they are the disloyal ones in the army itself—those idolaters who want a graven image of the truth. To coin a word, they are not truth-seekers, but 'picturists,' makers and worshipers of pictures. Pale souls, who love a pictured storm, but who have never known the joy of fighting the wind for every inch of leeway, nor the shivering delight of dragging the boat through the last line of breakers to the beach. I took, perhaps, a roundabout way to a creed, and

I was startled to find at last that my revelation, the one which had come to me, squared with the life of the Christ. What I had dimly seen and vaguely hoped for, that he was. Truth was sovereign, personal, living, compelling. I understood at last what he meant when he said, 'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.' Pragmatism has given me the word I wanted. Christ, the Worker, Worker with fire, with sword, with disease, with death, counting nothing too costly that stands in the way to the end. I am persuaded that nothing but cowardice on the part of his church keeps back the sound of the moving wheels of his chariot." The men and women who were there at that table had never seen the pastor so deeply stirred. He rose, and held out his hand to the hostess without a word. She took it, and turned to the company, and said: "You go too, I feel as if I had been jesting at the stars, and a mighty meteor had suddenly struck the earth beside me, scorching me as it passed." In his ministry to the poor and the struggling and the sinful, this Episcopal parson kept often in mind the story of old Dr. Johnson and the beggar woman: "Who are you?" asked Dr. Sam of the beggar. "I am a poor old struggler," came the answer. "Would you mind shaking hands with me, madam?" said the doctor, lifting his hat. "That's just what I am, a poor old struggler." It was his ministry to the driftwood of the world that suggested to the parson to study anew the mission of the King. To his glad amazement, when he read the words in Greek, he found that the King had said: "I am come to seek and to save *that which has gone to smash*." Never will he forget the joy of one other discovery in his Greek Testament. Many, no doubt, had seen it, but had not passed on to him the precious secret. It was in the story of the Good Samaritan. The lawyer's answer to his own question the King accepts, and then he tells him a story. The parson had read that story a thousand times, but he had never caught but a suggestion of its beauty and its power till he found that when the King asked the lawyer a question at the close of it, he did not say, "Who *was* neighbor to him that fell among thieves?" but, "Who *became* a neighbor?" That was the secret he came to tell. The Jew read the law aright, but missed the wonder of it. God's law is ever the revelation of a principle. You not only ought to love your neighbor, you are bound by the necessity of your being to love your neighbor. The thing worth doing, the glory and the wonder of it is, that you can get next to any man. Here was a Samaritan who heard a cry of human need. He found a hated Jew. To get to him he had to break down the barriers of racial hate, of religious prejudice, of a lifetime of loathing; but he broke down those barriers to get to a man in need, and when he touched him his old loathing died. He was next to him, and he could do no otherwise than love him. His beast, his time, his money, his care, he gave with eager zeal. This, then, was Christianity, to smash the barriers and get next to your fellow man. That was man's part; for the rest, the instincts of the soul of man could be trusted. This earnest minister of Christ says: "Why do not the poor go to church?" is a foolish question. The serious question is "Why does not the church go to the poor?" One day there came into this minister's study a man whom he had known in

the field and in the home. He took his seat, and plunged straight into his story: "Parson, I want your help. The ties that bind me to home must soon be broken. Only one is left, and she is near the end of life. I have been wondering what will then become of me. I have tried it all—dissipation till it palled; adventure till I became almost as wild as the things I hunted. The things with which men try to kill the restlessness are stale. Desire seems dead in me, save the maddening itch to be forever on the move. I have no goal and seek nothing." "No chart, no haven, and no pilot?" said the parson. "The end seems pretty well assured. It's either a wreck or a derelict." "That's just the way I figured it out," the man replied. "You have used the very word—'a derelict.' There is enough of manhood left in me to hate that thought. That is why I came to you. I have been watching you for years, and you seem to know what you are headed for; so I came to get a chart." "Well," replied the parson, "you know what I am—a minister of Christ." "O, cut out that sort of talk," he broke in. "It has no meaning to me. Please don't try any conjure words on me. Except for a funeral service I haven't been in a church for twenty years, and the whole business is absolutely meaningless to me." "I hardly know where to begin," said the parson. "If you don't believe in anything, there doesn't seem to be a starting point." "But I do believe in something," answered the man. "I believe in you—that's why I'm here." These unexpected words haunted the parson for many a day. That night he awoke trembling, with the words still ringing in his ears: "I do believe in something—I believe in you." "But you don't understand," answered the parson, "what it means when you say you believe in me, and ask for a chart. I don't know the way any better than you do. I am like a man in the engine room. The pilot runs the ship. My one duty is to obey the signals. When he says, 'Full speed ahead,' I pull the throttle; and when he signals, 'Stop,' I choke the steam." The parson laid his hand on his friend's shoulder, and asked: "Will you kneel here by me and let me pray God to guide us?" "No," said the man. "Of all the nonsense you preachers talk, prayer seems to me to be the greatest. I can think of nothing more foolish than a man crouching by his bed and mumbling a few words, and then getting up with the thought that something is going to come to pass because he has said a few words." "See here," said the parson, "answer me. You have been a soldier, and you have had men under you at other times. Tell me, did you ever face the situation where the lives of helpless men and women depended on you and those under you facing danger, and when the crisis came they failed you?" "More than once," he answered. "What did you do?" asked the parson. "There wasn't but one thing to do," he replied. "I asked them if they were men or lily-livered cowards, and told them they might save their skins if they wanted to, but I was going to do my duty." "What happened then?" asked the parson. "O, they followed me. A man with a drop of red blood in him couldn't swallow that talk." "Could you have driven them in at the point of a pistol?" asked the parson. "Not a foot," he answered. "Well, then, what made them go in?" persisted the parson. "Surely there was something that worked the change. One minute they

were the lowest order of human life—cowards; the next, they were ready to die with you. Something changed them. What was it?" "If you put it that way, I suppose I did it," he answered. "I have no doubt of it," said the parson. "Now if you can work a change like that, don't you think it a little impertinent to ridicule the idea of the great God of the universe doing for you something of the same sort of thing that you did for those men?" For a moment the man looked dazed; then his eyes flashed. "By heaven, I see it! You are talking about prayer. Why, the thing isn't nonsense at all. Of course he can do it. Man, why didn't you come and tell me about it long ago? Why, the thing proves itself. Yes, you can pray for me. I'll pray for myself. We've got a starting point now. Go on, and tell me something about your Captain, your Pilot." For hours they sat and talked, and when he held out his hand in parting, he said: "Don't bother about me, parson. I'll get the Book and learn the Pilot's signals. I know what it is to obey, and I promise to follow instructions. I don't know yet the port I'm making for, but I'm beginning to trust the Pilot. I'll obey the Captain, and I shall not be a derelict. Be sure of that."

The Bearing of Recent Discovery on the Trustworthiness of the New Testament. By Sir William M. Ramsay, D.C.L. 8vo. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, $3.00, net.

All who have done any serious work on the New Testament have taken note of the considerable service of Professor William M. Ramsay. His contributions to the understanding of the New Testament have been the result of original research and independent thinking, and his career is worthy of emulation. One of the principles which have guided him in his work is expressed in an earlier volume, Pauline and Other Studies in Early Christianity: "The student finds that there is so much to learn that he rarely has time even to begin to know. It is inexorably required of him that he shall be familiar with the opinions of many teachers, dead and living, and it is not often sufficiently impressed on him that mere ability to set forth in fluent and polished language the thoughts of others—assuming that he can acquire that power at which he aims, and toward which he struggles with all his energy—is not real 'knowledge.' He does not learn that learning must be thought out afresh by him from first principles, and tested in actual experience, before it becomes really his own. He must *live* his opinions before they become knowledge, and he is fortunate if he is not compelled prematurely to express them too frequently and too publicly, so that they become hardened and fixed before he has had the opportunity of trying them and molding them in real life and experience." He declares that he has put into this latest volume "the gist of what I had learned in the struggle of life and study of books." The frequent autobiographical allusions are of special value because Professor Ramsay began his studies over thirty years ago with prepossessions and preformed opinions against the authenticity of the New Testament. He however completely changed and revised his conclusions in the face of new evidence which was obtained partly by others

and partly by his own rich archæological finds in Asiatic Turkey. He is now one of the foremost upholders of the validity and authority of the New Testament writings. In the present volume he relates in a very interesting way the processes of thought by which he obtained his far-reaching and most significant conclusions. He furnishes evidence in detail and enables us to see how inscriptions and papyri which have lain for centuries in obscurity have appeared at the crucial time to upset false positions in scholarship and to establish beyond cavil or dispute the intrinsic reliability of the New Testament message. Chapter II is entitled "Introductory Statement." It consists of an interesting series of confessions. He relates the providential happenings which led to his undertaking his studies and researches, which have given him justly merited fame. He was intended for the Indian Civil Service, but was offered scholarships by Saint John's College, Oxford, and Aberdeen University. He first turned his thoughts to the study of Sanskrit; then he was ordered by the doctor to go abroad for rest; then he was offered a studentship for travel and research in Greek lands; on his return he applied for the professorship of Greek in Aberdeen, but was finally given the Chair of Latin. The lesson of his experiences of disappointment is summed up in the following noteworthy sentences: "I had gone to Oxford with the aim of getting a Fellowship as the way toward a life of research. If this aim had been successful at the time and in the way that at first I anticipated, I should have inevitably sacrificed my dream and ambition and drifted into some other line. I left a failure; and was invited to come back successful in my own fated line of life. Nature and the world were wise and kind, and always guided where I was erring and ignorant; or dare one venture to use a more personal form of the idea, and speak of Providence?" The personal note continues in this entire volume. He shows "through the examination, word by word and phrase by phrase, of a few passages, which have been much exposed to hostile criticism, that the New Testament is unique in the compactness, the lucidity, the pregnancy, and the vivid truthfulness of its expression. That is not the character of one or two only of the books that compose the Testament; it belongs in different ways to all alike, though space fails in the present work to try them all." He points out by an array of illustrations that "Acts rightly understood is the best commentary on the letters of Paul, and the letters on the Acts. If Luke had never known or read those letters, then all the more remarkable is it a proof of the truth and historicity of both that the agreement is so perfect. But personally I am disposed to think that Luke knew the letters, though he does not make them his authority, because he had a still higher and better, namely, Paul's own conversation." This volume is a testimony to the fidelity and industry of Christian scholars who have rendered such honorable service to the church. "Everything had to be studied afresh." This sentence indicates the spirit in which Ramsay undertook and carried out his researches. It is a wholesome tonic to us, who often desire to get at results hastily, to learn that worthwhile results in scholarship can never be obtained by any short cuts. It certainly did mean a great deal when Ramsay was com-

pelled to revolutionize his conceptions which he had inherited from previous scholars, but he learned early in life to judge for himself, and to accept no man's dictum on the credit of his name and fame. This is a splendid ideal for the preacher, who can speak with authority only as he gets his message first-hand. The conclusions at which Ramsay arrived concerning veracity and reliability of Luke as a historian are illustrated by illuminating discussions on Trial Scenes in the Acts, The Magicians, Salvation as a Pagan and a Christian Term, Rhoda the Slave-Girl, and other related subjects. The four Gospels are shown admirably to supplement each other. "The episodes in the first and third Gospels, describing the circumstances of the Saviour's birth, are of the highest importance; Luke sets that event in relation with the tides and forces of imperial world-history; and Matthew describes how the traditional wisdom of Asia recognized the new-born King. On the other hand, John says nothing about such mundane matters, because his thought moves on a far higher plane, and his eye is fixed only on the infinite divine nature; while Mark restricts himself to recounting what he had learned about the public career of Jesus as a teacher." An important discussion deals with the first census mentioned in Luke, chapter 2. German scholarship not only questioned but ridiculed its historicity, but the discovery of an ancient census-system which operated in Egypt B. C. has confirmed Luke beyond dispute and dispersed all the vain speculations of unfavorable critics. "Not merely are all the statements in Luke 2. 1-13 true. They are also in themselves great statements, presenting to us large historical facts, world-wide administrative measures, vast forces working on human society through the ages. He sets before us the circumstances in which Jesus came to be born at Bethlehem, not at Nazareth, as caused by the interplay of mighty cosmic forces. This is not the fancy of some commonplace inventor of pseudo-romantic fiction, as the episode has been pronounced by the critics to be. It is the view of history as history is conceived by a true historian, who can look into the heart of things, and who thinks on a grand scale." Professor Ramsay is a safe and reliable guide to students of the New Testament, and this volume of important conclusions must be reckoned with by all who desire more light on the varied activities of the early church.

The Story of our Bible. How It Grew to Be What It Is. By HAROLD B. HUNTING. 8vo, pp. xii, 290. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

The Bible and Life. The Mendenhall lectures, First Series delivered at DePauw University. By EDWIN HOLT HUGHES, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Pp. 239. New York and Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, cloth, $1.00 net.

ONE proof of the remarkable vitality of the Bible is seen in the number of able volumes which continue to be published, dealing with its unique message and the varied circumstances of its production. These two volumes supplement each other in an excellent way and make clear the potent appeal of the blessed Book of God to the life of our own day. Mr. Hunting has produced just the sort of a manual which helps us to an intelligent appreciation of the men, events, and movements connected with

the production of the Scriptures. His treatment of the subject is in the form of a narrative which is at once scholarly, graphic, and popular. He traces the wonderful growth of the Bible from its small beginnings in the work of ballad-singers up to the memorable climax in the spiritual Gospel of John. He then continues the story and deals with the great translations of the Bible, commemorating the heroic services of the early scribes—Jerome, Bede, Wycliffe, Luther, Tyndale, the King James's translations, those who wrought on the English and American Revisions, and the noble men who gave the book to the peoples on the mission field. This volume will easily take the first place among discussions of its kind, and even those who cannot accept all the conclusions of advanced biblical scholars, as is done by this writer, will yet be glad to have this excellent story for frequent reference. The value of the book is greatly increased by the four full-page illustrations in color and the twenty-four full-page half-tone illustrations. We wish the author had provided us with an index which would have made his valuable material more readily accessible. He begins with the New Testament because the conditions in which it arose are easier to understood. The first chapter introduces the reader to Tertius, to whom Paul dictated the Epistle to the Romans. This is followed by a very readable series of chapters. Some of the titles are original and picturesque. "The Plans of a Great Religious Statesman" deals with Paul's letters to Rome and those written from Rome. "An Eye Witness of Jesus' Arrest" considers Mark and his Gospel. "Messages of Encouragement for Persecuted Christians" expounds 1 Peter, Hebrews, and Revelation. "A Century of Great Reformers" is devoted to Amos and his successors. "Comforters and Guides in Dark Days" treats of Ezekiel, Haggai, Zechariah, and others. "Hymn Books Within Hymn Books" relates the story of the Book of Psalms. "A Man who Thought for Himself" treats of the Book of Job. "A Pessimist and an Optimist" describes Ecclesiastes and Ecclesiasticus. Mr. Hunting very rightly introduces his readers to the Apocrypha, for it is time the church took note of this spiritually rich collection of extra-canonical writings. Here is an interesting description: "When it was no longer possible for a man to get a hearing as a prophet, that did not mean that God had ceased to speak in the hearts of men, but only that a man with a message now had to find a new way to win attention and the hearts of the people. One of these new ways was through 'wisdom writings.' Another was through hymns and psalms. Another was through stories, such as Ruth and Jonah. Thus there was gradually gathered in the synagogues of Palestine and elsewhere a collection of later writings, which were regarded as inspired, but not so sacred as the law and the prophets. These were known simply as 'the writings.'" In the chapter on the canon he writes: "The inspiration of the Bible is not a doctrine to be proved by argument, but a spiritual fact to be recognized by the heart. The books in the Old and New Testaments were originally cared for, copied, and handed down to subsequent ages, because of the tremendous impression they made on the men of their own time; and the unique greatness of the Bible was never more universally recognized than to-day." This thought is developed with

exceptional ability by Bishop Hughes in his illuminating discussions on the deep influence of the Bible over some of the great departments of human living. In eight lectures he considers the relation of the Bible and its teaching on life, man, home, education, work, wealth, sorrow, practice. "The insistence of these chapters is that, when the Holy Scriptures are given a free opportunity to do their work with life, they prove their own inspiration. After all, there can be no other proof. The Bible is what it is, no matter what theory men may adopt as to its formation. It creates its own evidences. The argument for its inspiration is the life that it inspires. If the book gives power and purity to all departments of life, the book defends itself against attacks and makes its own conquests." He then proceeds to take up the subject in its bearings as outlined, and he does it with marked ability. Here is a quotation which clearly shows where the emphasis must be laid: "Whatever we may say about the message of the Bible in regard to chemistry, or biology, or geology; whatever we may say about its inspiration for the literature of the world; and whatever we may say about its accuracy in matters of ancient history and geography—the book holds a lonely primacy as the book of duty. The scientist may not get from it a full revelation; the littérateur may be tempted to omit certain portions from his 'choice selections'; the historian may not find in it a full or chronological list of events; but the man with a moral and spiritual passion, the man bent on finding his duty that he may do it faithfully, will discover ample material in its pages. Indeed, he will have a sense of surplus. The ideals of the book will be so far beyond his performance as to give him the feeling of a gentle rebuke. As a book of moral science, moral literature, moral history, the Bible has no competitors. As a revelation of the heart of God, of the heart of man, and of the way in which the heart of God and the heart of man are brought into loving harmony, the Bible is supreme." This is well said, for it deals with the ultimate test of the real and abiding worth of the sacred Scriptures. "The ancient casket that we call the Bible is full of treasures. This much lies beyond doubt or debate. While the learned philologists and historians and exegetes surround the casket and try to ascertain the dates of its parts, the names of its authors, the meaning of its obscurities, the family of God may continue to draw on its exhaustless treasures. Nor are there wanting signs that more and more our age is adjusting itself to this reverent and practical use of the Word of God." And this book by Bishop Hughes will do a great deal to encourage such a holy practice.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Trees and Other Poems. By Joyce Kilmer. 12mo, pp. 75. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1.00, net.

"Why, I thought you were a woman," exclaimed one who met Joyce Kilmer for the first time, having only seen on the program the names of the poets who were to appear in Authors' Readings in New York last

winter. Similar surprise was felt by many of the listeners there when a youthful-looking, slender young man mounted the platform in response to the call for "Joyce Kilmer." The dictionary gives "Joyce" among names for women. But no effeminacy appears in this poet, not yet out of his twenties. As poets go, he is among the vigorous and virile, far manlier, for example, as well as cleaner, than that blatant and inflamed person George S. Viereck, who once received chastisement, if not chastening from Gilder's paternal hand. In lines which look straight toward Viereck's kind, Kilmer holds such poets responsible for the contempt which is felt toward current poetry by many sensible persons. To such poets he talks thus:

> You little poets mincing there
> With women's hearts and women's hair!
> You strut and smirk your little while
> So mildly, delicately vile!
> Oh, cease to write, for very shame,
> Ere all men spit upon our name!
> Oh, leave the poet's craft to men!

Mr. Joyce Kilmer, aged twenty-seven, lives, with his wife and two children, among the Ramapo North Jersey hills; commutes to New York; does critical literary work for the Literary Digest, New York Times, and other publications; catholic in tastes and religion; socially and politically a democrat; fond of fishing and successful at it; not fond of feminism, futurism, free love, or Elbert Hubbard; dwells in a forest cottage and has a mammoth woodpile created by his own ax and arms. A clean, healthy, pure-blooded young man, not at war with the ten commandments, not broken out with pustules, as some writers are; living a wholesome normal life; neither he nor his poetry needs disinfecting. He writes with significance on simple, homely themes. Here are twenty-three verses on the man who keeps the Delicatessen Shop; the first verse asks, "Why is that wanton gossip, Fame, so dumb about this man's affairs?"—following verses say that when his long day's work is done, and he at home with wife and little son, "this shop-keeper who leans across a slab of board and draws his knife and slices cheese is no huckster but *a man;* he loves and is beloved in turn." And after twenty manly verses, come these three:

> This man has home and child and wife
> And battle set for every day.
> This man has God and love and life;
> These stand, all else shall pass away.
>
> O Carpenter of Nazareth,
> Whose mother was a village maid,
> Shall we, Thy children, blow our breath
> In scorn on any humble trade?
>
> Have pity on our foolishness
> And give us eyes, that we may see
> Beneath the shopman's clumsy dress
> The splendor of humanity!

Manly beyond dispute is the poet who looks upon his little daughter's hand and writes thus,

Nothing so exquisite as that slight hand
Could Raphael or Leonardo trace.
Nor could the poets know in Fairyland
The changing wonder of your lyric face.

I would possess a host of lovely things,
But I am poor and such joys may not be.
So God who lifts the poor and humbles kings
Sent loveliness itself to dwell with me.

Probably the lines oftenest quoted from Kilmer are those which give title to this small volume of thirty brief poems:

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is first
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray.
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

That this bright manly youngster is respectful to oldsters, even to those of his own class and clan, is indicated in such lines as these:

The pleasantest sort of poet
Is the poet who's old and wise,
With an old white beard and wrinkles
About his kind old eyes.

For these young flippertigibbets
A-rhyming their hours away
They won't be still like honest men
And listen to what you say.

The young poet screams forever
About his sex and his soul;
. . . . .
There should be a club for poets
Who have come to seventy year.

They would shuffle in of an evening
Each one to his cushioned seat,
And there would be mellow talking
And silence rich and sweet.

There is no peace to be taken
With poets who are young,
For they worry about the wars to be fought
And the songs that must be sung.

But the old man knows that he's in his chair
And that God's on His throne in the sky.
So he sits by the fire in comfort
And he lets the world spin by.

Plain enough it is that religion domes and horizons this young poet's thinking. He lives and moves and has his being, aware of the blue sky bending over and backgrounding all, and is not ashamed to let it be known. The stars set him to chanting thus:

Gay stars, little stars, you are little eyes,
Eyes of baby angels playing in the skies.
Now and then a winged child turns his merry face
Down toward this spinning world—what a funny place!

Jesus Christ came from the Cross (Christ receive my soul!)
In each perfect hand and foot there was a bloody hole.
Four great iron spikes there were, red and never dry,
Michael plucked them from the Cross and set them in the sky.

Christ's Troop, Mary's Guard, God's own men,
Draw your swords and strike at Hell and strike again.
Every steel-born spark that flies where God's battles are,
Flashes past the face of God, and is a star.

Kilmer calls Jesus Christ the "Citizen of the World," and writes:

No longer of Him be it said,
"He hath no place to lay His head."

In every land a constant lamp
Flames by His small and mighty camp.

There is no strange and distant place
That is not gladdened by His face.

And every nation kneels to hail
The Splendour shining through Its veil.

Cloistered beside the shouting street,
Silent, He calls me to His feet.

Imprisoned for His love of me
He makes my spirit greatly free.

And through my lips that uttered sin
The King of Glory enters in.

One of the poems imagines the man whose work it was to take care of the stable of the inn at Bethlehem. Out under the sky on the night of the Nativity, that man muses thus:

On nights like this the huddled sheep
Are like white clouds upon the grass,
And merry herdsmen guard their sleep
And chat and watch the big stars pass.

It is a pleasant thing to lie
Upon the meadow on the hill
With kindly fellowship near by
Of sheep and men of gentle will.

While he muses, Joseph and Mary, turned away from the over-crowded inn, come to his stable door, and this stableman says:

Good people, since the tavern door
Is shut to you, come here instead.
See, I have cleansed my stable floor
And piled fresh hay to make a bed.

Here is some milk and oaten cake.
Lie down and sleep and rest you fair,
Nor fear, O simple folks, to take
The bounty of a man of care.

He shuts them in, but he remains without and resumes his musing. As he muses, watching the sky and listening, he is startled at the growing light and the sound of winged music overhead:

On nights like this the huddled sheep—
I never saw a night so fair.
How huge the sky is, and how deep!
And how the planets flash and glare!

They flash and blaze until he cries,

O blinding Light, O blinding Light!
Burn through my heart with sweetest pain.
O flaming Song, most loudly bright,
Consume away my deadly stain!

Presently his stable door is opened from within, and he knows that unto the world a child is born, a Saviour who is Christ the Lord. He is bidden to enter with the Shepherds and the Wise Men from the East and see. But he shrinks and trembles outside the door, saying:

The door swings wide—I cannot go—
I must and yet I dare not see.
Lord, who am I that I should know—
Lord, God, be merciful to me!

And when he looks upon the Babe of Bethlehem cradled in a manger, and thinks upon the spotless purity of Mary's boy, divinely born, the stableman cries:

O Whiteness, whiter than the fleece
Of new-washed sheep on April sod!
O Breath of Life, O Prince of Peace,
O Lamb of God, O Lamb of God!

The young poet who could put so holy a story as that into reverent and rapturous verse, has also learned some other secrets of the Lord and has found the key to everlasting life:

Lo, comfort blooms on pain, and peace on strife,
And gain on loss.
What is the key to Everlasting Life?
A blood-stained Cross.

This is our poet's verse on Easter:

The air is like a butterfly
With frail blue wings.
The happy earth looks at the sky
And sings.

When a man dedicates his book "To My Mother," as Joyce Kilmer does, there is sure to be in that book nothing for him or her to be ashamed of. And the book is likely to be a fragrance in malodorous days.

Christian Psychology. By the Rev. Prof. JAMES STALKER, D.D. 12mo, pp. 281. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

ANYTHING that Professor Stalker writes deserves the most careful consideration. He has not only a lucid style, but also a thorough knowledge of his subject. From the time that he came before the public with his famous Life of Jesus up to this present volume he has always appealed to his audience and all his books have continued to sell well. This is in itself a testimony to their importance and worth. The study of psychology has been discredited in some quarters because of the materialistic conclusions of some eminent psychologists; but as a matter of fact there is no subject which offers a more effective interpretation of the religious life and gives it a more impressive setting. We do not hesitate to say that Dr. Stalker has removed the odium which has been attached to this subject. He writes as a pastor and a preacher and not merely as a scholar, although he is a scholar of no mean reputation. There is nothing pedantic or technical in these discussions, and what is so attractive is the fact that he takes knowledge of the scriptural perspective and does full justice to the teachings of Jesus. He thus throws light on biblical psychology while covering a far larger field. This is seen particularly in Chapter II on "Body, Soul, and Spirit." Some of his discussions are on elementary subjects like "The Five Senses," but they are always lighted up by unusual insight. We are increasingly learning the perils of dissipation of energy and the great importance of concentrated attention. On this subject Dr. Stalker says: "In the Gospels, from the lips of Christ himself, there are many hints about the necessity of concentrating on the one thing needful, as well as about the danger of dispersing one's pursuit over too many objects; and Saint Paul exclaims, in the same tone, 'This one thing I do.' It is by minds most apt toward religion and ready for every good work that such restraint is most required. And let him who administers it to others begin by taking his own advice; for there is no commoner source of ministerial failure than the diffusion of attention over too many objects. The first time the writer met the late Dr. W. M. Taylor, of New York, the veteran said to the

novice, 'As soon as the Devil sees a young minister likely to be of use in the Kingdom of God, he gets on his back and rides him to death with engagements.'" The chapter on "The Imagination" has many valuable suggestions. In this chapter Dr. Stalker deals with a traditional controversy and gives it a new setting. "The imagination is almost identical with the Christian conception of hope; and the Scripture says that we are 'saved' by hope. Protestantism says, indeed, that we are saved by faith, and to this Romanism has retorted by affirming that we are saved by love. Not a few who can understand either of these latter statements could hardly attach any meaning to the statement that we are saved by hope. Yet it is the truth; and, though faith and love have got before it in the race, the turn of hope will come, to be realized and prized as an instrument of salvation. The most vivid picture of the commencement of salvation in the Scriptures is the Parable of the Prodigal Son; and it is manifest that the prodigal was saved by hope. The actual sight of his wretchedness among the swine, though an essential element in his redemption, would never have taken him home, had he not, by the force of imagination, seen the possibility of a position totally different from that which he was occupying in the far country. No less is the continuation of salvation, which we call sanctification, due to the same faculty. The habit of brooding over our own shortcomings will never do much good, unless accompanied with the vision of something better to draw us up and on." The place of preaching has always been recognized and its authoritative appeal has been reckoned with. Here is a side-light from Church history, in illustration of Professor Stalker's treatment of The Reason: "The Reformation of the sixteenth century was, on one of its sides, a revival of reason. Before it arrived, the clergy had practically discontinued the function of preaching, the worship of the house of God being limited to a ceaseless round of forms and ceremonies. But, as soon as the dry bones had been moved, the awakened people began to cry out for the sustenance of the mind; and this was supplied to them in ample measure through the earnest and systematic preaching of the reformed clergy, while, in addition, the Bible was put into the hands of the common man, who proceeded to acquire for himself the power of reading, in order that he might learn, at first hand, the truth about the way of salvation. Very soon he had learned this so well that he was able to say whether or not the message delivered from the pulpit was in accordance with the sacred oracles. Ever since preaching has been the distinctive feature of Protestant worship; and this involves the cultivation of the reason in both pulpit and pew." Some of the other chapters deal with "Habit," "The Heart," "The Memory," "The Will," "The Conscience." They are all marked by clearness of style, fullness of knowledge, and practical purposefulness of spirit. The knowledge of the relation of psychology to the religious experience will most decidedly make for effective preaching and for profitable listening. Dr. Stalker has produced a book for the average person, and it, therefore, holds the field with hardly a solitary exception, in spite of the fact that there is a library on theoretical and academic psychology.

The Appetite of Tyranny. By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON. 12mo, pp. 122. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Price, cloth, $1.00 net.

WE do not care for this book: we have heard it all before; we have no need to read it. All we care for in it is Chesterton, a genius, the master of a style of thought and speech all his own. We have glanced through this small volume to catch sight of some purple patches, some glowing chunks of powerful Chestertonian expression. The argument about the beginning of the World-War, if anybody cares to have it for the thousandth time, is on the first page: "If I set a house on fire, it is quite true that I may illuminate many other people's weaknesses as well as my own. It may be that the master of the house was burned because he was drunk; it may be that the mistress of the house was burned because she was stingy, and perished arguing about the expense of the fire-escape. It is, nevertheless, broadly true that they both were burned because I set fire to their house. That is the story of the present European conflagration." We are tired and sick of the war, but not of Chesterton's extraordinary way of saying things. So we listen to his talk about the nature and sanctity of a promise, notwithstanding the fact that it is trite and platitudinous. He says: "The promise, or extension of responsibility through time, is what chiefly distinguishes us, I will not say from savages, but from brutes and reptiles. This was noted by the shrewdness of the Old Testament, when it summed up the dark irresponsible enormity of Leviathan in the words 'Will he make a pact with thee?' The promise, like the wheel, is unknown in Nature: and is the first mark of man. Referring only to human civilization it may be said with seriousness, that in the beginning was the Word. The vow is to the man what the song is to the bird, or the bark to the dog; his voice, whereby he is known. Just as a man who cannot keep an appointment is not fit even to fight a duel, so the man who cannot keep an appointment with himself is not sane enough even for suicide. It is not easy to mention anything on which the enormous apparatus of human life can be said to depend. But if it depends on anything, it is on this frail cord, the promise, flung from the forgotten hills of yesterday to the invisible mountains of to-morrow. On that solitary string hangs everything from Armageddon to an almanac, from a successful revolution to a return ticket." This calls to mind Victor Emanuel I, of Italy, the best king in Europe in his day, a thoroughly honest king, who said: "I don't pretend to be wise, but I always keep my word." Perhaps there is no better sample of the Chestertonian style than his letter to an old Garibaldian about what the name of Michael Angelo suggests and connotes to a true Italian: "What would you feel first, if I mentioned Michael Angelo? For the first moment, perhaps, boredom: such as I feel when Americans ask me about Stratford-on-Avon. But, supposing that just fear quieted, you would think of his works and would feel a sense of the majestic hands of Man upon the locks of the last doors of life; large and terrible hands, like those of that youth who poises the stone above Florence, and looks out upon the circle of the hills. It might be that huge heave of flank and chest and throat in The Slave, which is like an earthquake lifting a whole landscape; it might be that tremen-

dous Madonna, whose charity is more strong than death. Anyhow, your thoughts would be something worthy of the man's mighty Christianity. Who but God could have graven Michael Angelo; who came so near as he to graving the Mother of Jesus? . . . Great is Michael Angelo. Three or four hundred years ago, in the sad silence that had followed the comparative failure of the noble effort of the Middle Ages, there came upon all Europe a storm out of the south. Its tumult is of many tongues; one can hear in it the coming laughter of Rabelais, or, for that matter, the lyrics of Shakespeare; but the dark heart of the storm was indeed more austral and volcanic; a noise of thunderous wings and the name of Michael Angelo, Michael the Archangel." The last bit we take is this: "Is it not the plain meaning of the gospel that it is good news? And is it not the plain fact about good news that it must come from outside oneself?"

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Edward Rowland Sill. By WILLIAM BELMONT PARKER. 12mo, pp. 307. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, cloth, with portrait, $1.75.

THE life and work of one of the most popular of American poets are here most interestingly described. A fine and winsome person was E. R. Sill. One reviewer calls him "A New England Westerner," and further says: "The Easterner still knows little about California. The traveler comes back ecstatic; the stay-at-home sportsman regards with deferent wonder the annual tennis invasions; but what the average man knows of the Pacific Coast, aside from the lore of railways and Pan-American circulars and news items, he learns from the lives and works of story-writers like Bret Harte and Mark Twain, or of educators like President Gilman and Professor Royce, or of poets like "Joaquin" Miller, Millicent Shinn, Ina D. Coolbrith, and Edward Rowland Sill. Of these poets Sill was the most talented and not the least loyal to California, though he was born and bred in Connecticut and lived his last years in Ohio. From first to last, Sill's residence in California bridged twenty-two years. He was there in the '60's, during the transition from the mining to the agricultural stage, when Mark Twain and Bret Harte were still promising young men. Like many others who came out in curiosity, he fell under the spell of the climate and the country and the people. He returned in time to teach Millicent Shinn in high school, to throw in his lot with President Gilman at Berkeley, to engage Josiah Royce as assistant in English after searching for a young man who was well grounded but not opinionated and "with a bit of æsthetics about his brain somewhere." Finally, when his position in the university "had become intolerable for certain reasons that are not for pen and ink," he was slow to shake the dust of California from his feet. He brought back the best of what he had found there, and, like these other teachers and writers, helped to unite the two peoples of the two coasts. During his last years the love of the West was keen in him. Mount Washington seemed "a very pretty piece of rising ground,"

the trees were only shrubs, the sky rarely blue, the heat and cold abominable in turn, the Atlantic Ocean "the only thing East that [didn't] seem like a feeble imitation." With its idealism he had brought back the easy hyperbole of the coast. Yet all his life he retained certain quaint New England oddities of thought and diction. He is like Lowell—who is like no Westerner—in his antic fancies, his references to his "pomes," "the near-sighted scum-skinners" who criticize them, the "gew-gaw" parlor organ, or the skim-milk on high which the gods had been using as cheap feed for the sky-terriers. These last years cemented his long friendship with Henry Holt and established a new relation with Aldrich, to whom he sent a steady and anonymous succession of prose and verse for the Atlantic. Sill's long struggle between faith and doubt, his wide and discriminating reading, his self-effacing zeal as a teacher, his fine disregard for contemporary fame as a writer, his great and true magnanimity as a man—all these are well presented in Mr. Parker's book. Sill's two most widely known poems are "Opportunity" and "The Fool's Prayer." He died at the age of forty-six, leaving in the hearts of his friends a poignant regret that the large promise his fine nature gave had not had time for fulfillment; he had not beat his music out; he had not got free from the hamperings of doubt and hesitation and perplexity; nor arrived at unity and serenity and confidence through a clear and firm faith. Sustained and lofty song cannot come without the free wing-sweep of a buoyant faith, a mind sure of its direction, and a soul at one with itself. His poems give evidence of his uncertainties, his divided thoughts. Doubt bereaves a man of power, acts as a sort of paralysis, calls a halt on every impulse and plan for advance. The victim of doubt is himself powerless and is a depressing and disabling influence on others. There were signs toward the end that Sill was emerging into fuller power, getting a firmer grip on life and its meaning. More years, if he could have had them, might have brought him to faith's full-throated song. He had a fine capacity for friendship; this lay largely in his flashing responsiveness, a lightning readiness to catch one's idea and join in sympathetic understanding. One friend says of him: "I never knew anybody else who caught one's idea so promptly as he. In all our talks on innumerable topics, I never had in a single instance to explain my meaning to Sill. He anticipated my idea before it was half expressed. And it was so in the case of everybody with whom he came in contact. Deeper than this lay what was the central and dominant motive of his life—the desire to serve. Just as his mind ran to meet another's thought, his whole nature ran to meet another's need. He longed to help. The desire runs like a refrain through his poems:

> "I would be satisfied if I might tell
> Before I go,
> That one warm word,—how I have loved them well,
> Could they but know!
> And would have gained for them some gleam of good:
> Have sought it long; still seek,—if but I could!
> Before I go."

One talk given to his students in the classroom, is imbued with this spirit. We give parts of it without quotation marks. He is trying to turn his people toward their future with hope, aspiration, courage, and growing purpose. He says: Let us consider for a little, what it is we are doing, or what we may do, if we will. There are three most momentous events that come in most people's lives: the birth into this mystery of life, out of that other preceding mystery, of which we have not even a gleam: the birth out of this life, into whatever mystery is to come: and between them, at some point, that time—that day—that morning or that midday—or evening—when the soul makes its one final irrevocable choice of what its life and what itself shall be. I do not think one always knows, at the time, what is being decided, or what has been decided. It may come casually, in some quiet moment of watching a cloud, or a bird, or a star—it may come after a strong wrestling between duty and desire—it may come slowly, day after day, as the good green grass in spring, or it may come like a thunderflash out of a passionate storm of tears and prayer—but come it will, to most of us. Before it, our days are aimless, useless, unsatisfactory, if not worse—after it, we have a motive for what we do, and a satisfaction in what is done. Before it, the soul's flight is only the haphazard fluttering of an insect—afterward, it is the swift, sure flight of the bird, that seeks its own tree-top and sings upon its way. Most men have no ruling purpose. It may be so with some of you, but with some I know it is not true. Individually, in your own secret souls, I believe you have made choices that if carried out will blossom and bear fruit in good lives. But it is not quite enough that this is true of us separately and secretly: I wish we might in some way be more than a group of separate, self-contained individuals in this. I cannot ask you to talk much about this, in any personal way. There is an instinctive delicacy that forbids it. But I wish that by some sudden revelation of each self to each other, each might know that every one of us was from this time forth devoted to a high ideal. I do not believe much in excited avowals—but I wish that in some sudden flash of insight, some answering eye-glance of mutual understanding, each might say in his heart: "Here are others, who, like me, are disgusted and ashamed with what they have been, have done, have left undone, and who, like me, are steadying themselves among the strong waves of circumstance, like ships in a rough sea, and steering their course by the same stars that I, too, look up to." And we all belong to a larger company of other times and places. Many have striven to attain ideals; they are of many different ages and climes. The company of the heroic souls of history are the real Round Table, and their king is that blameless man to whose law of love they have all, in one way or another, been loyal. And that Round Table, why may we not all join? The old world goes on, day after day; with much mixture of toil and suffering and injustice and foolishness in it. Life in it doesn't seem a very great or valuable affair. No wonder so many throw it away, not caring to live out even the few winters and summers that might be allotted to them. But it often seems to me it might be such a glorious old world if some

of us would conspire together to make it so. What a beautiful earth it is! What splendor in the mornings of it—the sunrises, the clearings away after rain, the moonrises, the superb distances, the hill colors, the elastic spring of muscular strength, the power of thinking, of remembering, the confidence we can put in each other, the help and services we can render each other, the love we can give, and get. It seems a splendid earth to live on. If only we always lived up to the level of our best moments! How are we to do this? I have no revelation to give, no secret wisdom, in answer to this. I can only give expression, as one of you, to the question. But there are some things I feel sure would help us, and one is, let us get help from other lives. We can find out how others have lived, and what they have tried to do, and how they have succeeded. These people of whom we read in books have been, after all, just like us. The wiser people get, the more they say they discover how much they are like every one else. The child thinks nobody ever was like him—he looks out on other people, and especially on people of past times, as being a different sort of creatures. Nobody ever had just his feelings, or just his expectations. By and by he discovers that each child of them all has had just that thought about the rest. It is likely that such a person as Abraham Lincoln, for instance, or Mrs. Browning, or Socrates, had at one time or another every single thought and every single mood and feeling, that you have had. It is probable that you have never had an emotion, a desire, a temptation, a wish, which has not been in each other mind here. How else could we understand each other? Let us draw what inspiration we can, then, from the man and woman—the immortal girls and boys, that have trodden these earth-ways before us. When you look at Sirius, or the Pleiades, or the Great Dipper to-night, try to think how those other souls have age after age looked up at those same twinkling lights, and had the same thought, or the same question, or the same vacancy, in their human heart as they looked with just such eyes, and turned away with just such footsteps as yours. And one more suggestion; if we are so much alike, let us help each other. Don't let us be ashamed of what is best in us. Let us not any longer pretend we are superficial and shallow all the time. If we have feelings and thoughts on other subjects than the trifles we generally chat about, let us frankly speak them out. The wisest and profoundest people, when we come to learn about them, seem to talk most freely about beauty, and truth, and love, and religion, and earnest things. It is only children, childish people, who are afraid or ashamed of such things. The telegraph brought us yesterday the last conversation that Sumner had with the eminent men, lawyers and statesmen and judges, that were with him; and one of the last things he said was, "Tell Emerson that I love and revere him." Which of you would feel free to write the same of anybody or anything and read it here? Yet what is it but a childish falling-in with shallow custom of shallow people that should prevent. Am I mistaken, or has not the time come when we are talking to ourselves, and do not care either if we say it aloud—saying: "Soul of mine, you have not been all that you might. You have neither done for yourself,

nor for others, what you might yet do, if you would. You have kept your best feelings hidden. You have like a coward showed of yourself only what others were showing of themselves and done only what others expected of you. You have been cowardly, and foolish, and worthless and conceited. Rise up, and from this hour live out your true self, modestly, courageously—and let this base, timid, indolent, selfish body in which you live, be not your master, but your loyal servant for all noble ends." Some such thing as this I believe every one of these greater souls of whom we read must have thought, at some such hour as this. There must have been in the lives of Socrates and Lincoln and Washington, probably in their boyhood, a decisive hour, without which they might have been only common creatures. But the heroic soul rose in them equal to the hour, and their lives became immortal types of goodness and greatness. I suggest to you as the best motive I can find: a life for the service of others. I offer you the motto which a Saxon knight of old time used to bear on his shield, "Ich Dien." I serve. To one letter called forth by this classroom talk, he replied as follows: "DEAR MILLIE: If we should decide on service as the principal thing, the question arises: of what sort? Shall it be like the washing of the feet, or like the dying on the cross? That is—the small common helpfulnesses and services chiefly, or some special great absorbing service. Shall we let our lives run along in apparent insignificance, in channels others dig for them—mere irrigating trenches—or cut their own channels, under guidance of some idea of our own—great if possible, good certainly, and at least our own. . . . Somebody wrote to me, 'Why don't you stop trying to make something of other people, and make something of yourself?' Which will *you* do? They are hardly compatible. Supposing the same amount of good to others from either way, is there not an additional grain of good in the greater abnegation of self involved in the washing the feet theory? May one not look at it in this way: to be all we might includes 'character' as perhaps its highest part (considered in the light of immortality, as security for gains of all sorts in the future: as basis therefor, and essential condition: certainly the highest part): now it is so necessary to the highest character to serve others; to bear one's cross, as well as to be lifted up on it; to renounce, for others' sake; that the gain is always more than the loss, even if we gave up ten years of study and thought to tend some bed-ridden cripple, whose highest want seemed only a cool cup of water now and then. Well, one thing is certain: we can seek the highest and best and truest we know; under guidance of half a dozen good motives; no matter if they be inextricably mixed; and no irreparable loss if even some bad ones insist on mixing in with them. Is it certain that the reason is in all ways higher than the emotions? Perhaps they cannot be compared wisely; any more than a yard and a color. Love seems to me a pretty high thing. I suspect that to say a certain motive is based on *love*, is not saying it is any lower than one based on logic. We need both. As Mr. ——— says, one wouldn't like to have to choose whether he would prefer to have the oxygen or the nitrogen taken out of his atmosphere. We get a prejudice

against the emotions, when we see them acting regardless of reason; and against calculation, when it is cold and emotionless. How if they both go streaming in one current, like the light and the air?" One of the rules Sill gave his students was: "Do not let your mind dwell much on what you have been doing; during the day, for instance. It is the going over things in the head afterward, that kills. Throw your mind off from a thing, when it is done, and look only forward, planning the next thing. All night, for example, think about the next day's work, not the past one. *This rule is worth everything.*" Referring to the Law as a profession he wrote: "That an occupation may be the means of sustenance is no honest and commendable reason for its adoption. Probably three quarters of the graduates who go into the Law would better learn a trade or work a farm. I wish I could take them and stake them out in a ten-acre lot with a few bags of seed, a hoe, and a Bible—to stay there for life." To an old friend in the East Sill wrote from California: "To me Duty seems to say that one particle added to the world's true knowledge, or a single effort put forth to make men see higher things than food and money-getting, is better than all bread-and-meat philanthropies." And then this on a different subject: "I'm great on analogies, you know. Well, I often think what if we should set our children at some occupation or other—told them, for instance, to stir the pudding or the potato in the kettle lest it burn, while we went upstairs for something—and Billy should say to Sammy, 'Don't let's stir it—what's the use—don't see the reason'—and so we should come back and find the dinner burnt up. O, how we'd trounce 'em! That's an absurd way of putting it, but I so very often think of us as foolish children who get fretful, and scared, and maybe to crying for father to strike a light so that we can *see* him, and so on, when if we only *knew* a little more, it is all right. You see, I take it for certain that these innate human instincts (as, the conviction of the duty of obeying conscience, the obligatoriness of duty, the duty of seeking true knowledge, and attaining our ideal of character, etc.) are as the word of God to us. Intuitions *must* be the commands of God. They are the voice of the Father, in the night, when we can neither see his face nor touch his hand, but are silly children if we do not obey without getting frightened at the dark. Trusting to what that same Voice tells each of us that it will be morning in a few hours, and light (and not a single man ever lived who has not heard *that* from the Voice). My belief is that these analogies are not merely accidental things, but are meant to teach us." A little farther on we find this: "Either Christ was God, or he was not. And if he was, we must take what he said as actual truth, not to be twisted or turned aside for you or me, if we were nine times the men we are. Through his name, his sacrifice, and his intercession, and *thus alone*, can we inherit eternal life. I seem to see him standing there, on the common ground that other men were treading, with the actual everyday sunshine on his meek head, with a solemn, earnest face looking at you and me as we stand with the multitude about him, and saying with that awful 'authority,' which he is said to have always seemed to have, 'He that believeth shall be saved—

he that believeth not shall be damned.' 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not shall not see life.' And out of that word 'believeth' it is impossible to get any but the plain, straightforward meaning of accepting his claims and assertions as absolute truth. . . . You speak of Tennyson—I take it that in 'In Memoriam' we have the autobiography of his progress *through* disbelief, doubt, to full faith—I don't mean that he wrote it as such, but his views show themselves from epoch to epoch of his mind's life. The introduction was written last, and I interpret that as *orthodox Church of England belief* in the Christian religion. . . . Another thing. I came at Christianity one night thinking about what we are, and what God must be, from another side (don't you know, that often we seem to think around to a certain subject by way of a new train of thought, and suddenly seem to come upon it from an entirely different point of the compass from our usual view of it). I was thinking out into the material universe, creeping out from star to star, from system to system, till I got way off where I was *afraid* almost of the awful distance and darkness, and then still there was infinite space stretching on and on, and no nearer to God, yet—where was my Maker? Not there; the air and ether even of boundless space was not the medium in which he was. Completely as my little human soul shrunk and cowered before the mere material universe, still there was another more awful, more inconceivable—the universe of Spirit, in which God is—and as the overwhelming thought came upon me of the utter, hopeless distance between him and us, I suddenly thought —O, if we had a Mediator—some one to stand upon the boundary land. If God would but reveal himself, and tell us some little word that we might cling to as actual *truth*, among all the shadows. And then I thought how could he, how could he be likely to, but through the perfect man. And my ideal imagination of what such a revealed God would be, and what he would do and say to men in such a world, so tallied with all we know of Jesus, the Son of man, that I was awed—thinking what things we may have been rejecting I used to think if God revealed himself to the world, he would have given some sign which would have compelled belief—some great miraculous revelation—but what could he have done which we should have been *sure* of as the work of him? If you will but think of it, the only possible way to convince us completely, and beyond chance of doubt, would have been to recreate for us the universe, before our eyes—and even then we should not be sure but it was some phantasm and deceit. Does it not seem probable that he would do just what this strange book says he had done? Coming as a man, doing a few simple miracles to attract men's attention and prove that he was at least more than mere man, making his miracles acts of beneficence, to prove that he was a *good*, not evil, superhuman, proving his wisdom by his knowledge of the human heart and his ethical teachings, his unselfishness by his life and death, his perfect purity and truth by a sinless character? I have prayed and do pray for fuller light—and if I seek truth with a pure desire and intention, I believe I shall find it at last." Here is a bit of wholesome cheer: "The moral of it all is, brace up! As young

Orme says in Orley Farm it won't do for a fellow ever to knock under, or to let himself see that he's afraid. Besides, what is there to squelch anybody, in all these things? It's an episode anyhow. What'll you bet we are not immortal? In that case this whole affair is only a picnic—a day's excursion—and no matter how it comes out. To-morrow will have new chances. I rather incline to think that all those people who die with no hope of immortality are in for the biggest surprise of their lives." Here is another bit of good sense: "We can't have everything. What's the use of crying for the moon? Better flatten one's nose on the pane and gaze upon it and try to be glad we haven't got it. Should have to take care of it and pay taxes on it if we had it." In 1869, when Sill first read Lewis Carroll's immortal classic, he wrote: "I have been into Wonderland with Alice, and have found it, as you said, the very delightfullest book that ever was. He that did it is a genius and a wonder himself. The Cheshire Cat, and the Flamingo neck that wouldn't do for croquet mallet, the March Hare, and the way the animals snubbed and contradicted and confused Alice—I never read anything that pleased me so much. I think that Mad Tea-Party is the best chapter—and for single incidents I believe I award the palm to the Cheshire Cat coming back to ask if she said Pig or Fig, and consenting readily to vanish by degrees, leaving the grin to the last! The March Hare is the gem of the pictures, too, with the King Lear touch about his strawy head, and the glare of his eye as he crowds the miserable dormouse into the teapot. O, what a mad book it is!" In a letter of Professor Royce, who was Sill's assistant in the Department of English at the University of California, there is this bit of reminiscence: "Once I found him very gloomy. His work at Berkeley was wearing him out, and certain of his worst pupils, to whose interests he had been showing his usual unsparing devotion, had just been paining him by bitter speeches and cruel misunderstandings. I gossiped on about the affair to him, in an irresponsible way, until among other things I said: 'You see, Sill, all this comes from your determined fashion of casting pearls before swine. Why will you always do it?' 'Ah, Royce,' he responded, with a perfectly simple and calm veracity in his gentle voice, 'you never know in this world whether you are really casting pearls at all until you feel the tusks.'" In a period of sorrow when the house was silent and somber, he writes thus about the canary: "But there is one bright spot, and that furnishes the text of my utterances now upon the subject. It is the tame canary, 'Johnny-quil.' Not only is he himself always cheerful (and who ever saw a well canary depressed?), but he is the cause of cheerfulness in others. In the midst of one of our long silences we hear his little pipe ringing out from his sunny eyrie in the porch or the sitting-room, and some one remarks, 'Just hear Johnny-quil!' Our barometers all go up ten degrees. Besides, everybody chirrups to him. It is not only, therefore, what he says to us, but what we say to him, that makes him the enlivener of the family. You can't exactly chirrup to a grown-up human being—especially if he is carving a fowl, or reading a newspaper. But it is always possible, and apparently always inevitable,

to say something chipper and chirpy to the bird, as we pass his cage. I have noticed this odd thing: that when Rhodora or Penelope or Cassandra stops at the cage, and says some little nonsensical thing to the small yellow songster, or half whistles to him in passing, not only does he pipe up, but pretty soon you hear her own voice, from a distant room, humming a bit of some gay tune. The unconscious lifting of one's own more sober mood to the higher level of the bird's irrepressible good spirits lasts on a little beyond the instant. I recommend him and his merry kind to other silent houses. He is worth his weight in sunshine."

Getting a Wrong Start. 12mo, pp. 234. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.00 net.

THIS purports to be the veracious autobiography of a man aged fifty-seven—a blunderer, a "rolling stone," who after many wrong starts found at last a trail which led to success. The anonymous writer, badly reared at home and at college, found himself at thirty-two a failure, having been in succession a sewer of grain sacks, a rodman, a law student, a lawyer, an editor, a reporter, a solicitor, a collector of bad debts, a special writer, a townsite boomer, and a newspaper owner. He rises from this through an advertising solicitorship and a position as sporting editor to the authorship of books. He never had a dollar in bank until he was past thirty, and was not settled in life and in a home of his own until he was forty. He did not win success until he was forty-five. He subtitles this book The Confessions of a Successful Failure. His long years of failure made him cynical and severe in his judgments. He lost faith in men, and in the worth-while-ness of life. More than once he would have blown out his brains, or his lack of brains, but for the grief it would have caused his father and mother who already had troubles enough. His father, reared a Quaker, was a Southerner who moved to the West. Here are some statements about him: "My father was the most famous hunter in the town. I never saw his superior with rifle or shotgun in the field. I can recall the gentle chiding of our minister of the gospel to old Deacon Blank, my father, who went on a hunt and for once in his life forgot to come back in time for Thursday night prayer meeting. 'Let me ask your attendance, brethren and sisters,' said the minister, when announcement time came for the pulpit, 'at our Thursday night prayer meeting. I will be here next Thursday night, and the Lord will be here, and Deacon Blank will be here—if he does not forget and go fishing!' My father sank down in his pew, overwhelmed with mortification. He never could learn human nature. By the rascality of a business partner he was ruined when he was sixty-five years of age. He never got on his feet again, and died eleven years later; a very good, very gentle, kindly, honest soul. Dear old Dad, with his blue eye and his love of duty and fair play, and his belief that all men are honest and worth while! I am not sure that you could call his life a failure after all, for he died absolutely sure of the world hereafter, and he did not take on his belief late in life, or for any reasons of safety. His religion was a real thing to him, and gave him comfort. What would I not give for that same unhesitating faith to-day!"

The author of these confessions lived for some time in a Western mining town, and gives many pictures of life there. Here is one glimpse: "We had in our country some notoriously bad men, desperadoes who one by one disappeared permanently. Sometimes the sheriff killed one, sometimes one got lynched, or sometimes one killed another. At no time was a man there in danger from footpads of the sneaking sort. That sort of danger exists in the great cities where we spend millions in defense and millions more in tribute. There was a general charity of thought toward the personal preference of any gentleman, and a man might do about as he liked—up to a certain point. The property and the personal rights of others each man was obliged to respect. The peace officers of that country were men of splendid courage. It has always seemed to me that a dozen of these old Western sheriffs could come to the most vice-infested city of the North and make its streets safe as a Sabbath school in two months' time. Most of the city desperadoes are cheap and dirty little cowards. They do not class with the bad men of the early day, who simply were running amuck, careless of their own finish. I would rather have a dozen of these old-time sheriffs back of me than all the police force of the largest city. In a couple of months they would found a large graveyard—and that would end a lot of the holdup business very quickly." For some years the author practiced law and acquired, from what he saw, a very poor opinion of that profession. He says: "I have known a lawyer to sneer at the profession of the newspaper man and the author, saying that the average newspaper man can be bought. That comes well from a profession carried on by Hessians all of whose principles are openly and deliberately on sale, and in whose daily business life the savor of sportsmanship and fair play is in the nature of things unknown. On the whole, then or now, I am inclined to think that whatever there may be in heredity my father did not succeed in giving me much love for the noble profession of the law! To my mind it has been one of the great agencies of injustice in this country. It cost us the Civil War. It is costing us the principle of democracy in America. It is costing us the happiness of thousands. It will ruin the future of America because it is best paid when it shields organized and allied rapacity out of all touch with that splendid creed of creeds—sportsmanship, fair play—which, if you please, means democracy. I left it. From that day to this I have never regretted that decision. There is neither any science nor any sincerity in the profession of the law. It is not an exact profession. In the nature of things it cannot be a great and gratifying profession to any man. No lawyer makes a living who takes only the cases in which he really believes. And no man has *succeeded* who makes a living out of things in which he does not believe." This man never drank or smoked or gambled, but in the hard struggle of life he grew cynical, bitter, and faithless. When past fifty a short sickness put him in bed. What happened to him there he tells in his unconventional way: "I was almost a pagan, and resigned to the pagan creed, asking no pity of life or nature. When there was need to fight I have stood to my man, toe to toe and eye to eye, and for the most part taken the buffets of life without much

pity for myself when I had the worst of it. But the strongest is *not always* strong. There is no man who does not, has not, or will not some time find a need of something outside of and above himself. The Christian religion is in the world, with its strange new doctrine of unselfishness, of aid to the weak and the unhappy—the doctrine of being of help to some one besides yourself. Now perhaps the Christian religion has philosophically justified itself, after all. Perhaps there does exist in the world a place—a philosophical place—for sympathy and aid; a justifiable place. I say this impartially, because, though my people were religious, I was the black sheep, and am not now called a Christian. I confess I have once or twice been obliged to go outside of my own self for some additional power—something plus, shall we say? How can that be done? You come now to the old wish, ancient as humanity itself, to reach, or to attain, or to rest upon Someone or Something larger than yourself. That is to say, there are times when all of us feel weak and wish to lay hold of something outside of us, something which is strong. You find this craving for some plus quantity, something to increase our own powers, something to extend, if only for the moment, our human limitations. It is the craving to be something larger than ourselves which allows alcohol to remain a factor in the exhilaration or stupefaction, the transient ecstasy and the permanent misery of the world. If it had no reaction, if, indeed, it did help us to be Superman—then there would be for it a great place in the world. It would be the one great mitigant of life's ills. But if not alcohol, then religion? Yes, if that also means something *permanently*, not ecstatically and transiently, plus in power—and if it has no reaction. Let us go on then with those who believe in such power, and let us say Yes with them. Surely religion well practiced never hurt a man. Surely, also, any form of religion which enables a man to lay hold in his time of need upon something plus—there is a place in life for that factor, name it as you please. But in my own time of stress neither religion nor alcohol could be called upon for aid, for I lacked the one and would not use the other. And yet my mental condition was such that I needed something outside of myself. Well, once, sleepless after many nights, I lay alone, fighting myself, in a pagan sort of way, the philosophical way—the only way I had learned all my life—in that bitterest of all fights a man may wage, the one with his inner self, the one with his own acknowledged shortcomings and unfitness. I felt that I had lost. I lay there feeling that at last I was beaten, saying that at last I could not fight any longer. And then ensued something which, half humorous as it was, may prove of help to some one else who is feeling around for that something plus, and who would rather it were religion than that it should be alcohol. Feeling myself inadequate to myself, unable to sleep, much distressed, I began silently to call out, as human hearts have a habit of doing. Perhaps you might call it prayer. I don't know. I never was much for praying. There are many sorts of prayers. I believe that some sorts sometimes are answered. I know my prayer, if you call it that, was answered, and that my fight was saved by the aid of something plus. All of us who usually are strong, yet sometimes are weak. Let us suppose you find yourself

reaching out in the dark for a hand. That has happened to you, or is happening now, my friend; or some day it surely will. In my case it was only a small hand that reached out to me—the hand of a woman, which in my time of need represented that plus quantity in life. Unasked, my wife came to my bedside, with some simple word of reassurance, not making much of the matter. Then a curious thing occurred—you will forgive me for telling it, perhaps. She sat down beside my bed and began to drum on my ribs with her fingers. It was just a simple, unplanned, innocent act. I don't know what led her to begin it. I was careless of it at first, but the operation soon began to seem rather rhythmic, as if it were a tune. And suddenly my mind came back from some place where it had been, out in the darkness. O, call it what you like. It seemed to me a sort of answer to prayer. If you don't mind, I believe I shall let it go as that. At least, it was my something plus which I needed, and for which I was crying out, alone and sleepless. All the time I was like a pagan, lying there ready to die and not complaining much about it. I wanted something plus only so that I could go on, so that I could fight again. And it came, I say, in this ludicrous fashion, the drumming of a woman's fingers on my side! I heard her chuckle softly to herself. 'You can't guess,' she said. 'Guess what?' I inquired. 'What I was playing on your ribs.' 'No—what was it?' 'It was just a hymn,' said she, simply. We two don't usually talk much of hymns, not much of praying. We are still so strong that we are ashamed to do such things. I had not asked for any hymn. I did not even know I was making any kind of a prayer. But here, in this simple, strange, and, I say, half-ludicrous form, came that something plus! 'Hymn?' said I. 'What hymn?' 'I asked you to guess,' said she, simply. And I lay, laboriously trying to figure out with my ill-working brain what hymn it was which made this answer to my prayer. At last I asked: 'Was it Lead, Kindly Light?' 'Well, almost,' said my wife—who is not a philosopher at all, but just a simple, average, normal, splendid human being—who has the kind of nature you and I would like to have above all things else among earth's blessings. 'Almost it was—almost,' said she; 'but really I was playing Rock of Ages.'" And in the silence as the fingers of a woman's hand went on drumming gently, the rhythm of the old familiar tune ran through him, and the moving words of the great Christian hymn rolled through his memory, hushing his senses and soul:

> Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in thee;
>
> . . . .
>
> Thou must save, and thou alone:
> In my hand no price I bring;
> Simply to thy cross I cling.
>
> While I draw this fleeting breath,
> When my eyes shall close in death,
> When I rise to worlds unknown,
> And behold thee on thy throne,
> Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in thee.

When the tapping of the fingers ceased, this man had caught sight of the Cross, and a quietness that was akin to peace soothed him to sleep. He says: "I slept that night. The next day I was strong again. That is all I have to say. Will you, then, pardon me? Because now I cannot go farther. I have only been trying to show you the inside of a mind and of a heart, my halting friend. I want to say that, when your time of terror comes, in every likelihood the great universe—so large, so solemn, so adequate—will have somewhere for you that thing additional, the thing from outside, beyond, Above—which shall answer your prayer for help. Believe me, a sinner, even a pagan, may pray—and find his prayers answered." Browning is right: Just when a man least expects, there's a sunset touch, a fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death, a chorus-ending from Euripides, a Scripture phrase, a verse of some old hymn, a tune his mother sang, or a woman's fingers beating the rhythm of "Rock of Ages" on his side,—and that's enough for the starting up of hopes and fears as old and new at once as Nature's self to knock and push and enter in the soul. The human soul lies open to earth and sky, to all God's angels of the earth and of the heavens.

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